





and the Cat to lose the royal favor. This occupied him day and night.

After long reflection he settled upon a plan. One fine day he slyly remarked to the King, "May it please your Majesty, do you not think it would be amusing to hold a grand trial of skill in the palace this evening, at which each of us creatures, beginning with my Lord Bear, Lord Stag, Chamberlain Cat, and your devoted servant, shall each perform some trick for the common pleasure?"

"Excellent!" answered the King, smiling; "for I am told that many of you are wonderfully brilliant."

"And," continued the wily Ape, "in order to prevent any practicing beforehand, let that feat which each is to attempt be jotted down upon a piece of paper, and let that paper be tightly folded up, and not handed to the proper animal until the moment his turn arrives."

"Very good," responded his Majesty. "But, you see, I know not what each one of you can most cleverly do. Do you, therefore, my Lord Ape, devise a feat for each, and write it within the papers."

Now this was precisely what the Ape had most desired. Nevertheless, he craftily exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord King, I fear that I too will make great blunders if I do this. Yet if your Majesty will solemnly promise not to tell any one that I and not you inscribed the commands within the papers, why, I will prepare them." So the King innocently promised. Away glided the Ape to plan the deeds for the evening.

Now the clever and quiet Cat, sitting motionless beneath the royal chair, had overheard all this conversation. "Aha!" thought he to himself; "so that is your trick, my Lord Ape! But I will get the better of it and you, or it shall go hard with me."

Locked in his chamber, the evil Ape wrote down for each beast, except his mean self, something quite impossible for that particular animal to perform. But for himself he merely wrote that he should make to the King and all the court a low and graceful bow! The Cat listened eagerly at the key-hole, and by hearing him spell each word aloud slowly (for the Ape was not a good speller) he easily gathered what each creature was expected to do. He resolved to tell nobody, however; he had a better scheme behind his whiskers.

When the evening was come and supper was over, the King, the Court, and all the animals assembled in the great hall. The King's only daughter, the beautiful Princess Squisita, occupied a stool of honor next the throne as a gracious spectator.

Great was the surprise of all, save the Ape and the Cat, when the King announced how the evening would be passed, and pulled from behind the throne a gold crown filled with many tightly folded papers.

But before his Majesty could open the very first, the Cat stepped modestly forward and said, pleasantly: "May it please your Majesty and the court, I have heard this plan for to-night's sport. Whatsoever shall fall to my lot to attempt, gladly will I undertake. But do you not think it ought to be also commanded that whosoever shall succeed in his task shall be given a prize; while, should any of us fail in the contest, he shall be driven out from the palace in disgrace, and never be permitted to look upon your royal face again?"

"Well suggested!" exclaimed the King; "and, moreover, if any other beast present accomplishes it instead, why, he shall receive the reward. This is just."

To these rules all the courtiers agreed. The Ape had listened, laughing wickedly. The King arose and unfolded the first paper. Inside it the Ape had written, "To my Lord Stag. Let him leap boldly to the floor, head first, from the golden balcony above the throne."

The poor Stag, in utter fear, advanced timidly. He looked first up, then down. For the golden balcony was more than fourscore feet above the hall pavement, and one jump

thence would undoubtedly smash to bits his beautiful horns, and break every one of his four thin and long legs—to say nothing of his neck.

"Alas, my Lord King," he was fain to falter out, "I can not attempt this thing."

"Can you, my Lord Bear? or you, Lord Ape? or you, my noble Chamberlain Cat?" inquired the King. Both the other two creatures could not but decline. But the Cat, exclaiming merrily, "With pleasure, your Royal Majesty," darted down the hall and up into the balcony, and had leaped down and landed upon all four feet unhurt (after the fashion of all cats from the beginning of the world), before the King and court could realize what had occurred. The hall rang with applause. The Ape angrily muttered to himself.

Presto! The King unfolded another paper: "To my Lord Bear," it ran. "Run around swiftly enough to catch your own tail."

A stifled laugh arose. Of course the poor Bear, in addition to all his clumsiness, had no tail worth speaking about to pursue. He blushed and begged to be excused, reflecting sorrowfully on his exile. But if he was so unfortunate, neither did the Stag nor the Ape possess a tail long enough to catch. The Ape frowned angrily, indeed, as the Cat, upon the royal nod, bounded before the throne, and began so merry a race, ending in the capture of the flying tail, that all the court laughed till their sides ached. The Princess Squisita's coiffure shook down, a total wreck, from her vigorous clapping, and the King, enchanted, was obliged to gasp out, "Chamberlain, Chamberlain, pray cease, or I shall expire with laughing!" The Ape secretly shook his withered fist at the Cat as the latter received the rich gift the luckless Lord Bear had lost.

"To the Chamberlain Cat," read his Majesty, from the third paper. "Let him sing a beautiful and sweet song."

Now up to those days the cat tribe had been able to merely mew, and that very gently, save when conversing in the language of the court. Never a loud note had they been known to utter. Conceive, then, the fury of the jealous Ape, and the delighted surprise of all the audience, when the Cat modestly replied, "With pleasure, your Royal Majesty; for I have hitherto concealed from all the world a great gift. I will now sing my most wonderful song." And with that did the Cat open his mouth and sing loudly one of those splendid serenades to which evening after evening have our back yards and roofs resounded.

The Princess Squisita blushed deeply as, with bowed head, she kept her tearful eyes fixed upon the singer, for his song contained more than one flattering allusion to the graces and charms of her Royal Highness, and the tender effect they produced on any one who beheld them. She toyed with the lute in pleasing confusion. As for the delighted King and his courtiers, they listened until the strains affected them quite too much, whereupon his Majesty begged the minstrel to stop. So again was the Cat a bashful victor, and he stepped aside.

The King unfolded the fourth paper:

"To my Lord Ape," it began. "Let him advance before the throne, and make his lowest and most graceful bow."

The Ape forgot his wrath, and came forth pompously. He bent so low that his hands rested upon the floor, as do the hands of his kind to-day. But, lo! when he would have raised himself upright, he found that two pieces of strong wax had been placed just where he had pressed his palms. Vainly did he strive to rise. The King and all the spectators burst into loud and long laughter at the sight of his desperate writhings. The King grew indignant, and finally enraged, supposing that the Ape was acting some piece of buffoonery as an insult to him.

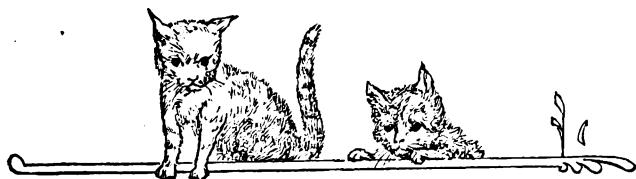
"Take the odious creature away, some of you," he thundered out. "I will have no more of so graceless, so unmannerly, a knave." The miserable Ape was pulled from



the floor, howling. Easy is it to imagine how the Cat quickly sprang out, after the Bear and the Stag had alike declined to redeem their lost credit; and that he, keeping warily clear of that dreadful wax, made so elegant a series of bows, and, sitting in a dignified position upon his tail, waved to all present such graceful salutes with his paws, that the court were in raptures.

"Enough," said the King, starting up and tearing up all the crownful of paper. "You are all stupid, awkward, ill-bred animals, the Cat alone excepted. I will witness no more of your wretched efforts. Away, one and all of you, and never let me catch one of you in my presence or raising his eyes to me again! Upon you alone, most accomplished and delightful Lord Chamberlain Cat, shall my royal favor be lavished for evermore; and since you have sometimes hinted that it would please you to change your bachelor condition, why, the hand of my beauteous daughter, the Princess Squisita, shall go along with it. Henceforth only Cats shall have a right to dwell in the houses of men, and only a Cat may look at a King."

And thus and thus only was it that the famous proverb arose, and hence is it that only a Cat to-day is entitled to stare royalty out of countenance. As for the defeated Ape, his struggles to rise from that fatal bow before the throne permanently injured his backbone, for ever since no ape has been able to stand perfectly upright.



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### SPOON-HOOKS AND TWITCH-UPS.

"IT'S cold work, though," Katy replied, "sitting so still out on that ice. I am just stiff."

"I'll fix that all right," Tug said, showing some small forked and notched sticks he had cut out of oak chips. "Come out with me, and I'll show you how to set a trap that will drop itself, or, rather, where the bird shuts his own prison door."

Gathering up Jim's blocks and slabs of ice, the whole party climbed to the top of the hummock, which, as I have said, was almost the only spot in the wide plain free from deep snow, and Tug went to work.

Making a little hole in the ice, he wedged into it a short flat-topped peg, and packed a handful of snow about its roots.

Then with the brick-like blocks of ice he arranged a hollow square around the peg. On top of the peg he laid the flattened side of the stem of a forked stick, like a letter  $\kappa$  laid flat, and on top of that, as though it were a continuation of the peg, he set a post about ten inches high. Asking Aleck to hold these twigs in position for him, he took one of the slabs, lodged an end of it on the rim of the little wall made by his "bricks," and gently rested the other end upon the top of the post, which was held in its upright position under the pressure, at the same time keeping the Y in place. This arranged, he spread crumbs about the trap and thickly inside. Then he announced it ready.

"Oh, I see how it works," Katy cried. "The bird, in leaping down, is almost sure to perch on the forked twig,

or at least to strike it. That throws it out of place, and tumbles the whole cover down, shutting him in."

"Correct!" said Tug, admiringly, as he went to work on a second trap of the same kind.

This set, all left the hummock (except Jim, who agreed to take his turn, wrapped in a blanket, at watching the strings) and joined labor in making two or three more ice traps, for now that the birds were plenty, they wanted to capture as many as possible.

"If only I had some sort of a spring," Tug announced, "I could make twitch-ups. I have all the rest of the parts, 'cause I found some horse-hairs in my 'shop' this morning; but I don't see how I am to get a springy twig or a strip of whalebone. I had some old umbrella-ribs, but I didn't bring 'em along. Wish I had."

Aleck thought over all his stores, but could remember nothing that would answer the purpose. "How about your ramrod?" he asked.

"Too stiff," Tug replied.

So they gave up guessing, and attended to their work. Suddenly Aleck went to the log, split off a strip of oak, and whittled it into a thin rod. "How is that?" he said, as he handed it to his comrade.

Tug beat his hands and blew on his aching fingers awhile before answering. Then he bent the rod gently, but before it was curved half as far as he needed, it broke.

"No good. Nothing but hickory will stand the strain."

"I'll tell you what you might do, perhaps," Katy suggested, having come out just in time to witness this little trial. "The handle of the boat-hook is hickory. If you could make an oak handle for that, you could split the hickory up into springles, couldn't you?"

"That's so!—that's a bright idea. Try it, Tug;" and the Captain ran off for the boat-hook. The shaft of this was straight-grained, well-seasoned, and tough, but an oaken staff would serve its purpose quite as well.

"I should think that would answer first-rate," said Tug; "but you had better whittle out your oak stick first. It would be rough to be caught suddenly without any handle to our boat-hook."

"That's so," Aleck assented, and took his axe to split a suitable piece from the log.

The making and shaping of a new handle, even in the rough, cost him much labor with his few tools. It was nearly an hour, therefore, before he was ready to pull the irons off the old handle and fasten the new one into its place; and fully another hour had passed by the time this difficult job had been done.

Then with great care, and by the help of little wedges, a clean straight splinter about as thick as your finger was split from the tough hickory staff. It was tried by the trap-maker, very gently at first, and bent well, so that it was pronounced serviceable, though not as good as a green twig or sapling, such as one would cut in the woods, for the same purpose. It would answer to try with, however, and after a bit of luncheon they watched Tug make his twitch-ups—or at least all did except the one on duty at the strings. As Tug himself had to take a turn, he didn't get his traps done in time to set them that day.

Next morning, however, all were out bright and early to set the twitch-ups. The snow-flakes had been there before, however, and one unfortunate had stepped on a treacherous fork, and was caught.

Having arranged two more ice-boxes and letter-Y traps, for which the pieces had been cut yesterday, they all gathered around Tug to watch him set his twitch-up.

With one of the tent spikes he dug a slanting hole in the ice, into which he inserted one end of his hickory splint, which was about four feet long, fastening it firmly by ramming ice and snow down into the hole beside it, which would quickly freeze solid. A short distance from the foot of the splint he then laid down a short board, which was braced at the foot (or end farthest from the

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.





SETTING THE NEW TRAPS.

splint) against the side of a trough cut in the ice. The remaining three sides of the board were then fenced in by small blocks of ice.

Next, taking from his pocket a cord made by twisting two horse-hairs together, he slipped one end through a loop in the other, thus making a noose, and tied it to the top of the hickory splint. This done, he bent down the splint until he hooked its tip under the nearest end, or head, of the board, which was raised a couple of inches from the ground. Spreading the noose carefully out upon the board, he sprinkled within a particularly nice lot of crumbs, and then laid a little train away from the foot of the board as a leader, and the snare was ready. The weight of the bird treading upon the board to get the bait would press it down enough to let the lightly caught whip end of the splint spring up; this would pull the noose with a sudden movement, and the bird would find itself dangling in the air by the legs or a wing, or possibly by the neck.

Removing their captive, and resetting the square trap, the whole party went out of sight to await further results. Yesterday they had captured thirteen birds in all, and had eaten only nine. With three more traps, they ought to do better to-day, and so accumulate a little stock ahead.

"At any rate," Katy observed, "we've plenty of refrigerator room to keep them in."

They had, indeed—a refrigerator about a hundred miles square!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE BREAKING UP OF THE ICE.

BREAKFAST was late the next morning, for Katy proposed to vary their fare by frying some snow-birds with bacon, and Jim was called upon to help pick and prepare

them—work which did not please that young gentleman very much.

"I suppose now we shall have nothing but snow-birds, snow-birds," he growled.

"Do try and be a little more cheerful, Jim," said Katy. "You are always grumbling about something."

"What else do you want?" asked Tug.

"You have got beef, though it's dried, and bacon and poultry."

"Flesh, fowl, and good red herring," quoted Aleck, from an old proverb.

"All but the herring," grunted The Youngster, crossly. "Now if only we had some fish—"

"Fish?" Tug shouted, leaping to his feet. "Never thought of it, as I'm a Dutchman! Why shouldn't we? We have only got to cut a hole in the ice, and 'drop 'em a line,' as the man told his wife to do when he went off to Californy."

"Strange we never thought of that," said Katy.

"Strange? I'm the biggest dolt in three counties. Why, I'll catch you some be-utiful muskallonge for dinner. Come on, Captain. Let's cut a hole while the boy is cleaning those twopenny tomtits."

"Hold on!" cried the disgusted Jim; "I'm coming too."

"No, no, my dear child" (Tug's voice was that of a pitying mother). "Remember Captain's order. You're to be a nice boy, and help in the kitchen. Maybe we'll let you cut the heads off our fishes, if you do well with the birds. Ca-a-reful!" and the tormentor dodged a club hurled by the angry boy, who wished (and said so) that he was only a little bigger.

Jim and Katy both felt it was hard indeed that he should be deprived of this particular fun, in which he took so much interest, and it seemed as though the big fellows might have waited. The cook would willingly have let her scullion depart, but an order was an order, and he had to stay, plucking savagely at the pretty feathers of the innocent buntings, and declining to come back to good-humor, until the lads returned with the report that they had cut two holes in the thin ice that formed over the lead, which, the reader will remember, was crossed just a few rods back, and now were ready to set their lines.

Here was a chance of revenge. Jim's own line was the most important one in their small stock. He was tempted to refuse to let them use it; but he was not a bad fellow, and a better heart prevailed.

"You'll find my line and pickerel spoon in that little box of things in our chest," he said.

Tug walked up to him and offered his hand.

"Jeems, I'll accept your apology for throwing sticks of wood at your uncle, and call it square. Agreed?"

"Yes!" said Jim, with a laugh, and peace was restored.

Doubtless you expect an entertaining chapter out of the fishing, but it can't be given if we are to stick to the facts of this cruise. No: the big muskallonge they hoped to catch was somewhere under the ice, but whether it was because he didn't see their bait, or was not tempted, or knew better than to bite, certain is it that none of these giants of winter fishing were caught. With the toothsome pickerel they had better luck, and several were taken on this first and on following days, so that Jim did not lose all the fun by his unlucky engagement in the kitchen. The greatest adventures of the trip were not so much in fishing and hunting as in being fished and hunted *after*; and these were to begin without much delay.



The day the log was found and the first snow-birds were captured it had turned cold again, and it remained so for a whole week; but our heroes were kept busy in watching the traps, which caught them more snow-birds than they could eat, in attending to the fishing, and in getting wood. The snow did not melt at all, for the weather was very cold indeed, and sometimes the wind blew frightfully, but always in such a way that the hummock sheltered the tent-house pretty well, so that, with the help of a big fire, they could keep warm enough. For amusement they marked out a checker-board, and played checkers and other games. They tried their hands—or rather their heads—at spinning yarns also; they examined each other in geography or grammar, and held spelling competitions, choosing words out of Dr. Dasent's book, which they came to learn almost by heart. At all these studious entertainments Katy was likely to be ahead. But when the subject was turned to arithmetic, Aleck became teacher, for that was his favorite study.

Thus the week had passed, and its close completed the fifteenth day since they had left home, which seemed very far away now. They had no anxiety so long as the weather held cold, or if any one felt worried, he did not talk about it.

At the end of this week, however, the wind changed in the night to the southward, and when they arose on the morning of the eighth day they found an air almost as balmy as spring, with a gentle breeze from the south. The sun was shining, also, and no birds came near the house all day. This was compensated for, however, by their taking the largest pickerel yet. Toward noon it clouded up, and began to rain, melting the snow with such rapidity that the whole region was covered with slush. The shapeless tent roof let streams of water pour in at the sides, and altogether affairs were very disagreeable.

They were not disposed to grumble, however, since when the snow had been washed away, or cold weather came again to freeze solid the slush and surface-water, they could go ahead on their journey—something all were extremely anxious to do.

The wind continued to blow from the south all night, and when Aleck went out next morning he hurried back with an alarmed face to report that distant open water could be seen in that direction.

"The snow has almost gone. I must take a scout after breakfast, and see what the prospect is."

As soon as the coffee and pickerel had been disposed of, therefore, Aleck set out, taking Jim with him.

When two hours had passed, and the scouts did not return, Tug and Katy became alarmed, and went to the crest of the ridge. It had grown so foggy, however, that nothing could be seen.

"Hadn't we better make a big smoke," Katy suggested, "as a signal? The fog might lift for a minute, and give them a chance to catch sight of it. They must be lost."

"It's a good idea, as are most of your notions, Katy. I'll get some of that wet root-wood, and make a fire on top of the hummock."

It was done, and another hour passed. Chilly with the fog and the raw wind, they had gone down into the hut to get warm, and were just attending to the "kitchen" fire, when their ears were startled by a loud, sharp noise like the report of a distant cannon, only much sharper; then another still louder; then a third somewhat nearer; and after a minute's interval a fourth tremendous crash, close by the house, which trembled under their feet and over their heads as though an earthquake had shaken it.

"The ice is cracking!" Tug cried, seizing Katy's hand, and dragging her to the boat, into which they both jumped in terror.

An instant later Tug recovered himself. "This is no use," he said. "Our ice is firm just here, and I don't hear her busting any more. Let's go outside."

"Don't you think we'd better put some of the food boxes and things into the boat, so that they won't be lost if the ice here should break to pieces suddenly?"

"Yes, we might do that. Let's hurry."

Five minutes was enough for this work, and then both went out and climbed upon the hummock. They found the whole appearance of things changed toward the south and east. Where yesterday had lain one broad white field of solid ice as far as the eye could reach, now were spread before them (for the fog had lifted a little, so that they could see better) the long, slow waves of a lake of blue water, filled with cakes and wide sheets of floating ice.

"Oh! oh!" Katy cried, wringing her little hands at the thought, "Aleck and Jim are drowned."

"No, I guess not," said Tug, encouragingly. "They are probably safe on some of those big pieces of ice."

"But how will they ever get back?"

"I don't know," her companion answered, slowly. "If only this terrible fog would go away, so that we could see something, perhaps we might help them. I don't know what we can do now but to keep up our smoke."

"I wonder if *we* are afloat?" Katy asked, trying to steady her voice, for she saw how useless it was to weep when so much might be required of her any minute. "Ah, Rex, good dog, what shall we do now? Can't you find your master?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MRS. TOM THUMB AT HOME.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

**T**HERE are no really young people now who can remember Barnum's old Museum, that place of dear delight to the girls and boys "in the sixties"—the large building on Ann Street and Broadway, whose walls, with





their mystic coverings, their many-colored illustrations, banners, and signs, seemed to us to inclose the enchantments of the *Arabian Nights*, and to embody all that our lives could hold of fairy-land and fascination.

There never was, never could be, a museum like it, and even the elders who smiled with calm superiority over some of the wonders, and some of the plays enacted in the lecture-room, or theatre, had to admit that it was a place well worth visiting, well worth spending a holiday in. How friendly were those days! How closely our childish hands clasped the larger ones that held them as we gazed at the wax figures, the living skeleton, the lady with the beard, and the gentleman of uncertain lineage "found on the banks of the Senegambia by a party in search of the gorilla!"

This sentence served us in all our childish games for many a long day, since there always *was* a party on the banks of the Senegambia—so it seemed to us—looking for that gorilla, and coming home with something else. A touch, half awe, half fear, ran through our whole frames as we gazed upon these wonders. But in the great building, among all the strange forms and faces and sights and sounds, were some genuine friends—four little people about whom something has already been told you, but recollections of whom in those merry early days have been warmly stirred by a visit I have just been making.

We had *always* heard of General Tom Thumb. His fame was world-wide, when—in 1862 it was, I think—there began to be a great deal of excitement over the discovery of the tiniest little lady ever heard of, and away went Mr. Barnum to the old town of Middleborough, in Massachusetts, and called at a house I can see as I write; and then everybody began to talk about it.

The little lady and her still smaller sister were escorted down to New York, and it was rumored that they would soon appear at the Museum; but what entertained us greatly, I remember, was the fact that fashionable dress-makers and milliners were at work preparing their miniature wardrobes. Then a great day came, and with a whole party of boy and girl cousins, we went off to the Museum, and there made the acquaintance of the famous little Warren sisters: Lavinia, afterward Mrs. Tom Thumb, and Minnie.

Never shall I forget the sensation they created in those days. There never had been anything like it at Barnum's, for besides being so very, very tiny, they were extremely pretty, well educated, and they were dressed in the most gorgeous fashion—sweeping brocaded silks, big fans, diamond ear-rings, bracelets, and rings. Surely, we used to think, as we looked up at the graceful little figures on the platform, they *must* have some connection with our dearly beloved, strongly believed in, fairy friends!

But these young ladies were very sensible. When people who gazed at them would say, eagerly, as they spoke, "What are they saying? what's that?" I remember how Lavinia Warren would smile and seem so much amused, and I am sure the big people who stared at her must often have seemed very silly to her.

Then came the time of her famous wedding with Tom Thumb; and then away went the quartette, "the General" and his wife, Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt, to Europe, where they were seen by "all the crowned heads," danced and sang, and chatted with royalty, sailed on to Australia, even to Africa, to India, and to China, and back again to America, where, as you know, quite recently the poor little General died. I suppose no man had ever lived more before the public or been better known than Tom Thumb, and so in visiting his widow, the brilliant little wonder of our childish days, there was a special interest. I could not but recall how we had as children speculated about her home, her way of living, and her own surroundings.

The road leading to Middleborough was so pretty and shady that as we drove along we lingered, and imagined

Lavinia here in her baby and childhood's time, when she went to the school we saw on the brow of the hill, and was not thought of as a public character. To the left was a moderate-sized substantial-looking brown house, with a garden and a pretty barn and stable. This was the home of the General and his wife, but across the road, in a very pretty rambling white frame house, with a porch full of flowers, we found the little lady living. For some time she has made her home with her mother, Mrs. Warren Bump. We were politely ushered into a parlor on whose walls hung portraits of the little quartette, and where the only indications of the small occupant were two of the chairs, and a tiny widow's bonnet and veil laid down upon the table.

Mrs. Stratton (Lavinia Warren) had just been driving, and in a few moments she appeared, bright-faced, quick in her movements, graceful as ever, but a pathetic little figure in her heavy widow's weeds—a dress of bombazine and crape, with just a little soft white at her throat. What a contrast to the brilliant little fairy of other days, whose splendor of silks and satins and jewels had so dazzled us!

She was very cordial and chatty. We talked of old times, and then of recent ones, and she told us in the most thrilling way about the dreadful Milwaukee fire, where she and the General so narrowly escaped death. She said she never should forget her feelings as she tried to get out of her window to the balcony, where a poor lady had fallen, and whom she tried in vain to help. Then came a fireman, who carried her down the ladder, the General following by himself. But she said never, never could she forget the sights and sounds of that dreadful night.

Her face brightened when we talked of England, and she said she thoroughly enjoyed travelling there, the hotels were so comfortable. And she remarked, quaintly, "Ladies are treated so courteously!"

She told us of her visits to the Queen and the Princess of Wales, and spoke of the Duke of Edinburgh as being their "special friend." Then, naturally enough, came a few words about her husband. She spoke of his desire to live, and of the sadness and loneliness she felt. But she said she could not bear a quiet country life. Very soon she would be "up and away" again. She said it was hard for her now to stay in Middleborough since the two deaths—for Minnie Warren (Mrs. Newell), the gay little sister of Museum times, has been dead a year or more, and of the bright, merry quartette only the poor little widow sitting in her tiny chair before us remains.

She occupies herself chiefly with books and flowers and driving, takes a decided interest in public affairs, and seems to have lost none of her old "vim."

The first mention of her flowers brought a pleased sparkle to her eyes, and she said how she loved to tend them, and how it "hurt" her when she failed in any way to make them grow and flourish. Then there came bounding into the room her *little* nephew, a boy twice her size, and it seemed odd enough to see her touch him coaxingly, and hear her speak of "boys" in the patronizing tone of an elder. She said she thought the world was very hard on boys as a rule (I wondered if she had ever read about Jimmy Brown); that for her part she believed in bringing out the "fun" in them—a little spoiling was no harm.

So we chatted away, almost forgetting that our little dark-eyed hostess was the same "bewilderment" of twenty years ago, so distinctly the lady of the house, receiving guests, and doing the honors gracefully, did she seem.

The close of our visit was very pleasant and cheery. The last thing our little friend did was to run out and tuck in a bit of the carriage robe, and bid us mind our way carefully; for it was evening, and although all the sky was full of starlight, the long country road was in shadow.

We drove away, and in the silence and darkness we



looked back to see lights twinkling in the long white house, the door still open, and the small figure in its sombre dress standing within it. Where was that past gone to, we wondered, with its gayety of holidays, its big Museum, the music, glitter, fun, and frolic of the hours spent with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb?

## PERIL AND PRIVATION.

BY JAMES PAYN.

### ARCTIC TRAVEL.

**T**HE narratives of Dr. Kane and still more recent explorers have made "the land of snow and ice" familiar to all readers. The conditions of life there are indeed so different from what they are elsewhere that the subject has a constant attraction. But in telling my stories of "Peril and Privation" I have purposely chosen such experiences as are not so universally known.

In 1706 a very terrible adventure happened to certain sailors "surrounded by islands of ice" off Newfoundland. Their ship struck on an ice-field, and although they "hung cables, coils of ropes, hoops, and such things over the ship to defend her," she struck so hard that eventually she bilged, and could "scarcely be kept afloat until daylight by two pumps going, and bailing at three hatchways." Some thought that taking to the boats was preferable to such a position; but it was the Captain's opinion "that though God could work wonders, it was impossible that so small a boat could preserve us, and that it would be but living a few days longer in misery." So he resolved to take his chance and die with his men.

Nevertheless, "being importuned," he ordered the boat out with the narrator and six men; and that the others might not suspect their design, and swamp it by numbers, "it was given out that the boat should go ahead to tow the ship." How likely such a thing was the reader may judge, there being but one oar, "all the others having been broken in defending the ship against the ice." Failing in this attempt, the boat fell astern, and the Captain (thinking better of the matter), with others, attempted to get out of the cabin windows to join her. But this being discovered by the men, "they took small-arms, and kept off the boat," resolving, as she could not preserve all, that the whole party should perish together.

"We were now eight in number, and, willing to save our Captain, lay hovering about the ship till night, and having gone among the shattered ice, made fast our boat to a small lump, and drove with it; and, as we came up with great ice, removed and made fast to another piece, and so continued during the night." In the morning they found themselves three leagues from the ship, and after consultation the boat's crew decided to make no more attempts at rescue, if rescue it could be called. "But I, considering how little it would tend to my honor to save my life and let my Captain perish, . . . desired them to row up to that part of the ice next the ship, whence I should walk to her, and die with my commander. . . . But when we reached it I was loath to go." The Captain, however, perceiving how matters stood, ran out to them, followed by such a multitude "as was like to have spoiled all," and in the end they got off with him, "with twenty-one people in the boat and hanging to the sides," thus taking a miserable farewell of their distressed brethren, though "the heart of every one was so overlaid with his own misery as to have little room to pity another."

Their only provision was a small barrel of flour and a six-gallon runlet of brandy; but they had an old chest, which they split up and nailed to certain handspikes in lieu of oars, while a piece of tarpaulin served for their mainsail. By these means they got into the open sea, but only again to be surrounded by many great ice islands,

"which drove so fast together that we were forced to haul up our boat on them or we should have perished." Then they lay eleven days without once seeing the sea. Seals were fortunately caught in great abundance. "Our fire hearth was made of their skins, and the fat melted so easily that we could boil the lean with it."

The intense cold, however, soon began to affect their feet, and when they touched one another, as they were often compelled to do, "hideous cries arose" from the pain. They were released and re-inclosed by the ice islands no less than five times, "the last being worse than any before, being so thick that we could not force the boat through, yet not solid enough to bear the weight of a man." Moreover, though they saw seals, they could no longer take them.

Nevertheless, with good management, and drinking the ice mixed with brandy, their provisions held out, though indeed in sombre fashion, "it pleasing God to save some of us by taking others to Himself." They died two or three a day until their number was reduced to nine. The feet of the dead were so frost-bitten that, on stripping them to give their clothes to the survivors, their toes came away with their stockings. Their compass was broken, but, guided by the sun by day and the stars by night, they reached in twenty-eight days the coast of Newfoundland.

The extreme cold which destroys men's lives in the ice-fields of the North preserves the bodies, of which the following is an awful example:

In August, 1775, Captain Warren, the master of a Greenland whale ship, found himself becalmed amid icebergs. As far as the eye could reach, the ocean was blocked up with them in one quarter, and they were of a height that showed it had been so for a long period. Presently a gale arose, in which Captain Warren had the utmost difficulty in saving his ship; but when the storm subsided one side of her was free from ice. On the other, where the icebergs had lain so high, some had been separated by the wind, and "in one place a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could reach." The sun was shining brightly, a light breeze blew from the north, and down this open water came—marvellous to see—a sailing ship!

Whence it came, or after what length of imprisonment, the narrator could not guess, but on it came, with dismantled sails and broken rigging, and apparently without a rudder, for presently it went aground upon the ice and stopped. Captain Warren's curiosity induced him to order out a boat and row to her, though she was still more than a mile away. Not a soul was on her deck, which was thick with snow; no answering shout replied to theirs. They boarded her, and, removing the closed hatchway, descended into the cabin.

A man sat there reclining back in a chair with writing materials before him. He was dead, and "a green damp mould covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his eye-balls." He had a pen in his hand, and in the log-book before him were these words, the last he had ever written:

"November 11, 1762.—We have now been inclosed in ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday, and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief."

In the next cabin was a woman lying in an attitude of deep interest and attention; she was watching—or seemed to do so—a young man on the floor who was holding a piece of steel in one hand and a flint in the other. In the fore-castle were several dead sailors, and a boy crouched at the bottom of the gangway stairs. So terrified were the visitors by this terrible spectacle that they hurried into their boat, carrying only the log-book with them. On returning to England Captain Warren made inquiries, and found that the deserted ship had in truth been missing for thirteen years—frozen in its prison of ice.





"THEY TOLD US SPRING WAS COMING."

"GET OFF, OR I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU."

#### A WOLF STORY.

**T**HE following story comes from the distant forests of Germany:

There was once a poor woman who, with her little girl four years old, lived alone in a cottage near a dense wood. All that she possessed was three cows, but by selling the cheese and butter she made from the milk they gave her, she was able to support herself and her child.

One day she led her cows out, as usual, to pasture in the field, and as her little girl was too small to be left at home by herself, she found her a cozy seat in the grass, gave her a porringer with bread and milk for her breakfast, and a good-sized wooden spoon to eat it with.

One of the cows, in the mean time, had escaped into the forest. The mother ran after her to bring her back, leaving her little girl safe, as she imagined, eating her bread and milk. The cow, however, had strayed further than she at first imagined. By the time she had caught and brought her back to the field a full half-hour had passed. She ran at once to the spot where she had left her little one. Nothing but the porringer, with the bread

and milk, was to be seen. The child was gone.

The mother ran about wildly seeking her little girl. Not a trace of her was to be seen, and at last she flew to the village, as fast as her trembling feet would carry her, to seek help from the neighboring peasants.

Just at the same time, as it happened, a traveller was going through the forest on his way to the next town, and had lost his way. While trying to regain the path, he suddenly heard a clear childish voice near him saying, "Get off, or I'll give it to you."

Curious to learn how a child came to be in this wild solitude, he followed the sound, parted the branches gently, and there, in front of a low cave, he saw a pretty little girl sitting on the ground, with five young wolf-cubs around her. The wild creatures bared their fierce white teeth every now and then, and snapped at the chubby little hands. The child, however, had a wooden spoon in her right hand, and rapped the young wolves with it lustily on the nose every time they attempted to bite her, saying, at the same time, "Get off, or I'll give it to you! Get off, or I'll give it to you! Get off!"

The traveller saw at once how it was: she must have been carried off by an old she-wolf, and brought hither as food for the

young ones, while the mother went off again in search of other prey. So he quickly broke off a strong branch from a tree, sprang out of his concealment, and laid on vigorously among the young wolves. These ran off, yelping and howling dismally. Then he caught up the child in his arms, and ran with it as quickly as he could, for fear the old wolf might return sooner than would be quite agreeable to an unarmed man. By good fortune he was not long in finding the right path again. Thanking God heartily, he hurried on quickly, knowing that he was not safe so long as he was in the forest.

At its entrance he met the anxious mother with all the peasants rushing to seek the lost child. Fancy her joy and gratitude to the worthy and brave man who had rescued her little one!

The child had fallen asleep in his arms, but she still kept firm possession of her wooden spoon. On her mother snatching her into her arms, and awaking her with fond kisses, she looked up with innocent wonder at all the people about. Then turning smilingly to her mother, she said:

"Mammy, Dolly want her bed and mik. Nasty bid dog toot me away befo' Dolly was finis'ed."





A MARCH WIND.



## THE TYRANT'S FATE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A BREWER of Ghent, who had much "gelt,"  
And whose name was Jacob van Arteveldt,  
Was the very prince of commanders,  
For nobody ruled with such might as he,  
And none could doubt his authority  
Throughout the country of Flanders.

Whenever Jacob van Arteveldt went  
From his dwelling into the city of Ghent,  
Right nobly was he attended,  
By men on foot—at least fourscore—  
Who marched behind and who marched before,  
That he might be well defended.

Now France and England were long at strife,  
And many a good man lost his life,  
And thrones were quite badly shaken,  
But of all the blows the Frenchmen dealt,  
None troubled Jacob van Arteveldt,  
Since Flanders was not taken.

To favor the English King, he went  
To Bruges and Ypres, then back to Ghent,  
Which act the people offended;  
And he found to his great surprise one day  
That his powerful rule, his despotic sway,  
In Flanders, alas! was ended.

The very creatures who'd served him best  
Refused to listen to his request,  
Or to do his will or pleasure.  
"Too long already the yoke we've borne,"  
They said; "you have robbed us of rents and corn,  
And sent to England our treasure."

He spoke them softly; they would not hear.  
He clasped his hands—ay, he shed a tear—  
Who for others had no pity.  
The tables were turned, and although he knelt  
And begged for his life, Van Arteveldt  
Was obliged to flee the city.

The spirit of evil he had sown  
To dragons' teeth and to swords had grown,  
Ready and sharp for slaughter;  
And though he hastened with might and main,  
The master of Flanders was quickly slain  
By those to whom blood was as water.

And thus did the ancient brewer of Ghent  
Meet with a righteous punishment;  
And the most despotic commanders  
May learn from Jacob van Arteveldt's fate  
That fear may easily turn to hate,  
And the slave be the lord of Flanders!

## A BRAVE DEED.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN TROUBLES IN MINNESOTA.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"SOMEBODY ought to let the settlers at Armstrong's know about the danger they're in; but I don't see how we're going to do it."

The speaker was a man dressed as a farmer; he was speaking to his neighbors, and they were all gathered in a large barn, built of logs, in one of the newly settled portions of Minnesota. It was in the time of the Indian outbreak, and they had sought safety here, men, women, and children, inspired by a feeling of terror only understood by those who have lived on the frontier, and know from actual experience the danger of such a life in places where the Indians are unfriendly and murderous.

Stories had come to them of horrible massacres at New Ulm and other settlements not far away, and they were expecting an attack at any time. Every hour passed slowly in fear and suspense.

The remark with which I have begun this story was called out by the tidings which a scout had just brought in. He had learned that the Indians intended to attack a settlement some ten miles down the river. "Armstrong's," it was called, because the name of the leading man there was Armstrong. It was a lonely place, quite

by itself, and as it had been but recently settled, the only communication it had with the outside world was by way of the river, and a rough trail along the bluffs.

"It's just like this," said the man. "The Indians are scattered along the river, on either side of it, for four or five miles below here, clear back to the swamps, thus cutting off all chance of escape for the folks at Armstrong's, if they knew of the danger, for there are Indians on the other side of them. The only chance for them to save themselves is in getting together as we've done, and holding out against the red-skins until help comes, and that will be soon, I'm sure. But they don't know anything about what's been done or what is going to be done; therefore they'll be taken by surprise, and they'll be butchered, every man, woman, and child of them, as the whites were at New Ulm. It's terrible, but I don't see how we can help it. It's sure death to attempt to get from here to Armstrong's. The woods are full of Indians, and they'd discover a fellow before he'd made two miles of the distance."

Robert Woods listened to what was being said with a sad heart. He was a poor boy, with but one relative in the world, as far as he knew. That relative was a sister living at Armstrong's.

"Must I stay here and let her be killed?" he said to himself—"let her be killed, without making an attempt to save her? No; I'll try to get to Armstrong's in some way, if I die for it."

"See here," he said, going up to the man who seemed to be the one in charge of affairs, "I have a sister at Armstrong's. I can't stay here and do nothing while she's in such danger. I'll undertake to get there and give them warning."

"Why, boy, you'd be shot before you'd got out of hearing almost," was the reply. "I know it seems cruel for us to stay here while they're exposed to such danger; but we've got our families to protect, and we know that there isn't one chance in a thousand of getting to them. It would be like running a gauntlet."

"I'll take that chance, then," said Robert. "I must go. Don't try to keep me back. I have a plan that may work. I'll try it, anyway."

"What is it?" they asked him. "How are you going?"

"By river," answered Robert.

"They're camped all along the bank a few miles below here, and no boat or canoe could possibly get past them unseen," they told him.

"But I am not going in a boat or canoe," he said. "I'm going to float down in a tree-top."

Just at dusk that night a tree-top drifted out slowly into the river from the little bend below the settlement. Hidden away among the branches was the boy who had determined to risk his life for the sake of other lives.

The current bore the tree-top along past the shores where, for all the young voyager knew, an Indian might be lurking, hoping for a victim. Sometimes it almost touched the bank as the river made a curve, and the current ran close by the edge of the stream; then it would drift out into the middle of the river again.

The moon rose by-and-by, and made the scene almost as light as day. Robert was sorry about that, for it made his voyage seem more perilous, if it really was not so. A very dark night would have suited him best.

It seemed to him that he had been adrift for three or four hours before he saw or heard any indications of life. Suddenly a figure rose up on the bank, and stood there watching the river. It was an Indian. He was not twenty feet away from Robert, and the boy hardly dared breathe for fear of being heard. It seemed to him as if the Indian's sharp eyes must see through the branches and discover him.

But the Indian probably never thought of such a thing



as a person's being hidden in the tree-top, and soon Robert had left him behind. But there were others skulking up and down the river, and he saw several of them before he had gone much further. But they, like the first one, did not seem to think there was anything unusual or suspicious in the floating of a tree-top down the river, and Robert passed them safely.

Presently he heard the sound of a paddle, and peering through the branches, he saw a canoe coming toward him. There were three Indians in it.

The canoe was being steered straight for the tree-top. He believed that his presence there had been discovered. It was barely possible that it had not, however; but if the Indians ran into the tree-top, as it looked as if they intended to, it certainly would be, if he remained crouching on the tree. He lowered himself noiselessly into the water until only his head remained above the surface.

The Indians ran the front of the canoe upon the trunk of the floating top, and one of them got out and stood upon it, steadying himself by holding to the branches, while his comrades made some changes in the blankets and other articles in the bottom of the canoe. The Indian's feet were not a foot from Robert's head. The extra weight caused the tree-top to sink lower in the water, and once or twice, while the Indian stood there, Robert came near strangling, for the water rose to his mouth. But he managed to lift himself a little higher, and keep above the threatened danger. It was with such intense relief as only they can imagine who have been in a similar position that he saw the Indian get back into the canoe.

After that Robert saw no more of the Indians, though he heard several whoops and their answers a little distance back from the banks.

By-and-by he knew from the trees and some of the bluffs along the stream that he was nearing the settlement where his sister lived.

Half an hour later he paddled his leafy boat ashore, and climbed the bluff bank. Before him, peaceful and unsuspecting of danger, lay the little settlement of "Armstrong's."

He hurried to the house where his sister lived, and roused the owner of it. To him he told his story in a few brief words. The place was in danger. The settlers must be got together, and that at once. The Indians might come at any time.

The man started in one direction, and Robert in another. It did not take long to visit all the houses, and rouse their inmates. Armstrong's house was the largest one in the settlement, and the most substantially built, and here the settlers gathered, bringing guns, pitchforks, scythes, and whatever seemed likely to be of any possible use as a weapon. The house had a large cellar under it, and in it the women and children were placed.

In less than half an hour from the time of Robert's arrival they were ready for the Indians. And by-and-by the Indians came. They had expected to find their victims asleep; but they found them very wide awake. There were three or four guns of the repeating kind in the little party, and as soon as the Indians were seen coming across the clearing, fire was opened on them. The shots were fired with such rapidity that the besiegers evidently thought the besieged to be much stronger in number than they were. The surprise of the sudden and altogether unexpected attack threw them into confusion, and they retreated after firing a few harmless shots.

The next day assistance came to the little towns along the river. But if Robert had not done what he did, it is quite likely every soul at "Armstrong's" would have been butchered that night. He was a hero among the thankful settlers on account of his brave deed, and he deserved to be, for by it he had saved a good many lives. Such deeds are grand and truly great ones, and the doers of them are our truest heroes.

## HOW TO MAKE PLASTER CASTS.

BY VICTOR SMEDLEY.

"O H, Fred! what shall I do?"

"Stop crying," answered Fred, rather gruffly.

"But, Fred," protested Edith, as she wiped away the tears with her apron, "I knocked one of Aunt Ida's ostrich eggs off the mantel-piece, and it broke all to pieces, and I know she will feel awful bad, and so do I to-oo-oo."

Here Edith, to Fred's great disgust, shed more big tears, and looked longingly at him as for comfort. Fred, like some other boys whom we all know, though he might occasionally shed tears himself, had always a good excuse for doing so, and greatly disliked girls' tears, which he looked upon as entirely out of place and unnecessary.

"Well, I wouldn't cry about it, if I were you," said he. "That will not help it any."

"Can't you mend it?—you are so smart, and you mended Dolly's head so nicely for me."

Edith struggled hard not to cry any more, and showed so much faith in Fred's ability that he was quite won

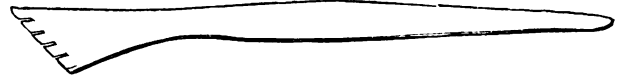


FIG. 1.

over from his crossness, and went with his little sister to look at the wreck she had made in Aunt Ida's room.

"Well!" he exclaimed, in dismay, when he saw twenty or more small pieces of white shell scattered about the floor, "I can't mend that. What did you break it up so small for? What did you knock it off for, anyhow?"

"I didn't mean to," said Edith, humbly. "I was dusting. I thought maybe you could do something even if you couldn't mend it."

"If that isn't like a girl!" grunted Fred, with an appearance of crossness, but secretly pleased at his sister's faith in him. "You think a fellow can do anything."

"Well, you know you can do a lot," answered Edith, who was not going to lose Fred's help for want of a few pleasant words, and who had great faith in her brother.

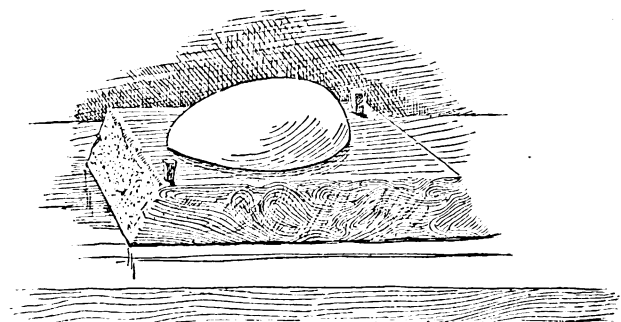
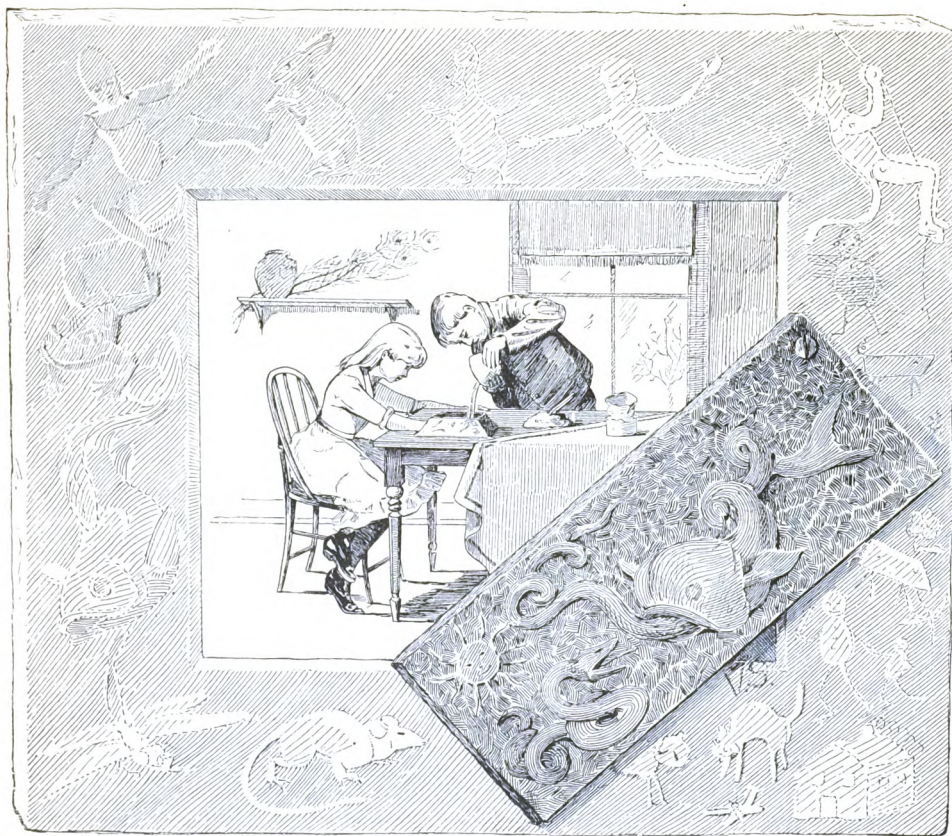


FIG. 2.

Fred was certainly a boy of ideas and energy, and the two qualities combined made him overcome many difficulties which another might have retreated from. He accomplished many marvellous feats simply because he was not afraid to try to do so. To mend this egg, however, was simply out of the question, and so, according to his custom, he cast about in his mind for the next best thing to do. He looked at the egg which had not been broken. It was simple in form, and showed that if the other one had not been so badly broken it might perhaps have been mended. As for buying a new one, it was out of the question, for he had not the money. What should he do? Suddenly a bright idea struck him, and turning to Edith, who had been anxiously waiting for him to speak, he said:





FRED MAKING A CAST OF EDITH'S HAND.

"I can't mend it, Edie, and I can't get another just like it, but I can make a plaster cast of the same shape, and I don't believe anybody can tell the difference. It won't be so nice, of course, but it is the best I can do, and Aunt Ida will not mind so much if she knows how the accident happened, and sees that you have tried to make it right."

The plan worked just as Fred said it would. He made an exact copy of the egg in plaster of Paris. Edith, weeping, explained the circumstances, and Aunt Ida was satisfied, which, as far as Edith was concerned, was all that was necessary.

But Edith is not the only one concerned. We would all, I fancy, like to know how Fred made his plaster cast. I, at any rate, wanted to know, and I asked him, and you shall know just what he told, in his own words, for Fred is a live boy, and can speak for himself.

"You see," he said, "I know how to make casts, because a friend of papa's, who is a sculptor, told me how. I never tried it till Edie broke that egg, but since then I've made casts of all sorts of things. That hand there holding a bucket for burned matches is a cast of Edie's hand. There's her foot. I would have made her head, but mamma wanted to know how Edie could breathe while I was letting the mould set. I could have put a pipe in her mouth, but mamma

said no. There is an apple. Oh! I've lots of things I've made; the best are down in the parlor.

"The first thing you do is to get a piece of board about a foot square; that is to work on, so as not to soil the table. Then you want a lump of clay about as big as a foot-ball, five or six pounds of plaster of Paris—it only costs three cents a pound—and a half-dozen wooden pegs. I use matches broken in two. You want a cup of warm melted lard, or Castile soap dissolved in hot water, to rub over what you are going to copy, so as to prevent the plaster sticking to it. You'd better have a small flat piece of wood five or six inches long, and pointed at one end, to use in shaping the clay [Fig. 1].

"Now, suppose it is an egg you want to copy. You rub it all over with your melted lard, and lay it down on the piece of board. Pack clay around it as high up as the middle of the egg, and as far out as half an inch from the

widest part. You must be particular about not putting clay higher than the middle, because, if you get the clay too high—don't you see?—you couldn't get the egg out without breaking the mould.

"When you have the clay around the lower half of the model, smooth and level it, and push two pegs in opposite corners—cat-a-cornered, I'd call it [Fig. 2]. Now around the whole thing make a box or case of clay, with sides rising half an inch higher than the model [Fig. 3]. Mix plaster of Paris and water together till you have it like molasses on a warm day; pour that into the clay box, so that the model is covered, and the mixture even with the top of the box.

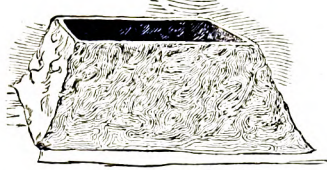
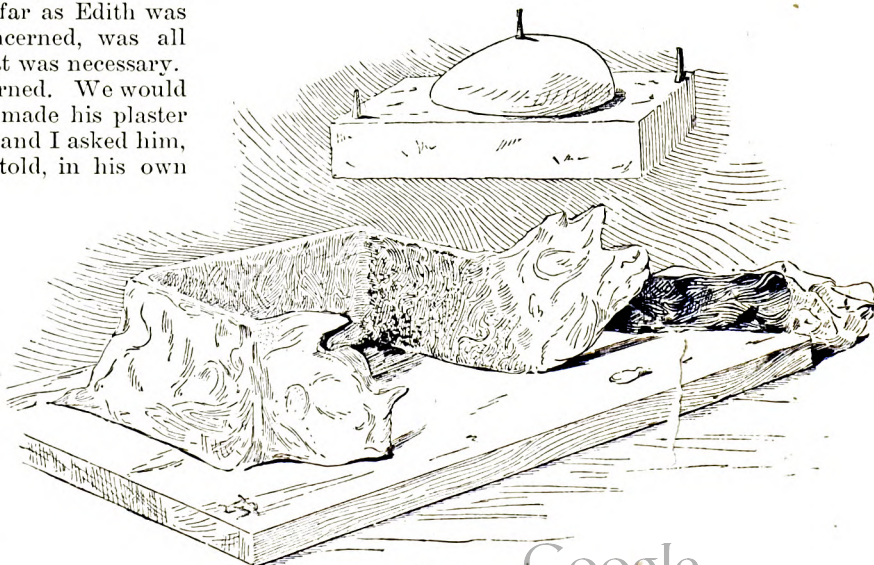


FIG. 3.





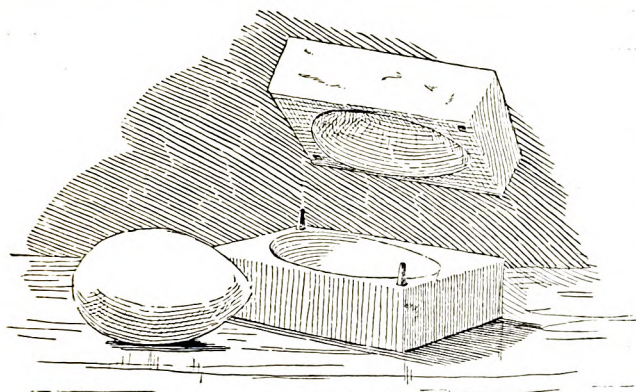


FIG. 5.

"The plaster will set, or become hard, in a little while, and you then tear the box away, and take out the model and plaster together, leaving the first clay mould. Next put the plaster mould and model in a clay box just as you did before, and pour plaster over it, first greasing the model and upper surface of the mould. Be-

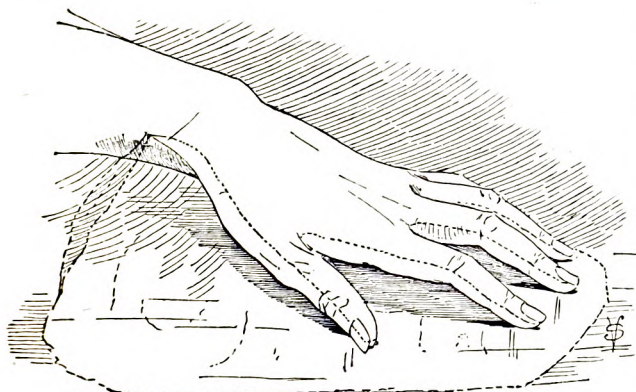


FIG. 7.

fore pouring on the plaster, roll a small piece of clay in your fingers, and put it on the model [Fig. 4], so that when you pour plaster over it, a hole will be left in it through which you may pour plaster for the final cast.

"For the second time tear away the clay box, and gently separate the two parts of plaster of

Paris; take the model out, and you will have two blocks of plaster, which, when brought together, will contain an exact mould of the model [Fig. 5], and one block will have an opening in it through which you can pour plaster. Before pouring in the plaster, however, be sure to grease the insides of the mould. Then put the parts together, using the pegs and holes as guides to a proper fitting, and tie firmly with a piece of twine. Now pour the plaster in, and then shake the mould gently in order to make the mixture settle in all the smaller crevices.

"Of course when you separate the parts of the mould now you will have a perfect cast of your model. It will have a thin ridge running around it where the mould was joined, but that is easily rubbed off with sand-paper.

"In a mould made from a hand you proceed in about the same way. The great thing is to find the dividing line in the model; that is, the place where the parts of the mould ought to join. See here! in this ball it is easy enough, for you can divide it into two equal parts [Fig. 6]; but you take a hand, and you have to make the line around each finger just where it is broadest [Fig. 7], and build the clay up to that line. The wrist-hole in a hand mould makes a good hole to pour the plaster in [Fig. 8], and, after all, a hand is easy to make.

"You can make good impressions of leaves, too, and show every little vein. You put the leaf on a layer of smooth clay, and then build a clay box around it, and pour in the plaster. When you take the clay away, there is the impression of the leaf on the plaster. I make stands for my casts by making a square mould in a clay box [Fig. 9]. I pour the plaster in, and take the clay away before it is hard. Then I scrape the edges with a piece of wood cut any shape I wish [Fig. 10], and that

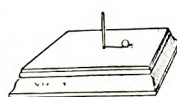


FIG. 9.

gives my stand a moulding all around. To fasten the cast on, I put a piece of stiff wire into the stand before it hardens, and then bore a hole in the cast to receive the wire" (Fig. 9).

I have followed Fred's directions, and know that making plaster casts is just as easy as he said it was.



FIG. 6.

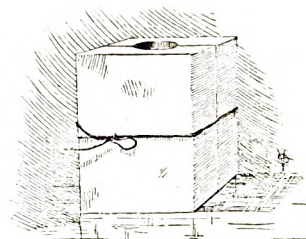


FIG. 8.



FIG. 10.







### SPRING IS COMING.

HURRAH! Hurry on! Spring is coming soon;  
Buds, and leaves, and little birds to sing a merry tune.

Hurrah! Hurry on! Clear the track to-day.  
Joe and Jim and nimble Frisk all are on the way.

Hurrah! Hurry on! When the March winds blow,  
Then good-by to skates and sleds, to ice and frost and snow.

Hurrah! Clear the track! Spring is coming soon;  
Buds, and leaves, and little birds to sing a merry tune.

### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.

I have never written to you before, because your Post-office Box was so full I was afraid mine would bother you. I am the oldest girl in our family; I am twelve years old, and last summer I broke a colt to the saddle all myself; nobody ever got on her back but myself. Papa got me a saddle with a leaping-horn to it, and a lovely bridle with a silver bit. In summer I live on a large farm, and in the winter I live in the city.

HATTIE P.

I think you deserve credit for having successfully trained your colt. I am sure you were very gentle, patient, and kind with him, and did not lose your temper, nor suffer him to be frightened. I am glad you have such a nice saddle and bridle. Can you saddle your pet yourself?

### A FEW WORDS ABOUT HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S COT.

NEW YORK CITY.

It seems a long time, dear children, since we have heard through Our Post-office Box from Young People's Cot, and I have been hoping to see there a letter from Sister Catherine, who sends us such nice ones once in a while, but in this has been disappointed. I feel almost surprised to find myself taking her place in a small way, after bidding you all good-by, but she has so few spare moments that we must not expect too much of her.

When I was at St. Mary's Hospital a few days ago I saw the occupant of our Cot, little Oscar Wilde, who, they say, is doing very nicely. When I saw him he was very busy taking his tea, which was on the plate sent by some little children in Maine, who presented it to the Cot, and I would here like to tell them how much pleasure it has given to the sick child in the bed.

Would you like to know what these little sick children at St. Mary's have for their tea, and how it is served? As I feel sure you would, I will give you a little picture of them as I saw them the other evening. They have their tea about five o'clock, and those who are up go to a dining-room off the ward, where, when seated round the low table in the small chairs to match, they look like so many dolls, they are so little; and I think it would delight Mrs. Tom Thumb could she take a peep at them. Those in bed, among whom is Oscar, have little wooden tables which just fit on the crib, as you saw in the picture of the Cot, and on this is set a little tray with their tea, a mug of milk, stewed cranberries, and such dear little slices of bread and butter. I think it would tempt any one to eat, though I saw one or two sad little faces that seemed to have no wish to do more than look at theirs, but I hope they will soon improve on this at St. Mary's.

Before closing, I want to tell you what some children in New York city have been doing for Holy Innocents' Ward. I take it for granted you all know about Hospital Sunday, when money is collected for the hospitals. The children I want to tell you about belong to the Episcopal Chapel of the Comforter, in the western part of the city, and they collected and handed in eight dollars

from their Sunday-school on Hospital Sunday. Their superintendent thought, instead of putting their money in the general fund, like a drop in the ocean, he would send it as a gift to St. Mary's. When Sister Catherine was consulted, she said she would like very much to have a bright plate and mug for every child in the ward, making twenty-two in all, which were accordingly sent to her—pretty little painted mugs, some with verses and some with flowers on them, just the right size for hands that are not very strong, nor yet very large, while the plates are very entertaining with their different-colored pictures of children at play.

I only wish the Sunday-school which gave the articles could have seen, as I did, the children at their tea. I think they would have felt well repaid for their work in raising the money. You all know, I am sure, in your own homes, when you are sick and don't care to eat, how much interest you suddenly feel in your tea or dinner when you find the cup or plate new and tasty-looking. Well, these little children are just the same as you are, only with this exception, they don't all have pleasant homes when they are sick.

AUNT EDNA.

Thank you, dear Aunt Edna, for this kind letter. We wish you would write often. St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, under the care of the Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, is at 307 and 309 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York city. Any gifts for Young People's child, or for the hospital, may be sent there.

The three little letters which appear next in order in the Post-office Box this week are from three little girls, each of whom is nine years of age. One is a New Jersey girl, one lives in Kansas, and one is visiting in Virginia. The Postmistress thinks she would like to see Kittie's family of dolls, and pop in some fine morning and peep over Rebecca's shoulder as she writes in her copy-book, and to tell May that she too bought a cake of ivory soap and dropped it into the bath-tub, with the children at home looking on to see whether or not it would "float."

There are ever so many bright letters in this week's Post-office Box, dearies. Don't you think so too?

Please remember that I want to be told when kite time comes, and top time, and skipping-rope time, and marble time. If I forget the precise period for each of these diversions, you will be to blame.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the first number, and I like it very much. I have seen ivory soap advertised so much that I asked papa to get a cake; so he did, and we like it very much. I have a little sister Edith, three years younger than I am. We have six pets, four kittens, one cat, and a bird. I hope my letter is not too long. Good-by, dear Postmistress.

MAY W. E.

ROCKLEDGE, KANSAS.

I would like to join the Little Housekeepers, if I may.

I have seven dolls; their names are Helen, Hattie, Fannie, May, Myra, and Lulu, and the nurse's name is Annie. Mamma gave me a tub, wash-board, wringer, scrubbing-brush, and pail; I washed my dolls' clothes, and it was very nice. Sister Lulu brought me a doll's chair from the East, and I have a bed for my dolls which holds five. I hemmed two wash-rags and two towels for them. Three little girls who live in town joined with me, and we gave our dolls a Christmas tree. We wanted to have them receive New-Year's calls, but it was so cold that we couldn't. I made my doll an autograph album.

I don't believe you know where Rockledge is. I will tell you: we live on a farm of eighty acres just outside of Lawrence, Kansas, and we call it Rockledge. I am a little girl just nine years old. My papa takes the MONTHLY, the WEEKLY, and

the BAZAR, besides the YOUNG PEOPLE; all Harper's publications, you see, come to our house. He also takes the Century, the North American Review, and the Youth's Companion; but I like YOUNG PEOPLE the best of all.

KITTIE MAY D.

You are already a Little Housekeeper, if you can wash, iron, clear-starch, flute, and mend the clothing of all those dollies.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl nine years of age. I am staying now with my grandma near the city, but my home is in Kansas, where my mamma, a little sister, and two brothers live. I have been three times to Kansas City and back again to Richmond; I think I have been quite a little traveller. I go to school—have only been one session before this—and like geography and arithmetic better than other studies; I write in No. 4 copy-book, and expect to begin grammar next week. My grandma gave me YOUNG PEOPLE for my birthday gift. I look forward to its coming every week with much pleasure. The Christmas numbers were very beautiful.

REBECCA S. T.

This is from one of my eight-year-old boys:

ST. JOHN.

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school. Young People was one of my Christmas presents; papa bound last year's for me; I like the stories very much. I have three little sisters—Mary, Maggie, and Louise. We were all up at grandma's to spend Christmas, and they had a tree; I received a drum, and a box of ninepins, and a pair of skates, and lots of nice things, and the others got lots of nice things too. It was grandpa gave me YOUNG PEOPLE.

WALTER S. B.

What a kind, sensible grandpa, to give you a present which will last a whole year!

This is from a little lady who was ten on her last birthday:

LAWRENCE, KANSAS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have taken the paper since one year ago last December; I read the Post-office Box regularly, and I enjoy it very much. If any of the numerous little girls who read this letter would write to me, I would gladly begin a correspondence, which we would enjoy, and perhaps, when we are grown, we may visit one another. My older sister has correspondents with whom she first became acquainted in this way.

NELLIE KIMBALL, care of Tribune.

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have the YOUNG PEOPLE given to me every Christmas by a kind friend. I think it is a lovely paper, and I fancy everybody who takes it agrees with me. How nice it is to think that one may read letters from all over the world! I have taken painting lessons for over a year, and now I do not need to take them, as I can paint alone. I should like to correspond with some other little girl who paints. I have no pets, except a cross old mother cat and a still crosser baby kitten. Nobody knows that I am writing this, and so, dear Postmistress, please print it, if you can. Good-by.

M. K. S.

I would advise you to take lessons still in your charming accomplishment, if you wish to be an artist. What is the matter with the cross Madam Puss and the crosser Miss Kitty? Does anybody tease or plague them? If so, you must interfere, and save them from being annoyed.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have two brothers and one sister. I have several pets—a little kitten named Lillie, and a bird named Cherry, and two little rabbits, a black and a white one; we don't know what to name them. What do you think would be pretty? I hope you will print this, for I never had one printed before.

BERTHA M. R.

Call the white rabbit Blanche, and the black rabbit Sable.

MOOREHEAD, MINNESOTA.

Our school begins at nine o'clock. The first recess we have a half-hour, and the second recess we have five minutes. We have lots of fun at recess time. School is dismissed at half past two. I do not go to school this winter; one reason is that it is too cold, and the other is because we are going South. I hope to write you another letter when we are gone.

Cecil E. W.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have the whooping-cough. I can't go to school. Isn't it too bad? Mamma has to teach me.

ROWLEY.

The whooping-cough is not very good fun; but think how glad you will be next winter that you have had it and are done with it!

CORRY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and I think it is the nicest paper in the world. I think "The Ice Queen" is a very

nice story, and I think that all of the stories are splendid. I go to school, and I stood the highest of any one in our room. I take music lessons now. I have a very nice teacher; her name is Miss L. S. We all like her very much. I had bad luck with kittens, the same as the little boy in the Post-office Box did; that is, he wrote and said he had bad luck with dogs. I have had six or seven, but they died or ran away. F. E. H.

## PLANTVILLE, CONNECTICUT.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am writing this letter in school. My teacher wants each one in our class to write to some one, so I am going to write to you. I am a little girl eleven years old, and think that HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is one of the best papers published. I will tell you how I spend my recess. School begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and at twenty minutes of eleven we have a recess, which lasts until eleven o'clock. Then, at twelve o'clock, we are excused again for a recess of an hour and a quarter to go home and eat our dinners. In the afternoon we have another recess at twenty minutes of three, which lasts until three o'clock, and school is dismissed at four o'clock. Sometimes I spend my recess in the basement, but usually I stay in the school-room. When I go into the basement, one of my favorite games is house. Your little friend,

LEDA G. P.

I feel very much complimented that you chose me as your correspondent when you had permission to write to any one you pleased. I hope you may receive good marks for all your letters and compositions, Leda.

## MARSHALL, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl twelve years old. My pets are a dog named Beppo, a fawn, and a canary-bird. The last two have no names; can some one suggest pretty names for them? We have not had very cold weather this winter until last night. I was over at my grandmother's, whose yard joins ours, and it began to blow and snow so that the paths were drifted, and one had to be made before we could get home. And I could not go to school this morning, because the snow-plough did not get around in time to make the paths before school. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it commenced, and now have four very pretty volumes bound. It commenced on my eighth birthday, the 4th of November, 1879.

N. AMELIA GORHAM F.

## FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have never written to you before, so mamma asked me why I didn't, and I thought I would. I have not taken YOUNG PEOPLE very long, but I like it very much; two of my brothers (one who is older and one who is younger) and I take it all together. I have a little brother three years old, who enjoys very much to look at the pictures. I have no sisters, but I want one just awfully. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and study geography, arithmetic, spelling, reading, grammar, music, and drawing. We have two sessions, one in the morning from nine o'clock until twelve, and another from half-past one until four o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes we have one session, if it rains or snows, that lasts from nine o'clock until two o'clock. I am afraid my letter is getting almost too long, so I will stop now. I remain ever your friend,

CARRIE G. V. B.

## GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have not seen any letters in the Post-office Box from Germantown, so I thought I would write one. I am nine years old, and go to school. We have excellent schools, which open at nine o'clock in the morning and close at twelve, reopen in the afternoon at two and close at four. We have thirty minutes' recess in the morning and fifteen minutes in the afternoon. I live so far from the school that I can not go home to dinner during the winter; so after I take my lunch I go to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, and read until time for school. I am a member of the Boys' Branch, and think it very nice, and wish every little boy could join. I enjoy YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and can scarcely wait until it comes. GEORGE E. P.

## BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy only four years old, and I will be five my next birthday. I live in Battle Creek, and have very nice little snow-shovel on my sled. I have a nice little snow-shovel that my papa made for me, and sometimes I shovel paths for my mamma. I wonder how many children have written to you. My sister Nettie reads the stories to me that are in her YOUNG PEOPLE, and the letters in the Post-office Box too. Nettie and I each have a sled, but hers tips over so easy it is not nice. Nettie is going to write to you some day.

Of course such a little boy can not write. But I made this letter, and mamma wrote it for me. I send you my love. FREDDIE J. M.

## LEAKSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am fourteen years old. I made the money to pay for my YOUNG PEOPLE by sewing for the

black people. I get a lot of sewing from them. I have to sew very cheaply, because they are so poor, and sometimes I have to wait a long time for my money, but I don't care, for I feel sorry for them. My little brother Jim learned the "Three Little Bears" by heart. He says it so sweet and funny you would laugh to hear him. He is six years old. I like the Post-office Box more than all the rest of the paper. Mamma made a Grandma cake. It was very nice.

ADDIE LEONA R.

## NEW YORK CITY.

I am twelve years old, and I have made the "Nautilus" for my dolly, and she looks so cunning in it! All the children write about what pets they have, but I have not got any except a little brother seven years old, and he is almost too old to be called a pet. I go to school, and so does my brother. I love my studies and like my teacher. I study Latin, but do not like it very much, for it is pretty hard, but I am very fond of spelling and arithmetic. I am in Long Division. As I am sick in bed, my auntie is writing for me. Will you please print this letter, for my mamma is sick, and I would like her to see it in print. Good-by. LULU N. S.

Latin will grow easy after a while, and you will be very glad you have studied it. Brothers are never too big to be petted, dear. Pet yours all you can. I hope mamma will soon be well.

## CHESTNUT HILL, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl ten years old. I wrote you a letter last year, and as you were kind enough to print it, I thought I would write to you again. I do not go to school this winter, but my mamma teaches me at home. There is plenty of snow here now, and we have such fun coasting. My brother, who is twelve years old, is making a long double runner; don't you think he is very smart for his age? I am very fond of sewing, and I made nine of my Christmas presents.

E. BESSIE D.

## ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl nine years old. My sister and I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. We have no pets, except a little brother only three years old. I go to school, and study spelling, reading, writing, drawing, geography, arithmetic, and physiology. I like physiology the best of all my studies. I am in the fifth grade. My mother says I may join the Little Housekeepers if you have not too many now. I think I am the only girl that has written from Albert Lea.

MAY E. W.

## CLINTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

As I have seen and read so many nice letters in the Post-office Box, I thought that you might find a little corner to put in one of mine. I know that you like descriptions of places, so I will describe the place in which I live and my home.

Clinton, I expect, some day will become a great city. It seems now like a city. We have very beautiful buildings here, most of which have been built in the latest style. There are a great many beautiful shade trees, which make the streets very nice in summer.

My home is quite a distance from the stores, but I do not mind the walk, as it does me a great deal of good. Our house is surrounded by a nice lawn on all sides, and at the back is the barn and hen-coop. My father's land leads down to the Nashua River, which is beautiful both in summer and winter. It is frozen up now, so there is some nice skating. As I do not skate, I can not so much enjoy the ice, but make up for it in summer, when I go out boat-riding, and on a hot day I have a great deal of fun wading. I know that all who could see my home would like it, and I wish every one could.

My pets are not numerous, but precious, so I will mention them. There are a cat named Tiger and a bird named Topsy. I am very fond of all kinds of animals, especially a horse.

I am making a silk quilt by the crazy pattern. If any of the girls would like to exchange pieces of silk, satin, or velvet with me, I should be very happy to do so.

LENA E. SCHMIDT, P. O. BOX 745.

## CORTLAND, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old, and take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and I am very much interested in "The Ice Queen," "The Lost City," and "Little Vizz's Adventure." I have a very nice wax doll that will cry, but she don't shed tears as we do. I have a dear little sister; she is three years old. Her name is Maud. Maud has seven dolls.

GRACE S.

Thanks for pleasant letters to Sallie C., Bessie S. M., Albert B. O., Eddie G., M. W., Edwin C. R., M. D. K., Laura C. W., Gertrude E. T., Hattie A. N., Rebecca C., Mary K., Amy A. B., Paul M., Georgie W., Mamie M., Lizzie T., Laura E. B., Edward P. C., May W., Mattie H., Artie C., Charles G. K., Douglas B., Thomas L. S., Tom S. J., Richard Baron E., Gertrude F., Mertie N., Lena Y., Rebecca I.

F., M. S. L., Hattie A. B., Cora L., C. T., Lillie S. S., Bell W. B., Clara W., and A. H. B. B.—Robert F.: Thank you very much for your letter and the pretty picture of the binder, which will be a great convenience to many.—S. G.: Your arrangement is satisfactory.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

## No. 1.

## CHARADE.

My first is heard in tones of strife,  
But you never saw it in all your life.  
My second happened to Johnny Green,  
The vainest boy that ever was seen.  
And Widow Black, who found my whole,  
Is now a very happy soul. JACK D.

## No. 2.

## DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

-n-s-a-l-w-o-s-o-m-k-a-u-m-r.  
ELSIE.

## No. 3.

## WORDS LEFT OUT.

A poor old — went forth — day  
To try and find a —;  
She wore a — of — and —,  
And tried to walk in jauntily —;  
Though daily she grew —  
"If I could find a nice plump —  
I'd be," she thought, "a jolly —

No — she found, but hanging —  
Was Daisy's little —,  
Who sang as if to pierce the —.  
Poor hungry — did — and —  
"I'll have you in a —  
From out that cage oh! — so —  
A dainty thing you'd be —."

She made a — she could not —  
The — singing louder —  
And pouring forth as if in —  
To pass it sounded like a —  
A prouder — and —  
"Dear, dear!" she cried with —  
"I wish I had you dainty —."

Just then came Daisy, running fast,  
With — in —  
"Poor Puss, you shall be — at —;  
Your pangs of — shall —;  
I see you're looking —;  
But let the little —  
If you would find a — — me."

MOTHER BUNCH.

## No. 4.

## TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in Jefferson,  
My second is in Madison,  
My third in Washington,  
My fourth in Jackson,  
My fifth in Monroe,  
My sixth in Fillmore,  
My seventh in Lincoln,  
My eighth in Pierce,  
My ninth is in Polk,  
My tenth is in Adams,  
My whole was one of the Presidents of the United States. BUDGE.
- 2.—First in hat, not in cap.  
Second in run and in fun.  
Third in blast, not in fan.  
Fourth in lance, not in dance.  
My whole is the name of an English town.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 224.

No. 1.— L  
T I N  
C A N D Y  
L I N C O L N  
S C O L D  
O I D  
N

No. 2.— Flower. Valentine.

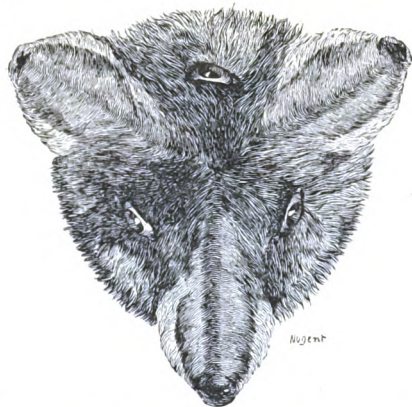
The answer to the Washington's Birthday Rebus, on page 256 of No. 225, is "To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny."—Washington.

The answer to "Who was he?" is William Cullen Bryant.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from H. E. Carver, Mamie Allen, Emma P., Florence Randall, Rebecca S. I., Amy Jones, Tommy Carriekson, William S. Timpon, Nettie J. Martin, A. J. Scott, Josie S., Gazette, Walter W. Waters, W. A. Connelly, Margie Coppens, Marguerite D., Ellis McEwen, Anson West, Robert Parr, Anthony Rowell, R. R. R., and Emma Price Fireson.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





HOW MANY FOXES HAVE WE HERE?

### A BATTLE OF SNAKES.

ON a bare spot in a great field far in the West a large rattlesnake lay coiled and basking in the sun. Little did he dream that a mortal enemy was on his trail. But any one standing near might have seen the king of coilers, in his bright black garb, slowly approaching. The assailant was small, not thicker than a thumb nor longer than a yard-stick. He glided along, now raising his glittering head and darting fire from his eyes. Stealthily he moved on toward the great rattlesnake. Between them was a small log, a part of an old fallen tree; just beyond it lay the rattler.

When the little warrior came to this log he raised nearly half his body from the ground, standing on his tail, as a fiery horse rears before he strikes a powerful blow with his fore-hoofs. Beholding his spotted enemy he uttered a terrific hiss, and like a flash of lightning sped to the side of the rattlesnake. Now came a contest between science and skill on one side, and strength and deadly venom on the other. The little snake, with a skill and knowledge of its foe, did not strike home at first. The startled rattler coiled and sounded the alarm. The assailant spun round and round, with its little eyes darting baleful fire into the eyes of its opponent, and as it completed each circle sought a chance for a sure and deadly blow.

But the other made the inner and shorter whirl with its head and neck to evade the same, and in order to strike a crushing blow itself; its great fangs glittered, and all the while the terrific rattles played deadly music. Finally the rattler raised and struck, but his fangs were dodged by the expert assailant, and they bit the earth, while the little reptile quickly closed, and struck his teeth into the back of the rattler's neck. And now the scene became terrific beyond description.

The great snake turned and twisted, with widely opened mouth, uttering a horrid noise as the rattling and death-struggle increased. For a time the rattler kept its coils as closely together as possible to prevent the next crushing move of its enemy, and tried in vain to twist and shake him off with short sudden blows. But with a skill beyond human understanding, the assailant held its little body clear of the poisonous fangs, and kept its hold firmly.

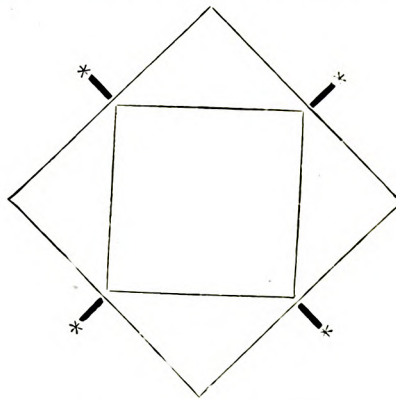
In despair, the rattler raised his head, as if summoning all his strength for a final effort. But in the twinkling of an eye, as a whip-lash twines around the tree, his enemy had coiled himself around the rattler, and tightening

his grasp with a startling power, crushed the monster in a second. When the breathless head of the rattler had fallen to the earth, the little victor slowly uncoiled himself, unloosened his hold, and having snuffed the air of victory, darted off to other fields of conquest.

### THE SQUARE FIELD.

[ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN NO. 226.]

THE farmer enlarged his field in this way: He added to the square as shown in the outer lines, so that the square form was still preserved, and the trees still remained on the outside.



### ENIGMA.

BOB and Dan went up a tree  
To look for nests of birdies.  
Young Bob's foot tripped,  
And he'd have slipped  
But for *three little wordies*.

These wordies meant to "take fast hold."  
Poor Bobby shouted loudly,  
His mate turned round,  
And with one bound  
He hauled him back quite proudly.

These wordies *three* now backward read;  
Surprised you will be, rather.  
It seems absurd—  
There's but **ONE** word  
Laid on them by their father.

That word prevents their climbing trees  
And searching high for treasure.  
Young Dan and Bob  
May fume and sob,  
But they must lose their pleasure.





# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 223.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, March 11, 1884.

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\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.





## THE FAIR FOR SICK DOLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

## I.

"JUST think of it, girls! If we could have a fair all by ourselves, a regular fair, with all kinds of things to sell, how nice it would be! And we'd be doing lots of good, you know, for that's what all fairs do," and Amy Morrell looked around at her companions as she spoke, much as if she expected to hear an outburst of delight.

"Fairs are nice for grown people, of course, for they know just what to have them for, and what to do with the money," said Ria Morse, doubtfully. "I'd like to have a fair, if we only knew what to have it for."

"Of course we know what we want it for," and Guida Dalton, with a broken and ragged doll under her arm, pushed her way into the very centre of the group of girls in the school-house yard. "We want it to get money for sick and destitute dolls; and my Johanna Abigail looks as if she needed a good many things."

"Now that would be nice!" exclaimed Ria, all look of doubt vanishing from her face. "Of course our dolls are not destitute, but some of them look as if they were, and if all you girls will bring your bad-looking dolls over to my house, we'll see how many of them need a fair."

Fairs had been quite the fashion in Bangor during the two months before the girls of Deacon Littlefield's school thought of holding one. There had been fairs to aid the church fund, fairs for the Old Ladies' Home, and fairs for almost every charitable object, until it surely seemed as if a fair in aid of sick and destitute dolls, as Guida had suggested, was the very thing that was needed. The girls of Bangor had never thought of holding one before, but they had read of the sums of money other children had earned for this or that worthy object by having fairs, and had longed to have one of their own, until, after so many had been held by the grown people, they could resist no longer.

This one in aid of the dolls was really decided upon as soon as Guida had suggested the object of it, and even though it had not been put to vote as to whether the fair should be held, only the details remained to be settled.

As soon as the girls could get home and gather their families together they started for Ria Morse's house, each one's head as full of plans for this newly discovered charity as her arms were full of afflicted-looking dolls.

Amy Morrell brought Jennie and Constantina Lovely, the former having lost a foot, an arm, and a portion of her head, while the latter had been deprived of nearly everything save a kid body and a pink tarlatan skirt.

Ria Morse had Josephine Fitzpatrick and Dinah Jones, the maid. Josephine surely needed aid from some quarter, for nearly half of her flaxen hair was gone, one waxen cheek had been crushed, and the sawdust had run out of her body until she was very limp and discouraged-looking. Dinah had seen quite as hard usage as her mistress had, for she no longer had a foot to stand on, if she had wanted to stand, and both arms had been cut off at the elbow.

Guida Dalton's Miss Rebecca Mary Helen Thompson and John James Jeremiah were very evenly mated in affliction, the first being without a head, but still retaining a blue silk dress, while Johnnie's face was completely crushed in, and his coat, as Guida said, "was a sight to behold." Johanna Abigail also accompanied Guida, looking decidedly the worse for wear.

The other girls brought all kinds of dolls in all stages of decay. There were porcelain dolls without heads, kid dolls without arms, and muslin dolls without feet; there were dolls that looked sick because of the dirt on their faces, and those that looked even more sick because their faces had been washed too often; but in whatever condition they were, they all looked as if a fair would certainly do them no harm, even if it did them no good.

After the dolls had been gathered together, and it was seen that there were sick and disabled ones enough to warrant the holding of the fair, the question arose as to what each member of the association would contribute in the way of articles to be sold. One promised a toilet set, which she was sure she could make in a week, providing no unusually difficult lessons were given out in school during that time; another agreed to knit a tidy; a third had a piece of worsted-work nearly done; and, in fact, there were so many promises made that, if they were all kept, it would be rather a difficult matter to find a place large enough in which to hold the fair.

Guida proposed that, among other things, they should have a table for refreshments, over which she would preside, and that each one should bring something eatable, in addition to their other contributions, so that the supply would be large enough for all who might want to purchase.

Of course all these promises were made to depend upon their parents' consent to the plan; but it was thought that would not be withheld when the charitable purpose of the fair was explained.

"We've got dolls enough that need assistance," said Amy, after the unimportant details had been discussed, "and we've got things enough promised to have plenty to sell; but where are we going to have the fair?"

Singularly enough no one had thought before of this very important detail of the charitable entertainment, and no one made any reply for some moments, when Ria said:

"I think mother would let us have it right here in the dining-room, and, if you'll wait, I'll go and ask her."

In a few moments after Ria left the room she returned with her mother, Mrs. Morse looking sadly perplexed by the unexpected request, and yet not quite prepared to refuse decidedly.

"We can have it right here in the dining-room, mother, and it will be only for one afternoon and evening," Ria was saying as she entered the room, and the other girls knew by her words that the request had not been granted as readily as Ria had seemed to think it would be.

"But you would need all day in which to get ready for the entertainment, and where could we have our meals?"

"Why—why couldn't we get along just for one day without anything, mother? I'm sure, when you were getting ready for the old ladies' fair, you said any one ought to be willing to put up with a good many inconveniences for the sake of such an object."

"I hardly think your dolls need assistance as much as the Old Ladies' Home did," said Mrs. Morse, with a smile. And then, as she seemed to be trying to make up her mind as to how she could further the object, while all the girls stood around in anxious expectancy, Ria asked, entreatingly,

"Can't we have our meals in the sitting-room?"

"That would hardly be wise; but if you will be very good children, and keep everything as clean as possible, I will let you have the sitting-room; but the fair must close in the evening as early as ten o'clock."

Of course every one was perfectly willing to agree to such a reasonable demand, and for some moments the excitement was very great. All seemed to be talking at the same time, and as a matter of course no one could understand what the other was trying to say.

But Mrs. Morse brought order out of the confusion very speedily by reminding the girls that nothing could be really decided upon until after each one had gotten her mother's permission to have the fair, and that it would then be time enough to discuss the details.

This suggestion had the effect of sending Ria's friends home at once; but before supper-time nearly every one

came back, just for a moment, to say that her mother was willing she should take part in the fair.

Then the labor of preparing for the entertainment was begun, and no one had had any idea before of how much work it was necessary to do before even a small fair could be held. There were toilet sets to make, tidies to knit, neck-ties to be made for both boys and girls, dolls that were to be on sale to be dressed, and above all the sick and destitute dolls, who were to attend in a body, were to be dressed exactly alike, what there was left of them to dress, in order that those who came to the fair might see upon whom they were bestowing their charity.

Mrs. Morse had promised that they should have tables on which to display their wares, and that Guida should have a large one for the refreshment counter, which it was expected would be the most successful feature of the fair. Each girl was to have something to sell, and contributions were solicited from parents in order that they might supply the great number it was believed would attend.

The important matter was the subject of so much conversation that Deacon Littlefield was obliged to issue orders against his pupils speaking of it during study hours, and this very command but served to advertise it the more.

Of course, united by a common object as they were, the girls walked home from school together each day. About a week before the Saturday on which the fair was to be held they were surprised by seeing half a dozen boys approaching just as they were leaving the school-house yard.

Guida's brother was among them, and as the girls reached the street he said, while the other boys gathered around him, as if to show that they had chosen him as spokesman,

"If you girls are goin' to have a fair, we want to know if you will let us in with you."

"Why, of course you can come," said Guida, quickly. "And we're going to have lots of things that you'll want to buy."

"We don't mean to come in that way," said Charley; "we want to be partners with you, an' help you run it."

"But that wouldn't do at all;" and Ria looked really distressed because of the utter impossibility of acceding to Charley's request. "You see, we are going to have it for the relief of poor dolls, and you boys don't know anything about dolls."

"Perhaps we don't," said Harry Morse; "but we know a good deal more about fairs than you do, an' you'll be sorry if you don't let us run it with you. We can mix up the lemonade, an' cook the oysters; an' we could get up a regular minstrel show if you wanted it."

"But we're not going to have lemonade or oysters, and I'm sure we don't want any minstrel show," said Ria, her face flushing a little as she thought of the slight put upon their fair by even the suggestion of such a thing.

"Well, if you don't want anything like that done, we can help you through with it in a lot of ways," persisted Charley. "You girls never can do anything of that kind unless you get us boys to help you."

"But we want you to come and buy the things," said Amy; "and if every one should help get up the fair, we shouldn't have any customers."

"All right," said Charley, as he walked away, motioning the other boys to follow him. "You won't let us in when we're willin' to put the thing through right for you, an' now we'll jest wait an' see what a mess you'll make of it. There's one thing I can tell you, an' that is that you'll be awful sorry next Saturday 'cause you didn't take us in; an' you jest look out for what we're goin' to do."

Then the boys walked on, while the girls trembled as they thought with fear of the threat implied in Charley Dalton's words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TOM FAIRWEATHER AT MADAGASCAR.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.

WHILE running down the Indian Ocean and approaching the Mozambique Channel, the *Neptune* did not encounter the favorable winds and currents that Captain Fairweather had expected. He therefore announced his intention of giving up his proposed visit to the Comoro Islands.

"I wish to look into Bembatooka Bay, on the northwest coast of Madagascar," said he, "where is the port of Majunga, and we haven't much time before we are due at Cape Town."

Tom was a little disappointed by this, for he was never tired of visiting new places; but as he had been told that there was not much to attract or interest one at the island of Johanna, he was able to play the philosopher pretty well.

"Tell me something about Madagascar," he said to his father; "that is, if I am not in your way, and may walk up and down the deck with you."

"Well, Tom, I am glad to have you walk with me, but I don't know that I can tell you much that will interest you about this island of Madagascar. The port of Majunga, whither we are bound, is in size next to the capital, Antananarivo. Let me hear you pronounce that name."

"Andy and révo," said Tom.

"No, that isn't right; put the accent on *nan*, the third syllable, and you will always remember it—Antananarivo."

"Oh yes, that is easy—Antananarivo; and it's a pretty name too."

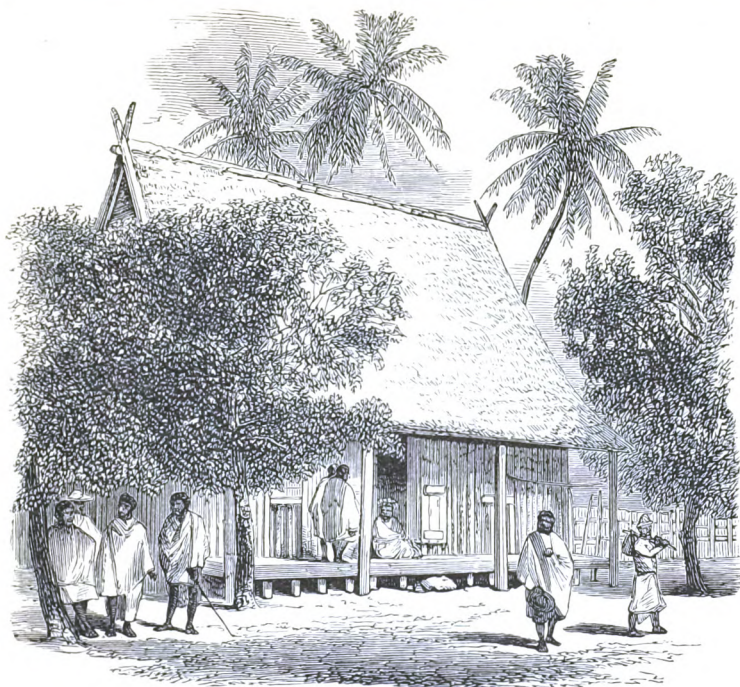
"Yes, the language of the Malagassy people is a musical one; it abounds in vowels, and although there are some dialects in use in different parts of the island, the same language prevails nearly everywhere, and all tribes understand each other.

"There are a number of these tribes, who have their own chiefs, and I suppose they have fought one against another from the beginning of time. The *Sakalavas*, on the western side, used to be the strongest, but about the beginning of this century the *Hovas*, one of the central tribes, had a chief called Radama, who was very shrewd and powerful. He conquered all the tribes with which he came in conflict, and claimed to be the ruler of the whole island. He called himself King Radama I., and procured from the Governor of Mauritius arms by which he maintained his rule. The religion of the people had before that been a sort of idol worship, but Radama allowed missionaries to come, who taught the Christian religion, formed schools, and reduced the language to a written form.

"Everything went on very prosperously until Radama died, at the age of thirty-six. One of his wives, the Princess Rànavàlona, seized the royal authority, and the aspect of affairs changed very seriously. She did not believe in the Christian religion, and so declared it unlawful. She made the missionaries leave the island, and for nearly thirty years persecuted those natives who would not disavow publicly their Christian belief. She drove some over precipices, burned others at the stake, and all that were left who were not in fetters hid themselves in the mountains.

Rànavàlona died in 1861, and was succeeded by her son, Radama II. He encouraged the missionaries to return, and re-opened the island to foreign trade. He was a good king, but fell a victim to his rivals, who murdered him in his palace just after he had signed a treaty with the French Company. His wife, Rasoberina, succeeded him, but ruled only five years. When she died, in 1868, Rànavàlona II. came into power. This Queen not only publicly recognized Christianity, but was baptized herself. Moreover, she caused the royal idols to be burned. She died, how-





HOUSE OF A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL AT MADAGASCAR.

ever, in August, 1883, and has been succeeded by Rànavàlona III. Madagascar is now becoming rapidly civilized and educated."

A day or two after this conversation the *Neptune* came to anchor off Majunga. This town, situated close down to the water, is inhabited by Sàkalàvas, Arabs, and negroes, while the Hova garrison lives in a fort on a hill-top near by. Among the smaller houses and huts a few two-storied stone buildings stood out conspicuously. The country around was well wooded, the most prominent tree being the mango.

The *Neptune* had been anchored hardly half an hour when a boat was seen approaching from the shore. It contained a deputation of two Hova officers, sent to express the Governor's pleasure at the ship's arrival. One of these officers, called Rakotovao, was a son of the Governor, and was known in the language of the country as a six-honor man (sixteenth, however, being the highest). Both were in white European dress, with very neat straw hats—a head-gear that the Hovas always wear except on very great occasions. Tom thought to himself that they would have been much more interesting and picturesque in their native costume. This, however, has been pretty well discarded throughout the island. The young men were light in complexion, and appeared intelligent; they did not look like negroes.

Tom afterward learned that the Hova race differs from all others in Madagascar—that they resemble in a striking manner the Polynesians or the Malays. The first question they asked, through an interpreter, was, "How is the American President?" and this with an air of anxiety, as though they had fears that he might be ill. So Captain Fairweather inquired, with equal concern, after the health of Madagascar's Queen. Rakotovao took out a pencil and paper and wrote down the name of the ship and her captain, the number of guns, men, etc., following the same routine that is adopted in American and European ports. It was like playing at civilization, and was very amusing.

Captain Fairweather informed them that later in the day he should visit the Governor, and when in the afternoon he was on his way with Tom and a party of officers, he was met by the same persons, who told him that the

Governor was quite ready to receive him. The visiting party was turned over to the care of an interpreter, who conducted them to one of the large stone houses, up a ladder, and into a room. The room was not very clean; the floor was covered with matting, and several tables were piled up with glass and crockery ware, all very dusty.

The *Neptune's* officers were given to understand that they were to wait for the formation of a procession which would take them to the Governor in high state. Presently drums and wheezy old instruments were heard under the window, playing a mixture of tunes, foreign and native. Then, mingled with the noise of the band, were heard the clanking of arms and a confusion of orders. When they were notified that the palanquins were ready, they went down to the street, and found a guard of a dozen men drawn up.

The visitors got into the palanquins, and the guard marched off in single file, headed by an officer in a very fluffy black hat, who also carried a huge cimeter, which he waved with great solemnity. Then came the band and the palanquins, the whole procession being surrounded by natives. Shortly they halted, and the escort uncovered their heads to render homage to the flag of Queen Rànavàlona, which was waved over them.

Then on again up the hill to the fort—a very rude affair surrounded by a deep ditch. At each side of the gate was a gun, and behind it a guard of five or six men, also commanded by a man with a fluffy hat. This guard saluted, and the procession passed on through several gates into a large square, where the palanquins were set down. On the opposite side from the entrance was a group of persons in all varieties of European costumes. In the centre was the Governor; he wore a black frock-coat, white corduroy trousers, a crimson velvet cap with a gold band, and a white shirt. Tom's attention was attracted by his remarkably tall and stiff black stock. In his hand he held a cimeter more crooked and unwieldy than any of the others.

As Captain Fairweather and his party approached the Governor they saw how difficult it was for him to move his head in his huge stock. He managed to turn stiffly to his interpreter, however, and to say something, which, translated, was, "Salute Queen Madagascar." Then he swung his sword, and shouted some order, following it with a "Shaller—ar!" (Shoulder arms).

Immediately the troops made a varied movement with their muskets.

"Face!" shouted the Governor, and all the soldiers turned their backs to the Governor, and faced the gate.

"Resent—ar!" and the troops made a good imitation of presenting arms. The band played, and every one took off his hat.

The next salute was for the American President, which was accomplished in the same way, except that every one turned in the opposite direction.

After this the Governor unbent a little, and taking Captain Fairweather by the hand, led him into a large room, whither the officers followed. On a table covered with a white cloth were a bottle of liqueur, a carafe of water, and several glasses. The Governor signified that the bottle should be opened, and a small quantity of the liqueur was poured into each glass. The health of the Queen of Madagascar was drunk, then that of the President of the United States, and afterward the Governor's and Captain Fairweather's.

The Governor said: "How is the President? How is everybody in America? What is the news?"





TOM'S LEMUR.

Captain Fairweather replied: "The President is very well. Everybody in America is pretty well. There is no news, except that everybody is pleased to know that the Queen of Madagascar is doing so well."

The Governor's next remark was: "Very glad to see American Captain; see plenty French Captain; not many American."

"Yes," answered his visitor, "I see a good many dhows with the French flag lying at anchor."

"Want to see native dance?" asked the Governor.

Yes, Captain Fairweather would be delighted to see a native dance; so they were all taken out again to the square, where were many women dressed in long white sheets.

The band struck up a native air, and the women formed in line. As they began to move to the music in a body they appeared like a huge white centipede. Their heads made a black backbone, their hands black claws. The claws began to wave, the centipede turned its head to the spectators, and advanced with a slow, writhing motion. The music grew faster, the claws swung more rapidly, and the centipede crawled steadily on. It was a wild and fantastic exhibition.

Suddenly the music stopped; the centipede broke up and fell to pieces in the sand. The entertainment was over. With mutual good wishes and compliments the interview ended. The troops fell into line; the men in fluffy hats took charge, and with pomp and ceremony the visitors were escorted back to the town, from whence they took their way to the ship.

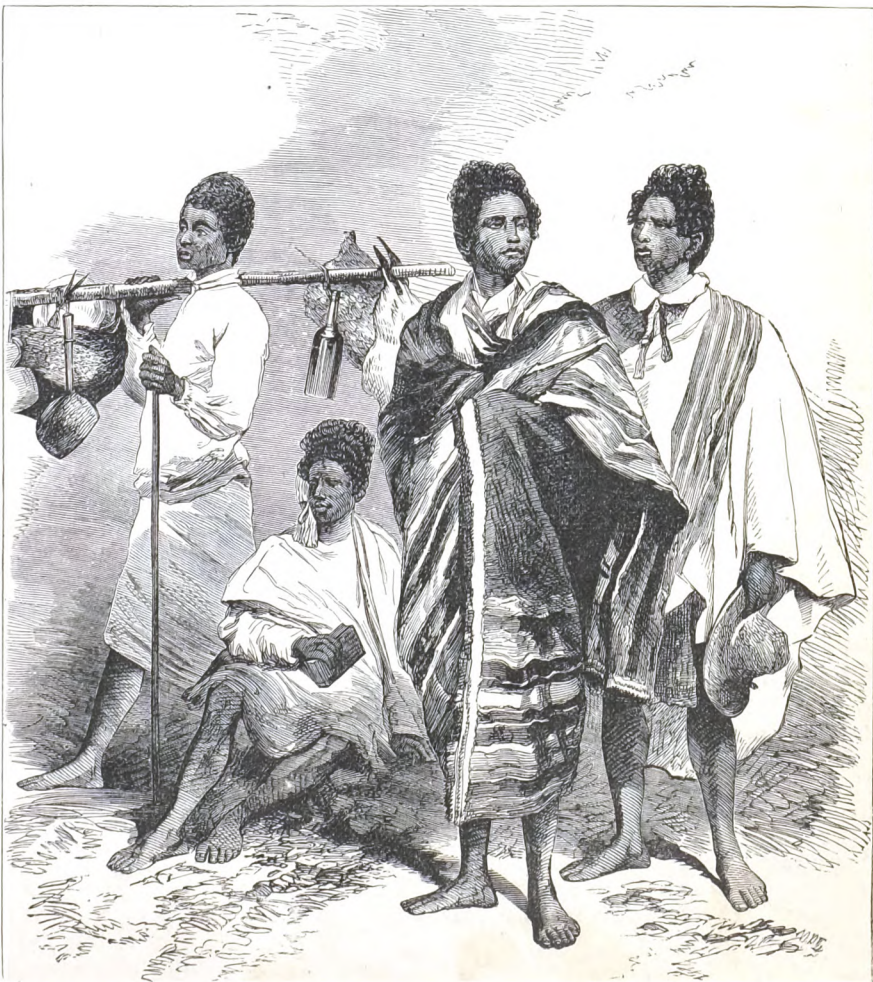
Said Tom to his father: "I wish the Governor would come on board to visit you. I'd like to see some more of those funny people."

"Well, he may. I invited him, but told him I must sail to-morrow afternoon."

The next morning Tom was on deck, gazing eagerly shoreward for some signs of a move on the part of the Governor. He had almost given up expecting anything, when he saw a commotion on the beach, and a boat being manned. He ran to the quartermaster and borrowed his glass. "The Governor is coming!" he cried, and down he went to tell his ward-room friends.

Sure enough, the Governor and his staff came, and in costumes of which they were very proud. The Governor was dressed like an ambassador; the second in command wore a scarlet frock-coat and epaulets; another had on the cast-off coat of an English marine. Altogether they were very magnificent. One asked for a Bible, another for a missionary (meaning, of course, that a missionary should be sent to Majunga). But what delighted Tom the most was the present to him personally of a ring-tailed lemur, a curious little animal, something like a cat, and which is found only in Madagascar and perhaps in the Comoro Islands, an affectionate, loyal little creature. Tom's lemur soon became very fond of him, and was never so happy as when perched upon his shoulder. At times it uttered little plaintive cries like a baby, but ceased always when Tom appeared. These animals are fierce little fellows when first caught, but are tractable and easily tamed.

Tom deserted the Governor, not even knowing when he left the ship. He was aroused from his interest in his new pet by the call of "All hands up anchor!"



HOVA OFFICERS IN THEIR NATIVE DRESS.



## THE HOMELY PROPHET.

BY JOEL BENTON.

**A**N Eastern sage of curious name,  
 With ugly face and crooked eyes,  
 Acquired of old unmeasured fame  
 By simply being learned and wise.

He often went to foreign parts,  
 And knew and told such wondrous things,  
 He won the common people's hearts,  
 And caught the ear of courts and kings.

Once when an Emperor asked his aid  
 Before the court whereto he went,  
 The lords and ladies, much arrayed,  
 Were struck with endless merriment

To see a visage so uncouth,  
 So destitute of form and grace;  
 And gibes of age and sneers of youth  
 Fell heartlessly before his face.

The Emperor's daughter, full of mirth,  
 As witty comments ran and spread,  
 Asked him how wisdom could have birth  
 In such a shapeless, ugly head.

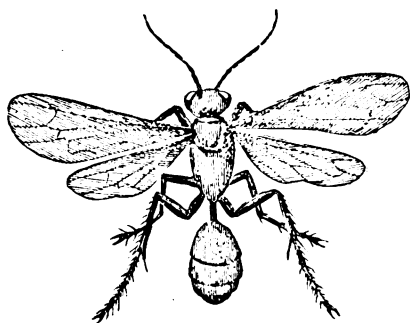
With temper cool and words as meek  
 As if no insult had been thought,  
 He asked the Princess then to seek  
 Her father's wine, and some was brought.

"What!" said the sage. "Do you bestow  
 In earthen jars this wine I see?  
 The common people, you should know,  
 Do this; of gold *your* jars should be."

Whereat the Princess bade her slave  
 Transfer the wine as she was told;  
 But when she found the taste it gave  
 By being put in jars of gold,

She asked the sage to tell her why  
 The value of the wine had fled.  
 So, while the crowd was standing by,  
 The sage with fervent unction said:

"'Tis not the vessel that we scan;  
 All value in its contents lies.  
 When Beauty scorns the homeliest man,  
 We see that Beauty is not wise."



## MR. THOMPSON AND THE WASP.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

**B**"BUZZ-Z-Z, buzz-z-z, buzz-z-z," said the wasp, flying unpleasantly close to Mr. Thompson's ear. "Buzz, buzz. I believe that you are the same man that knocked down my nest a day or two ago. Buzz, buzz-z-z," and the wasp made a vicious dash at Mr. Thompson's nose. Poor Mr. Thompson did not understand him, so he was unable to deny the charge.

Presently the wasp seemed tired of annoying him, and flew away. Mr. Thompson had finished reading his newspaper, and was musing in a half-drowsy fashion when it returned. This time it seated itself upon the arm of Mr. Thompson's chair.

"Well, what are you after now?" Mr. Thompson murmured, as he watched the insect swaying its slender body up and down as if getting its stinger ready for action.

"Are you the man that knocked my house down?"

"I?" repeated Mr. Thompson, in surprise. "No; why, I—I didn't know you had a house."

"I had one almost finished, and some one knocked it down, and now it is so dry that it is almost impossible to get mud to build another," replied the wasp.

"That is too bad," said Mr. Thompson. "Where is it?"

"Over in the shed. Come and see it," answered the wasp.

Mr. Thompson says that he don't know how it was done, but he suddenly found himself sitting on the other arm of the chair, looking first at himself, then at his new friend, and trying to make out which was Mr. Thompson and which was the wasp.

"Wait for a moment until you get used to it," said the wasp, good-naturedly.

"I will," replied Mr. Thompson. "In the mean time may I inquire your name?"

"Well, it's hard to say. Some say that I belong to the family of Eumenidæ, but the great Linnæus says that both I and my cousin Hornet belong to the family Vespidæ. However, I notice that you men usually refer to me as 'that horrid wasp,' so I have taken that name, and call myself Mr. H. Wasp, at your service."

"Where did you come from?" pursued Mr. Thompson.

"I don't know. I guess we've always been here. The Indians have a legend that when the world was created the good spirit and the evil spirit divided control of the animals. They got along well until they came to the bumble-bees. Both wanted them. Finally they agreed to divide, and the good spirit took his share, and made honey-bees of them, while the evil spirit took his, and changed them into wasps; a few who were away from their nests remained bumble-bees."

"I don't believe that story," said Mr. Thompson, who detested anything that he thought wasn't true.

"Neither do I," answered Mr. Wasp. "But come on, and I'll show you how we build our houses."

They rose lightly from the chair, and flew side by side toward the shed where Mr. Wasp said his house was situated. On their way they paused for a moment at the pump, where Mr. Thompson saw a number of wasps industriously at work gathering mud out of which to build their houses. Each wasp was engaged in selecting the softest and most clayey portions of the mud, carefully avoiding the bits of gravel, which now appeared to Mr. Thompson to be the size of cobble-stones. After watching them for a few moments they continued their journey to the shed, where, under the roof, Mr. Thompson saw a number of patches of mud, which looked as if the children might have thrown them there. Mr. Wasp alighted near one, and Mr. Thompson followed his example.

"Here," said Mr. Wasp, "is my house. You see it is hardly completed. Three cells are done; there are two more to finish yet. My wife is at work upon them now. She has just gone off to get a spider or a fly to put in this cell before laying an egg and walling it up."

"A spider or a fly?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"Yes," answered Mr. Wasp. "We make these houses not for ourselves, but for our children. There are from two to six cells in each house, about half an inch long, and as large around as a lead-pencil. In one end of each we put two or three spiders or flies, which we sting so as not to kill, but only to stupefy them; then the egg is laid, and the cell is walled up. After a time the egg hatches, and a white grub or larva makes its appearance. The grub lives upon the flies and bugs which we have stored up for its food until its wings begin to sprout, when it eats its way out of the house as a perfect wasp."

Just at this moment Mrs. Wasp made her appearance, with an immense blue-bottle in her arms, almost as large as herself. This she rolled into a ball, and placed carefully in the further end of the unfinished tube.

"Do you all live in this way?" asked Mr. Thompson.

"Oh no," replied Mr. Wasp. "Some of us live in holes in the ground, and some build houses for our young out of the same material that hornets use in making their nests."

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Thompson.

"Paper, sir, paper—and made from wood pulp, too," replied Mr. Wasp. "You men thought that you had made a great discovery when you invented a method of manufacturing paper from wood pulp. The hornets have been doing the same thing since the beginning. But I must get to work, for my house is not nearly finished. I'm sure you will excuse me."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Thompson, politely, preparing to return to his seat on the piazza.

As he flew round the house, under the porch, he brushed close to two of the boarders who were sitting there.

"Here's that horrid wasp," said one, making a vigorous slap at him with his hat.

"Shoo!" screamed the other.

Mr. Thompson sank in his chair exhausted. At the same moment he heard a voice behind him exclaim,

"Why, Mr. Thompson, where have you been?" It was Miss Angelina.

"Out in the shed, looking at the wasps' nests," replied Mr. Thompson, with a start.

"If you mean where has he been for the past two hours, I can certify that he has not stirred from that chair," said the young man who had just struck at him with his hat.

"As if I didn't know where I have been!" sniffed Mr. Thompson, as he tramped into the house in high dudgeon.

## FACING A GIANT.

A STORY OF OLD GERMANY.

BY DAVID KER.

### I.

"**F**RAU SCHMIDT, will you please watch mother for a little? I'm going to try if I can find father."

Christian Klein's mother was very ill—ill of a complaint called hunger, of which many people died in those cruel old times, nearly four hundred years ago. His father had been away since daybreak, in the hope of getting food for her, and now it was evening, and he had not returned. So Frau Schmidt came in, and Christian Klein went out.

Very picturesque looked the old town of Riesenburg (Giant's Tower) in the red light of sunset. Its gray old church towers, and steep, narrow streets, and queer little loop-hole-shaped windows, and tall wooden house fronts striped with white and black, all looked fairy-like in the crimson glow. High over all rose the shadowy pines that covered the rocky hill, on the brow of which stood out dark and stern the battlements of the Grand-duke Ludwig's castle.

But the towns-people were in no mood to enjoy the view, splendid though it was. To *them* that grand old fortress overhead was like a wolf's den or a vulture's nest. Oppressed, ground down, forced to pay such heavy taxes that they had barely enough left to live upon, and in daily terror of being murdered besides (for a prince of the fifteenth century carried all his subjects' lives in his hand), the poor wretches had no hope except that the Grand-duke might die or be killed, and that his successor might be a little less cruel and hard-hearted.

Suddenly there came a merry burst of hunting horns from the wood above, and up the narrow path leading to the castle rode a long train of green-coated horsemen, headed by a figure at sight of which every one trembled. Could a huge black bear have mounted on horseback, it would have made a very fair likeness of the terrible Grand-duke, whose chief pleasure was to go out and kill something; whether man or beast mattered not a whit.

The blast of the horns disturbed for a moment a group that had gathered around a pale, scared-looking man in the dress of a peasant, who seemed to be telling them something very startling indeed.

"I saw him with my own eyes," he was saying, "tied hand and foot upon a horse. They said he had killed one of the Grand-duke's deer, and that he's to be hunted to death for it by the stag-hounds to-morrow morning. Poor neighbor Klein!"

A faint cry broke forth behind the speaker, and he turned hastily round, but only saw a little boy disappearing behind the nearest corner.

### II.

The Grand-duke's deer park lay on the side of the hill upon which his castle stood, surrounded by a palisade so high and strong that it was no easy matter to get into it. Nor, indeed, would any one have been likely to try, for what with the savage dogs that kept watch there all night, and what with the Grand-duke's fierce soldiers, who had orders to kill anybody that was found trespassing, whoever got in had little chance of ever getting out again.

Just as the moon rose that night a man who was pacing to and fro like a soldier on duty in an open space at the upper end of the deer park heard a slight rustling among the boughs overhead, and a small dark figure, no larger than a child, dropped almost at his feet.

The man started back; but the child, so far from being frightened, came up to him, and said, eagerly:

"Oh, please, can you tell me where the Grand-duke is? I want to see him."

The soldier stared blankly at him for a moment, and then burst into a loud, hoarse laugh:

"A brisk lad, in truth! And pray what dost *thou* want with the Grand-duke, my young prince?"

"I'm not a prince," answered the boy, simply; "I'm Christian Klein, of the Lederstrasse [Leather Street], and my father's to die to-morrow for killing one of the Grand-duke's deer. But I'm sure if the Grand-duke knew *why* he did it, he'd never be so cruel as to kill him."

"And why *did* he do it, then?" asked the soldier.

"Mother's dying for want of food, and father went out to try and get her some, and she's been watching for him all day, and if he don't come back she'll die—I know she will."

The man was silent for a moment, and then asked, gruffly:

"How came a slip of a boy like *thee* here at this hour of the night? Know'st thou not that the Grand-duke's blood-hounds are loose, and that we guards have orders to kill any one who enters here without leave?"

"I know that; but I don't care, if I can save father."

"A brave boy, truly," muttered the sentinel. "I doubt if any soul living would do as much for *me*. Well, lad, if thou fear'st not dogs and spearmen, art thou not afraid of the Grand-duke?"

"No," said the little hero, firmly. "I know they tell fearful stories about him, but I can't believe he's so bad as they say; and then I always think how sad and lonesome it must be for him to have everybody hating him so, and no little children to love him as I love father."

The soldier was silent for a moment, and then said, in an altered voice,

"Child, thou hast thy wish. I am the Grand-duke. Behold him now!"

He threw back his cap as he spoke, and the savage face which haunted the dreams of every man in Riesenburg stood out in all its terrors under the brightening moonlight. But, to Ludwig's unbounded amazement, the child, instead of screaming or shrinking back, sprang forward and cried, joyfully:

"Oh, I'm so glad! I thought I'd never find you, or that the soldiers wouldn't let me speak to you. You'll let father come back to us?"





"I AM THE GRAND-DUKE."

"What, after killing one of my deer?" growled Ludwig, in his harshest voice. "No! he has broken my laws, and he shall die."

The boy's face fell, and he stood for a moment as if thunder-struck, while the Grand-duke watched him keenly.

"Kill me, then, and let father go," said Christian at length. "I'm too little to work for mother, and she can do without me; but if any harm were to come to father, she would die."

As he stood there in the moonlight, with the black shadows of the wood behind him, looking fearlessly up at the grim giant, Ludwig fancied that he saw in his face a strange likeness to his own little boy who had died long ago—one of the few living things which that iron-hearted man had ever loved.

"Come with me, and show me where thy mother lives," said the Grand-duke at last. "If thou hast spoken truly, well and good; if not—"

The flash of those terrible eyes, which had never known fear or mercy, sufficiently filled up the blank, as the Prince and the peasant boy went forth together into the darkness.

### III.

"Good news, mother!" cried little Christian, rushing into the dark and dismal room where his sick mother was

lying all alone, for good Dame Schmidt had at length been forced to leave her.

"Who talks of good news?" answered Frau Klein, in a dreamy voice, for her mind was so weakened by hunger and distress that she hardly knew what was passing around her. "There is no good news for us, unless it please God that the Grand-duke should die."

A quick-drawn breath as of some one in pain answered her from without, and Prince Ludwig's mighty figure stalked into the room, which he surveyed wonderingly by the light of the lantern that he carried.

"The boy spake truth in very deed," muttered he. "What a place! 'Tis worse than one of my castle dungeons."

It was, indeed. The plank walls shook and groaned at every gust of wind, the mud floor was worn into countless hollows by the rain that had trickled through the cracks in the roof. The very air was chill and damp as a burial vault, and the white pinched face of the poor creature who lay helplessly on her rotting straw might well have passed for that of one already dead.

Roused by the stranger's entrance (though she did not recognize him), she rose half erect, with a look of terror in her sunken eyes.

"What has happened?" gasped she. "My husband—"

"Fear not. Thy husband shall be here within two hours," said Ludwig, turning hastily away, as if ashamed of himself. But at the door he turned again, and holding out his hands to Christian, said, "Little one, wilt thou kiss me before I go?"

The child put his thin arms around the great thick neck, and as his wan little cheek touched the old tyrant's grim, bearded face, Ludwig's savage eyes grew dim with unwonted tears.

Two hours later Hans Klein was in his sick wife's arms, and little

Christian was looking wonderingly at a packet containing the heavy gold chain that he had seen on the Prince's neck, with a slip of parchment inscribed, "From Grand-duke Ludwig to the little boy who did not hate him."

Thirty years later two men, the one in the dark robes of a monk, the other wearing the rich dress that showed him to be the Mayor of Riesenbourg, stood together in the old Church of St. Adalbert, beside the marble tomb in which Grand-duke Ludwig had just been laid.

"God bless him!" said the Mayor. "If he began by doing evil, he ended by doing much good."

"Thanks to thee, Master Klein," answered the monk. "And they may well write upon thy tomb (though I trust it will be long ere thou needest one) what they have written on thy monument in the market-place yonder: 'God hath sent His angel, and shut the lion's mouth.'"





THE TALE OF A FOX.—“ONE OF MY FRIENDS HAS BEEN VERY INDISCREET.”



## HINTS TO YOUNG COLLECTORS.

BY EDWARD DWIGHT.

DO not think that you must wait until you live where curiosities abound in order to gather a choice collection. There is no spot on this wonderful earth of ours where you can not find curious and beautiful things.

Northern Scotland is a very bare and rocky country; but a certain boy who lived there, with a great fondness for collecting, made some remarkable discoveries. One day he came across a strange impression on a stone. He kept on the lookout for more, and found many other queer things in the rocks—fish-scales, spines, tails, and sometimes entire fishes—petrified. The collection which he gathered contained many puzzling fossils. No one that he met could explain them.

While he was still a young boy he was apprenticed to a baker, and was kept hard at work learning his trade. But the desire to gather and study these fossils led him to spend every spare hour climbing the hills, and trying with hammer and chisel to unravel the record of past ages which is written in the rocks. Some of the people said he was crazy. After a time he got a book which helped him to understand and name his specimens. Gradually he became known all about as a student of geology. The baker boy grew to a baker man (Robert Dick by name), who was so thoroughly familiar with the rocks of all that region that Sir Roderick Murchison, the greatest scientist in England at that time, having heard of the baker-geologist, went to see him.

He found Mr. Dick busy making bread. Mr. Dick sprinkled the dough-board with flour, and drew with his finger in the flour a complete diagram of the rocks around him, describing their position, thickness, fossils, etc., to the astonishment of Sir Roderick. And from this collector, among very tame surroundings—a poor baker—the world learned the marvellous geological history of Northern Scotland.

Many of nature's treasures are before your eyes every day—plants, insects, stones, etc.—and many more may be found near your homes by searching. A wide-awake collector will discover rich prizes in any place.

The best plan to follow when you begin collecting is to save every curious or pretty thing that you find, and that you think worth preserving—newspapers, cards, stones, soils, shells, postmarks, etc.—whatever seems particularly attractive to you. In this way you will soon have a large number of interesting things. But they will be a hodge-podge, an assortment of odds and ends, unlike each other.

Before long you will find that you care more for some of these than for others. Newspapers and postmarks will drop out of your museum; perhaps picture-cards will soon follow them; then soils and pretty pebbles will go; and so on. Your collection will consist of fewer kinds of curiosities, and of more specimens of those kinds.

Now an important point. Fix upon two or three specialties, and give all your attention to them.

The principal groups of things which you might collect are minerals, plants, fossils, sea animals, land animals, relics, money, and stamps. Each of these groups contains several branches, any one of which is large enough for a lifetime of studious collecting. Among minerals, ores and crystals are important subjects; among plants, there are seeds, leaves, woods, and flowers; among fossils, those of a particular state, those of a particular epoch, and those of a particular kind of life. Animals are easily divided into their classes, and relics into historical and prehistorical. Look these over carefully, and select the two or three which you prefer above all others. If you are specially interested in *one* subject, so much the better. Make that your choice. A great advantage is gained by centring your passion for collecting upon a single specialty. Only the world is large enough to hold all the remarkable

things you might find. But in one good-sized cabinet you can place all the choice specimens that you can collect of a small department of nature.

The smaller the specialty which you decide upon, the finer your collection will be. Insects are a better subject for study than animals, but beetles or flies are better yet. Though you may be somewhat interested in things outside of that one subject, give your mind specially to that.

If you obtain specimens of other kinds, exchange them for those of your kind. In this way you will soon have an admirable collection. The collector who chooses a narrow specialty, and does his best with it, will surely make his mark. He will become thoroughly posted on one topic, and the study of it will become a source of constant enjoyment to him. In that field he will be entirely at home, and an authority. He will discover facts for himself, and add to the world's treasures of knowledge. This is the course which all the great naturalists and scientists have followed.

I know a musician who has as fine a collection of butterflies and moths as can be found anywhere. In his early boyhood he gathered all sorts of curious things. Then he collected only insects, and then only this special order of insects (Lepidoptera). He made the study of them his chief recreation. In his business travels he always kept his hobby in view. He has thousands of these insects, from every part of the world. Of some species he has the only known specimens, for which the British Museum has offered large prices. He knows the full history of each one of his pets—its home, its habits, and its mode of growth. When his musical work gives him a spare day, he takes basket, net, etc., in hand, and goes off hunting for caterpillars and butterflies. When he has a leisure evening, he is out for moths. He can entertain people for hours at a time by exhibiting his cabinets, and telling about the beautiful creatures in them. He is often consulted by naturalists, as he probably knows more about these insects than any other man in America. Such a person is an ideal collector. Every young collector should try to make a similar career for himself.

A lady acquaintance of mine has a large show-case full of different kinds of snail shells, which she has picked up in the various parts of Europe and the United States where she has been. She collects nothing else. When Agassiz began his studies as a naturalist he chose fishes as his specialty, and while he was yet a student in Germany he had a collection of fish skeletons which was greatly admired by Humboldt.

Of course you must not collect specimens merely to have them, but to know what they are and what they represent. I have seen things labelled as "Petrified Deer-horns," which were corals, "Fossil Rattlesnakes," which were plants, "Hickory-Nuts turned to Stone," which were shells, "Gold Ore," which was iron, "Silver Ore," which was lead, and "Mastodon Teeth," which came from horses. Such blunders would never be made by a collector who studied his curiosities. Always make a practice of finding out as much as you can about every specimen before putting it away in your case. The boy who has a large cabinet of curiosities, of which he knows very little, is not nearly as successful a collector as the one who has a few specimens, and can tell people a good deal about them. Try to excel not simply by getting rare things, but by learning all you can about what you do get.

Be very careful in regard to relics, particularly those whose interest depends entirely upon some one's word—such as wood from famous houses, stones from historic places, etc. There is much deception about these things. Unless they are obtained on the spot by yourself, or by some reliable person, they are not worth keeping. If all the twigs reputed to have come from the willow-tree which Shakespeare planted were got together, they would

make a very large forest. The best relics are those which show for themselves what they are—as weapons, pottery, etc. But even these sometimes originate in very modern places, and one who collects them must be a good judge if he would not be imposed upon. Nature's curiosities are the most satisfactory of all.

If possible, keep your specimens covered from the dust, either in a glass case of shelves, or in drawers.

Finally, never let your enthusiasm for collecting weaken your love of nature as a whole. If you collect minerals, have your eyes open to see also the glorious beauties of animals, trees, and sky, just as a violinist hearing a symphony played by the orchestra should not listen to the violins alone, but, during part of the concert at least, should take in the whole effect of the music as made by all the instruments.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

**R**EX wagged his tail mournfully, and looked at the strange scene, whining as if he understood it all, but was at his wits' end how to act.

"Afloat?" Tug repeated, after a minute. "There are cracks on each side of us, and a narrow one part way behind, between us and that high hummock over there to the southward, which in my opinion hides the low flat land, for I think it is only four or five miles to the shore. But it might as well have been four or five hundred in that deep snow. Let's watch, and see if the crack gets wider."

"Do you feel quite sure, Tug, that Aleck and Jim are on one of those big cakes of ice?" The tone of Katy's voice was very anxious.

"Yes, I do, Katy. They certainly have not jumped off and drowned themselves on purpose."

This made Katy smile in spite of her anxiety.

"They are certainly not very far off; but the most alarming part of the business is how they are to get to us if that big crack increases to the size of a river. Can you make up your mind whether it is really growing wider?"

In the course of half an hour it became very plain that the crack was getting wider rapidly, and their icy foundation, which they had thought so fixed, had now become a big raft slowly drifting down the lake under the pushing of the steady west wind—moving a little faster than its companion cakes in the wide waste, because its high hummock served as a sort of sail. All the cakes our watchers could see were much smaller than this one. Occasionally these pieces would crash together, and crumble, or one would slide under the other. Sometimes their own "floe," as Dr. Kane would have called so large a piece, collided with others, but always came off victorious. They came to the conclusion that its having the thick hummock, like a great solid backbone, rendered it far stronger than the rest, as well as a better sailer.

Beside them another floe, also bearing a hummock (a section of their own), was pressing its way on, to the ruin of smaller ones. It was separated from their floe by an open canal, perhaps five hundred yards in width. It floated along about even with them, sometimes swinging nearer, sometimes receding. This great cake, an acre or more in extent, lay in the direction whither the absent ones had gone, and it was hoped that they were upon it. This would be the next best thing to having them safely back, but the chance was a small one at best.

Talking over these loop-holes of escape, Katy and Tug tried to forget their discomforts and dangers, and to show each other cheerful and reliant faces. But it was dreary work.

The weary day wore on—the day they thought would perhaps be their last—and night, with its starless gloom, was surrounding the desolate picture of grinding ice and of black, rolling waves dimly seen. Chilled to the bone, for they could not bear to stay within the hut, they had grown silent and almost despairing, when Rex suddenly started to his feet, and, pricking up his ears, looked intently toward the great floe beside them, which had now approached much nearer. Then after listening a moment he uttered a loud bark, and bounded off. The two castaways followed to the edge of the ice, and there, having silenced Rex, could presently hear a faint halloo.

"Halloo! halloo-o!" they shrieked back.

"Let us get the boat, and go after them!" cried Katy, nearly wild with joy and excitement.

"Can't do it," said Tug, in a discouraged tone. "All four of us couldn't budge that boat and sledge before morning. It is frozen in, and has got to be chopped out and pried up. Must do something besides get the boat."

"That floe is nearer than it has been before, Tug. Maybe it 'll come quite close."

"Yes, maybe it will. I guess that's our only hope. We can do nothing, Katy, but watch, and—and pray, Katy. Let us go back to the fire. It is so cold here, and we can do no good. Once in a while I'll come down and scream across to cheer 'em up."

Reluctantly, therefore, they returned to the igloo, warmed their feet, and picked up something to eat, but did not go to bed. Tug and Rex would frequently run out and shout across to Aleck, reporting at each return that the water space (as well as could be guessed in the darkness) seemed to be surely narrowing. Toward morning Katy was persuaded to lie down, consenting to do so only when promised that she should be roused as soon as daylight appeared. Tug himself fell asleep, but both awoke with the first light of dawn, and hastened together to the edge of the floe, where the water lay calm and smooth, gray as iron and cold as death, between the divided friends.

"Oh, I can see them!" cried the girl, and sent a cheery call across the lead, which had now narrowed to a few rods. "Poor little Jim! See how he has to lean against Aleck."

"We're safe," came back the shout, "but almost worn out. Can you move the boat?"

"No."

"Then unroll the ball of twine, and tie one end of it to the clothes-line, and to the other end of the clothes-line knot all the drag-ropes put together. Then fasten the loose end of the twine to Rex's collar, and make the dog bring it to me. Understand?"

"Yes."

But Tug didn't quite understand. He was off too soon, in his haste to get the twine and clothes-line and ropes. Aleck hadn't finished his directions.

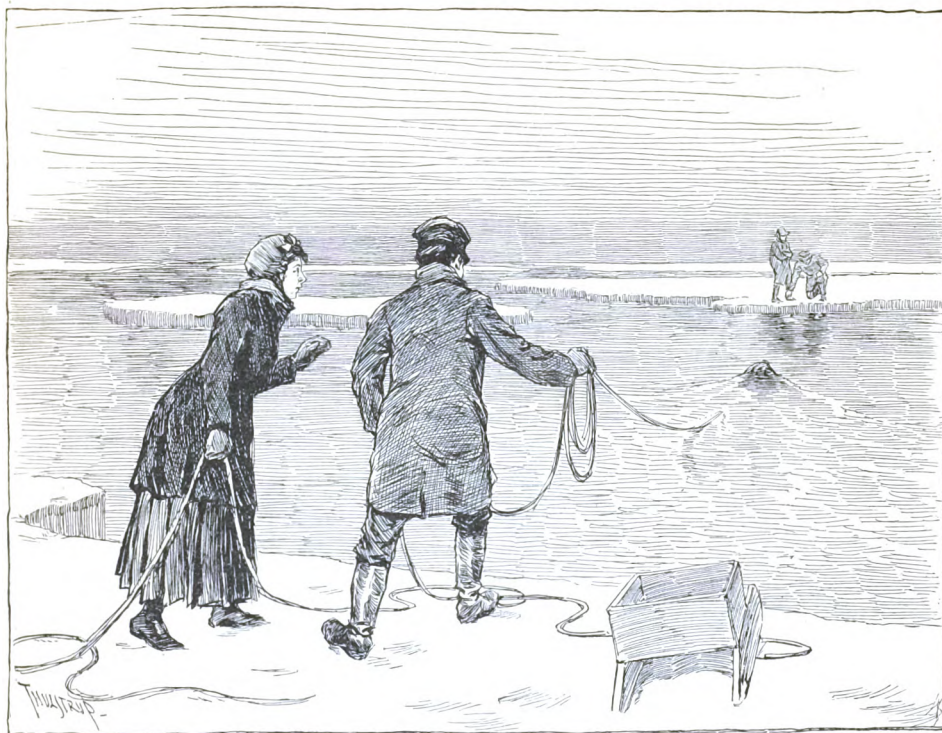
"Tell Tug," he shouted again to Katy, "to bring the sled, and fasten that to the drag-ropes. When I have hauled the ropes across and got hold of the sled, I'll send Rex back, and you can pull in the twine, and catch the ropes, and tow us across. Hurry up if you want us alive! This ice may drift apart again."

In five minutes Tug came running back, with all his preparations made. Now everything depended upon Rex. The twine was slipped through his collar, and securely knotted, Katy kneeling the while with her arms about his shaggy head, whispering to him what he was to do. Then in a stern voice Tug commanded:

"Go, Rex—go to Aleck!" at the same time pushing him into the water, while the Captain coaxed from the

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.





"REX STRUCK OUT AND SWAM ACROSS."

other side, and even Jim roused himself at this joyful hope of deliverance.

At first the dog, brave as he was, turned back, whining pitifully at the freezing water. But they fought him away, and finally poor Rex struck out and swam across to where Aleck was anxiously waiting to lift him out. Taking hold of the twine the dog had brought, the Captain reeled it in as rapidly as his stiffened fingers would let him, until the clothes-line began to come, and after it the heavier drag-ropes.

But both clothes-line and drag-ropes together proved too short to reach quite across, and the flocs seemed to have stopped their approach to each other, so that waiting would be useless if not dangerous.

"There is about ten feet to spare," Aleck shouted. "You must find some more rope."

"Can't do it unless I cut it off the mainsail."

"Cut it off, then, and make haste."

Tug went off on a run, and another five minutes passed by before he got back. Already the canal had begun to widen, so that fifteen feet instead of ten would be required.

Tossing the rope into the sled-box, Tug screamed, "All right!" and the Captain began drawing the sled to his side as quickly as possible, so that the two parties were again disconnected, and wholly reliant upon the nervous and frightened dog, which Jim was holding firmly, and coaxing into quiet. Swiftly splicing the rope with the new piece, the dog was let go. This time he leaped eagerly into the water for his return trip, apparently feeling perfectly the responsibility laid upon him, though perhaps he was only frightened and eager to get back to what seemed home.

Positions were now reversed. Aleck and Jim had the sled—Tug and Katy the twine. Drawing this in, all waited with feverish anxiety to see if there would be length of rope enough. There was; but so rapidly had the flocs drifted apart that Tug held the very end of the taut line in his outstretched hand, and had not a bit to spare. One minute more and the lines would not have reached across.

Then they saw Aleck snatch off his overcoat, his under-coat, and his boots, and put them into the box of the sled, which was floating unsteadily at the margin of the ice. They saw him half lift the exhausted Jim, and help him to get into the box, and then heard him call out in quick words:

"Don't try to pull at all hard until you can catch the big rope. I am going to swim and push a little ways, but I expect I shall be too chilled to do more than a little. When I stop pushing, and you get hold of the drag-ropes, haul us both ashore as fast as you can. Here goes!"

With these words he slid into the water, swimming with his right hand, while with his left he pushed along the box and sled, which was half sunken, and in which Jimmy sat shivering with cold, but afraid to stir.

"Keep it up a little longer!" Tug sung out, as he knelt on the edge of the ice and carefully gathered in the clothes-line until he could almost clutch the end of the stronger rope.

"I've almost got it! About two strokes more! All right! Now hold on with both arms, and we'll soon have you." Whereupon Katy seized the rope with him, and both together pulled as hard and fast as they knew how.

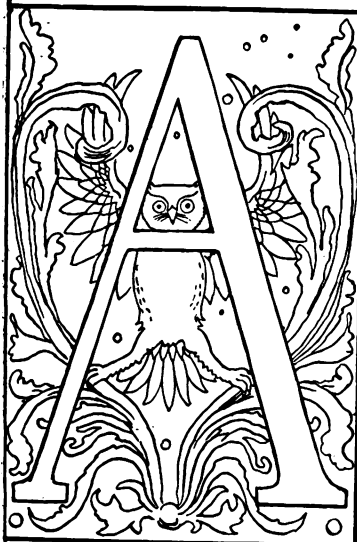
The strange little ferry-boat and its passengers seemed to approach very slowly, but finally it came so near that Tug stopped hauling on the line, and knelt down in order to lean out and grasp the box after Katy should have pulled it a few inches closer. Jim, seeing this motion, forgot how delicate was the balance, and rose up, when in an instant the unsteady craft tipped, and the boy went backward into and under the blue lake. At any rate so it seemed to the spectators; but the little fellow, making a despairing clutch as he went over, had gripped a runner of the sled, and a second later his face appeared close by the ice, where the fond sister, pale as he, seized his arm and helped him scramble out.

Meanwhile Aleck, startled by the upset of the sled and Jim's disappearance, had let go of his support. Now, seeing Jim safe, he was trying to regain it, when suddenly Tug saw him throw up his hand and sink out of sight.

Tug knew what that meant, and that there was not an instant to spare. Tearing off his coat—he had thrown aside his overcoat in the heat of the work before—he watched till he saw Aleck rising through the clear water, then dashed in, followed by the noble dog, and grasped his hair. Aleck hung in his hold a dead-weight, as though life had gone; but Tug knew that the fatal end had not come yet, and that this was only the fainting of utter exhaustion and the cramping paralysis of cold. Cold! Tug had felt the dreadful chill striking through and through him the instant he had touched the water. Already it was clogging his motions and overcoming his strength with a fearful numbness that was fast rendering him powerless. And Aleck had been in that stiffening, paralyzing flood several minutes.



# A VERSE WITH A MORAL BUT NO NAME:



wife man once, of Haarlem town,  
Went wandering up, and wandering down,  
And ever the question asked:

"If all the world was paper,  
And if all the sea was ink,  
And if the trees were bread and cheese,  
What would we do for drink?"

Then all the folk, both great and small,  
Began to beat their brains,  
But they could not answer him at all,  
In spite of all their pains.

But still he wandered here and there,  
That man of great renown,  
And still he questioned everywhere,  
The folk of Haarlem town:

"If all the world was paper,  
And if all the sea was ink,  
And if the trees were bread and cheese,  
What would we do for drink?"

Full thin he grew, as, day by day,  
He toiled with mental strain,  
Until the wind blew him away,  
And he ne'er was seen again.

And now methinks I hear you say,  
"Was ere a man so foolish, pray,  
Since first the world began?"  
Oh, hush! I'll tell you secretly,  
Down East there dwells a man, and he  
Is asking questions constantly,  
That none can answer, that I see;  
Yet he's a wise-wise man!







FUN WITH A FUNNEL.

Bless the baby, he can play  
With a funnel half the day;  
Laughing while the silver sand  
Passes through the dimpled hand.

'Tis a very funny toy,  
This old funnel, baby boy;  
But we'd like to play with you  
If you'd let us pour it through.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

I suppose all the boys and girls who read the *YOUNG PEOPLE* have heard of the great flood in the Ohio Valley. I am an Ohio boy, and was right in it; and as it was the biggest flood we ever had, I feel as if I knew as much about it as the oldest inhabitants, and I would like to tell you a little about it. I live in Marietta, and both of our rivers, the Ohio and Muskingum, got on a high, and made everything pretty lively for a little while. A flood makes a great deal of trouble and ruin, but I would rather tell you about the fun we had while the water was up, and how we lived. We never thought it could come into our house, for we never even had it in our cellar before, but we have a lower lot of land, and our yard is terraced down to it, and sometimes that lower land has been covered, and I have always had a splendid time going out there in a little boat.

When we found the river was rising, we thought it would only be an ordinary high water, and at our house they baked bread and beans and pies, to be ready to feed the people who lived on the low ground, but it came higher and higher until we had right in our house five feet and three inches, and we had to move upstairs and eat the things we had baked for the poor people. What would you think to see a regular river running right through the house, in the parlor and dining-room, and all down-stairs? Papa had a skiff and a canoe, and we would walk down some of our front stairs and climb over the railing into our boats; then we could row all through the streets. Down at papa's store there were fifteen feet of water, and his goods had to be moved first into the second story, then out on the roof, and then to another building.

One day, while the water was in the house, grandpa thought he would go out on it, but the skiff was at the store, so he climbed into the canoe, and just as he was slowly sitting down it upset and threw him heels over head into the water. We all felt sorry, but we couldn't help laughing. He weighs about two hundred pounds, and he was just dripping. He says now he don't think much of canoes.

In sight from our windows is a railroad trestle, and when the water was coming up they filled it with freight cars to hold it down, and the water covered the cars and upset nearly all of them, and threw one against a house and knocked the kitchen off. All our meals had to be cooked on a grate fire, but everything tasted good. We could have steak and fried potatoes, and all as nice as if we had had a range. One day I fished out of the window, and caught a little fish. I put it in a glass jar, and it is alive and well. All sorts of things went floating by the house, and sometimes I would take a boat-hook and catch them. Mamma thought the water would only be a few inches in the house, and she had her pickles and mince-meat set up on a table, and they sailed all over the kitchen. The safe fell down, and tin pans floated all over the yard. The milkman came around in a boat, and we would let a bucket down from the window, and draw it up when he had filled it.

Now that the water has gone, it is not very funny; the town looks dreadfully. Windows are broken, buildings upset, bridges gone, and everything dirty. We can cook down-stairs, but we can't use any of the rooms for a long time, they are so damp. We have wrestled with the doors and windows, but they won't shut. Everything is out of shape. Some of the furniture got

wet, and looks as if it had the small-pox. One day I went out in a boat, and found some pretty little glass bottles floating on the water, and a croquet mallet.

I must not forget to tell you how strange it seems when the water fills the cellar of a house. When it comes in a house it comes slowly, a few inches each hour, but it fills the cellar with one big rush, and sounds all over the house as if a railroad train was going through it. When it gets in the cellar, and don't rise high enough to get in the house, as the people walk about, it will thump against the floor like some one knocking. But I could write a great many letters and not tell you all, so I will only wish you could all have the fun of a flood without any of the dirt and trouble it brings. Papa has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it first came out, and we have some nice bound volumes of it.

CHARLEY R. H.

We have all been full of sympathy and pity as we have read of the sufferings in the West from the great winter flood. You seem to have had a little enjoyment out of it, however. Next week we shall publish letters from some other little friends who were in the midst of the angry waters.

LANCASTER, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

My sister and I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for over a year, and we like it very much. We take *Wide Awake*, and one of us gets the year's *St. Nicholas* for a Christmas present every year. We have had it ever since it was first published. We are both very fond of reading. Our favorite books are *Little Women*, *Little Men*, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Proverb Stories*, and *Work*, by Miss Alcott. *Six Girls*, *Castle Blair*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *A Guernsey Lily*, *Bed-Time Stories*, and *Tales from Shakespeare* are other favorites. We have about eighty books altogether, and we are asking papa for a larger book-case.

We live about three miles from the City of St. John. I wouldn't like to live in the city at all, because we would be without a garden. We have a beautiful drive into the city. We cross a bridge just a little way from the house. The rocks on each side are very high, and sometimes the water is dotted over with sea-gulls. They look very pretty. You would think the water would draw them in in some places, it is so swift. At the bridge the river is narrow, just above it widens out, and at the falls it is narrow again. At high tide the water runs up the river, and at low tide down. Two hours before or after high tide the water is even, and the boats pass through. It is a very pretty sight when there are quite a number. A railway suspension-bridge is being built just above the present one. When it is done, passengers from Boston will be able to go right through to Halifax without crossing the ferry, as they had to do before.

I am taking object lessons in drawing, and have just finished my first crayon. I take lessons in painting as well.

I have five canaries to take care of; one of them is my own. He has a cage, with a wheel just like a squirrel's, and does not he enjoy it! He can make it go round fast when he wants to. We have three horses. I used to go horseback on Jack in the summer. I have coaxed papa to get me a side-saddle, but as there is no riding master hero, he thinks best not to. We have a dog named Dick; he is a very nice dog, but he doesn't belong to us. He belongs to the people who lived in this house. He liked the house so much that he stays here half the time.

We have lovely drives around here. In summer we go bathing once in a while.

On the journey from here to Fredericton, by boat, there are some lovely views. The scenery all along is beautiful. Fredericton is a dear little place. It isn't very small, but I suppose you would think it small, and dull too, in comparison with your great big city.

In the holidays this summer, mamma and I visited Andover. While there we went through the Narrows on the Tobique River. The view there is magnificent. The river is very narrow—you can throw a stone from one side to the other—and on both sides the solid rock goes up very high. The water is very swift and deep, and "mamma's Indian" got them stuck on a rock.

The Indians paddle a great many people up. My sister and I are going up this summer, and I will write you a birch-bark letter. MINNIE J.

I shall be very much pleased to hear from you again, either on birch-bark or on paper.

SEWICKLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am nearly nine years old. Cousin Carrie, who was my Kindergarten teacher, gave me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for my Christmas gift for two years. I like it very much indeed. One day my Uncle Ed brought in his pocket a little dog. After that, one day he ran right across the railroad track under the cow-catcher of a locomotive while it was going. The people around there thought to see him dead, but he ran out the other side and was not hurt a bit. So we called him Wink, because he ran as quick as a wink. This is what I wrote for mamma when she asked me to write a true story about a dog, and I thought I'd send it to the *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

DANIEL E. N.

Wink was fortunate in being so small.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

I am a little boy seven years old, and I like the little letters in the Post-office Box so much that I thought I would send one. I do not have any pets, but I have lots of other things. Mamma brought me a little black bear from Paris; when it is wound up it will growl and twist its head about, pounce down, and look like a truly bear. I go to school, and learn reading, writing, arithmetic, and spelling. I have a brother and a sister; my sister's name is Mary, and my brother's name is Brinton. My papa's birthday is on Valentine's Day. I would like to learn that little piece to say to him that Ward R. said to his papa—maybe I will. My brother and I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* very much; this is our second year. Perhaps my brother, who is ten years old, will write you a letter some day. CHESTER W.

I think it is splendid for a boy's father to be a Valentine to the whole family every year. I should prefer your sort of bear to a "truly" one, especially if the latter took a fancy to give me a hug.

PEACH BOTTOM, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have two brothers; Harry, who is sixteen, and Charley, fourteen years. We live on a high hill near the Susquehanna River. We call our home River View. I have a sled named Johnston, and we have a hill in front of our house on which the coasting this winter was splendid. The fishing is very good. We catch bass and other fish in summer. In winter there are wild-ducks on the river, which are very nice. We have a Gordon setter dog, named Grouse, who is eight years old. I have three big dolls, named Mamie, Becky, and Kate. I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for more than a year, and like it so much that I can hardly wait until Tuesday's mail comes, which brings it. Charley has been taking the *Youth's Companion* for six years. I have a canary-bird named Dick, which sings very sweetly.

BESSIE MCC.

Bessie has given us a very good idea of her pleasant home.

INDIANA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I will tell you something about my school. It is a Model School. By this I mean it belongs to our Normal School. I like to go to school, though it is more than a mile from our house. There are seven grades; I am in the fourth. I have a great many different teachers; some of them I like very much, but I think the Principal is the nicest. I think "The Ice Queen" the best continued story that has been printed in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I like to read very much. I have read *Our Boys in India*, *Stories of the Days of King Arthur*, and *The Hoosier School Boy*. I liked *King Arthur* the best. I have one brother and three sisters. My mother has been dead almost two years. I am a boy nine years old. MELAIN D.

I like stories about King Arthur and his knights myself. I hope you will try to be as brave and pure as some of them were.

BELLMINA.

My parents are dead, and so are my sisters and brothers. I live with my aunt and uncle. They have a houseful of children. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. In the morning when I get up I dress Robert, the youngest child, and nurse him till breakfast. Then I arrange neatly the room that I sleep in; it has two beds in it. Then Julia and I take it turn about keeping Robert. Grandma pays me to do her stitching in my half-hour. In the evening I clean the lamp chimneys and fill the lamps. While the baby is asleep Julia and myself get a geography lesson, and recite it at night. We are going to have a governess. I can milk a cow, and like to do it. I can make a nice cake, and would rather cook than do any other kind of work.

ELLA C. B.

You are a busy little woman, dear. About those lamps, will you pardon me for asking you



to attend to them in the morning. It is always the best and safest way to do everything about a lamp—cleaning, trimming, filling, and whatever may be necessary—soon after breakfast. Then there is little danger of accidents in their use. I am glad you are good to baby Robert.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

I always turn to the Post-office Box the first thing, and I think it exceedingly interesting. We have no pets except a dog and a cat. The dog is mine, and see if you don't think he has a nice name. Geoffrey Plantagenet Clifford Cherubinus Alfonso Moses Hamlet Hasselman Franc P. If you can think of anything else pretty to add, just tell me. He is quite a small dog, and my friends say they don't see how he can carry such a name, but he does. We call him Franc. The cat is Maltese and white, and came from Boston, as did the dog's mother. His name is Virginus. My birthday is on Christmas, and I always get a double supply of presents. I am in the second year of the High School, of which there are four years. I have one brother and one sister. My brother does not like to read at all, but as soon as YOUNG PEOPLE comes he gets it and reads "The Ice Queen." We take HARPER'S BAZAR, MONTHLY, WEEKLY, YOUNG PEOPLE, St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, Century, and a great many other magazines. MAMIE P.

So you were a Christmas gift yourself, dear—a real Santa Claus child. How happy you ought to make everybody all the year round.

You might call your dog Llewellyn Stanley Montmorency Mowbray De Leon Tudor Petrovitch in addition to the names he already has, but I'm afraid he would answer only to short, sensible Franc.

PANTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a boy ten years old. I have never been to school, but study at home. My father is a retired army officer, and has plenty of time to hear our lessons. My mother gives us lessons on the piano, and father on the guitar and violin. I have two sisters and one brother; he is four years old, and very cunning. We live seven miles from Providence. We go to Newport every summer in our yacht; she is a schooner, and quite fast; her name is *George*. CLINTON D. S. W.

Will Clinton thank his sister Blanche for her letter, for which there is no room this time? It will be her turn next. I would like to see her rabbits and doves, and also that wonderful collection of beautiful cards.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a boy eight years old. I have got two sisters, both older than I. I have got one pet cat; his name is Thomas B. Macaulay; we gave him that name because he is so wise; but we call him Beauty because he is so handsome. The best Christmas present I had was a carpenter's bench. It measures two feet in width and five in length, and is two feet high; it has a board across the back with holes in it to keep my small tools in, and a deep drawer to keep my larger ones in; it has a vise in front, and on top a catch-nail. I like to use my tools much better now. I like the YOUNG PEOPLE very much.

Your little friend, JAMES M. A.

I suppose you will be very careful to keep your tools in their places, now that you have so nice and convenient a bench.

Here is another boy who has had tools and a work bench presented to him:

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. Among my Christmas presents was YOUNG PEOPLE, which I like very much, especially the stories "The Ice Queen," "Little Vig's Adventure," and "Adrift in the Bay." I go to school every day, and study arithmetic, spelling, history, grammar, geography, and reading; of these I like history and geography best. We have one recess, at half past eleven o'clock. Papa got me a work bench, and had it put up in the fourth story, and he bought me some tools; but I can not make many things yet. EDGAR M. C.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I do not go to school, but mamma and auntie teach me at home. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar. As I live in the country, and have no little girls to play with me, I sometimes amuse myself writing stories. I love to be useful, and help mamma all I can. With love to the Postmistress, I am

Your little reader, LIZZIE B.

TARRYTOWN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK.

This is our first year in the country, and I like it better than living in New York, for we can play out-doors all day when it is pleasant, and we can keep pets. We have chickens and a kitten, and mamma has a beautiful Irish setter named Fran-

chon. My dearest pet is a canary called Bennie. I keep him in my room, and every morning when my little sister Christine and I say our prayers he sings. Mamma says that is the way he prays. He is not a bit afraid, for he will let Christine and me stand close up to him. My brother takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and I always read the letters first. I have a scrap-book that I want to fill with receipts from your paper; I have tried two or three of the receipts, and they were very good. My aunt calls me the little housekeeper. I am ten years old. JULIA K.

NORTH CHELMSFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I live on the banks of the Merrimac River. I go to the grammar school, and study arithmetic, grammar, reading, history, spelling, writing, and drawing. I like all my studies very much. I have a dog named Dash, a cat which we call Fuzzy, because when she was a little kitten her fur was fuzzy and stood out all over her body, and a bird named Buttercup. S. ALICE S.

BARTON, NOVA SCOTIA.

My uncle Will sends me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I am a deaf and dumb girl fourteen years old. I have a sister and a brother deaf and dumb. I went to school at the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Halifax for five years. Mr. H. was my teacher. My sister Agnes is there now. She is nine years old. My brother John will go to school when he is seven years old. My little sister Frances is very cunning, and can talk and sign, and is only two and a half years old. I have one other sister and three brothers, who can hear. This makes a large family of eight children, and we have a grandmother too; she was seventy-eight in January. BESSIE BELL B.

If you see HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March, you must read an interesting article called "The Poetry of the Deaf."

NEW BUFFALO, OHIO.

We have lately subscribed for YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I go to school now, and study reading, writing, geography, and grammar. I have been very much interested in the Post-office Box, especially in the letter of Emily M., of Santa Fe, Lime Key, Gulf of Mexico. I have three brothers, one older and two younger than myself, but no sisters. We all would like to know how the strange lady got on the island. I think she may be a wild-cat or a bear. I wish Emily would let us know all about her.

I see that the rest of the letter-writers have something to say about their pets. We have two cats, one large one and one little black fellow. We have two horses, one a Texas pony that was brought here only about six months ago; her name is Jennie, and my oldest brother Melville rides her eight miles every day to school. RALPH A. B.

Sidney and I are brothers. We are eight and nine years old. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE over a year, and have it bound for last year; it is a pretty book, and I like all the stories. I would like to go to Florida some day to see the Everglades. We take music lessons every day, and German twice a week. Our lessons in the English branches we have every forenoon, and mother has begun to offer prizes to the one who has perfect lessons. Do you think I could write a story for your paper? GEORGE.

You may try.

ALLEGHENY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy eleven years old. I have no pets, but have a little sister who every once in a while picks up a stray cat out of the street, and loses it in about a week. I go to a public school, and study reading, writing, arithmetic, language, spelling, and music. My sister has been taking YOUNG PEOPLE about three years, but the first story that I ever read was "The Lost City," and afterward I read "Raising the Pearl." I am reading all the stories straight ahead, and like them very much. ARTHUR P.

RAYNHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

Seeing letters from other little boys and girls, I thought I would write a short one. I have taken your paper for over a year, and like it very much. I have several pets—a dog, cat, two doves, and some bantams. One of my chickens disappeared the other day, and I don't know what has become of it. I have a brother nine years old; I am ten, and go to school every day, and am ten in deportment. My dog's name is Nelson, and I like him the best of any of my pets. This is quite a long letter. I hope you will be pleased with it, as it is the first one I ever sent to any paper. HERBIE S.

CHAMPION, MICHIGAN.

I go to school, and have six studies. We have fifteen minutes recess in our school. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for the last three months, and like it. I live in the iron-mining country. I have three brothers and one sister. NELLIE E. B.

The following stanzas have quite a martial ring. They were written by a boy of fourteen:

## THE CHARGE OF THE CUIRASSIERS.

Onward they roll,  
The heart and the soul  
Of the great French nation,  
Bent on the extermination  
Of Briton's heroes;  
For they see in their foes  
The victorious legions  
Of Spain's proud regions,  
And at them they valiantly go.

Then with the Chasseurs,  
And with "Vive l'Empereur!"  
They sweep victoriously,  
Grandly and gloriously,  
With sabre in teeth, and pistol in hand.

But between them and the brave—  
The English—a grave.  
Obain's sunken road yawns wide;  
In it they fall,  
Horses and all,  
While o'er them their comrades ride.

Some writers say  
That on that day  
Three thousand horses and men  
Were crushed to death,  
Without one breath,  
In this hole of Mont Saint-Jean.  
LOUIS EDWIN.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

## GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

A (1, river in Wisconsin) story. One day Mr. (2, city in Kansas), who is a (3, river in Dakota) man, started for a town eight miles distant, to buy some provisions. His sole companion, his (4, city in Maine), was a (5, creek in Pennsylvania) man, whose name was (6, city in Virginia). They had not gone far before they saw a large (7, river in New York, 8, river in Wisconsin) feeding on the carcass of a (9, river in Maine). Mr. (10, city in Kansas) threw a (11, city in Arkansas) at the (12, river in Wisconsin), hoping to scare him away and get the (13, river in Maine) antlers. The (14, river in Oregon), however, was not to be so easily scared. Mr. (15, city in Kansas) and his (16, city in Maine) picked up clubs and advanced cautiously toward the (17, river in Wisconsin), who turned and sprang upon the (18, creek in Pennsylvania) man. Mr. (19, city in Kansas) immediately raised his club and struck the (20, river in Wisconsin) with all his might, and (21, river in Germany) upon the head, and killed him. Mr. (22, city in Kansas) afterward killed a (23, river in Maine, 24, river in Vermont, 25, river in Utah, 26, river in Idaho, 27, river in Wisconsin) entering Green Bay, and an eagle with a (28, cape in Maine).

F. H. L. (aged 13).

No. 2.

## THREE EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. The top of the scale. 3. A mass of vapor. 4. A vessel. 5. A letter.  
2.—1. A letter. 2. An article. 3. To walk. 4. Part of the head. 5. A letter.  
3.—1. In use. 2. An article. 3. A support. 4. A point of time. 5. In use.

FRANKLIN H. WALTON.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 225.

No. 1.— T I R E C A R R  
I D E A A C I D  
R E A R R I N D  
E A R L E D D Y

No. 2.— P  
O R A  
P R U N E  
A N Y

B B D  
A R T E R A  
B R A I N D R O L L  
T I N A L E  
N L

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Eddie and Frankie Couch, Marion Burch, L. C. L., Fred Michael, Louise Graves, Harry Ken-sett, Almee R. and Fanny R. Dryden, Ida Emma Hequembourg, George H. Irving, Jun., Jennie Ewald, Lester Ketcham, Lucy W. Bradley, Frances H. Duffee, Henry R. Erickson, Rachel H. Coe, Nellie Early, Wallace V. and Charley B., Hallie Woods, Maud S. Nickerson, Edith R. Riley, Dwight Marfield, Katie Combes, Frank E. Morgan, Carey Rogers, John R. Benedict, Suie Normine, Arthur and Bessie, M. F. To Plitz, Clara Pierce, Floy D., Charley G. Osgood, Emile Sara Jephson, Rex Manning, Thomas J. Bannerman, Maggie Simpson, Laura and Fannie, S. James Owen, Lucy Pense, Jimmy Howell, David Long, and Charlie Finch.

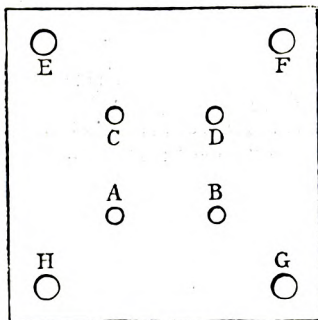
[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



## THE SCALE AND RING PUZZLE.

**T**HIS puzzle will amuse our young readers in two ways, as it requires no little skill to manufacture it, as well as to solve it when it has been put together by a pair of ingenious hands.

The materials required are a piece of thin wood or thick card-board, which will do as well, a number of beads or buttons, and some common cotton cord.



Take a piece of the wood or card-board, and drill eight holes in it as shown in the diagram.

Thread a piece of string from the front through A and B, one end through each, leaving a loop on this side of A B. Thread from behind, through C, the end which was passed through A, and similarly through D the end which was passed through B.

Put a plain metal or bone ring over the loop at A B, and, leaving the ring flat on the board, pass the ends which were threaded through C D through the loop above the ring.

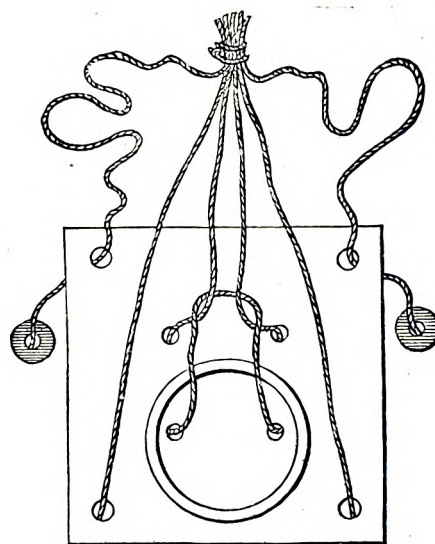
Next tie four pieces of string each to a separate bead or button. The beads or buttons must be of such size that they will not go through the corner holes in the board.

Thread each of these four pieces of string separately, from behind, through the holes E, F, G, H.

Hold the ends in a bunch, together with the two ends of the first piece of string, so that when the six ends are held up together they give the appearance of a scale.

Tie the six ends tightly together, as in the diagram, and the scale and ring puzzle is made.

In the diagram the strings are only partly drawn through E and F to show where the beads are fastened. When the six ends are held by the knot above, all the strings become taut, and the scale-like appearance is produced, especially if the corners of the wood or card are rounded.



Pass it now to your neighbor, and ask him to solve the puzzle, which is to get off the ring without untying or cutting the string.

This may seem quite a simple thing to do, but, unless he is unusually apt at such things, he will find that he has quite an evening's work before him in disentangling the puzzling loops and knots into which the strings will weave themselves.



A TUG OF WAR IN THE WOODS.



HARPER'S  
YOUNG PEOPLE  
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 229.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, March 18, 1884.

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\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



A LITTLE HOLLANDER.—FROM A PAINTING BY C. VON BODIN HANSEN.



## WHEN AND HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

BY THE REV. T. W. COURTNEY, D.D.

**P**ROBABLY there are only a few boys and girls in their teens who have thought about the different value of different books, as that value is shown by their popularity, the character of their contents, their being translated into few or many languages, the length of time that they have been read, and the number of copies sold. And, therefore, because they have not considered the subject, it will be a surprise to them to be told that the Bible stands at the head of the list in all these particulars, and a very long gap indeed must be left before you write down the name of the book that ought to come next.

Most people are agreed as to the importance of the Bible as giving us information about God and man and the world to come, and telling us how to live good lives here, with the promise of happiness and glory in the life beyond. But many "young people" do not read the Bible regularly every day, not only because they are so busy with their studies and games, and want to read newspapers and magazines in their spare time, but because they do not know how to set about it.

The interest which is felt in the Bible will depend almost wholly upon the religious education one has had. Those who are the children of parents who really *love* the Bible, and whose lives are truly fashioned upon its precepts, will hear their father's or mother's voice in many passages, and it will seem to them as dear and familiar as if it had been written by these loved ones; while those whose misfortune it is to have careless or irreligious parents will have no such help to quicken their interest in the Bible and make them feel it dear and precious. But the right reading of the Bible will give this interest sooner or later, so let all at once try to learn "how to read the Bible."

We will begin with the *time* which is best suited for it. If you get up early, and so are not obliged to hurry for fear of being late for breakfast, the best time is as soon as you are dressed. This is because you are freshest then, and can give the first use of your active minds to this duty. But there is one thing beforehand, namely, remembering that it is *God's Book*, to kneel down very reverently, and ask Him to teach you, to speak to you, through it, by His Holy Spirit.

But if you can not get this time for reading the Bible (and it is not possible, if children go to bed late, for them to get up early), then let it be the first thing after breakfast. Whenever it is, keep the time always sacred: let nothing interfere with it; go to it as regularly as you would to a recitation. Another good time, supposing you have an early dinner, is directly after tea or supper. This is because you are not then tired or sleepy.

Where shall we begin? What part shall we read? If the Bible were like most other books, it would be best to begin at the beginning and read straight through to the end; but it is not: it is made up of many books, written at different times and by different people. There are two great divisions, separated from each other by about five hundred years; and of these one has to do chiefly with Judaism, the other with Christianity. If Christianity had been entirely new we might discard the Old Testament altogether; but as it was prepared for by Judaism, and rose out of it, we must not do this.

Those who can read the Bible twice a day will find it a good plan to read in the Old Testament in the morning and in the New Testament in the evening; while those who only read once a day had better take each part for a week at a time.

The following is the order in which the various portions should be read: 1. The Holy Gospels; 2. The Psalms; 3. The History of Israel; 4. Patriarchal times; 5. The Acts;

6. The Epistles; 7. The poetic portions; 8. Ecclesiastes and Revelation.

The quantity to be read will vary. Sometimes one reads more slowly than at others; some parts are quite clear; others are difficult to understand; others, again, have to be studied and compared with portions elsewhere. One chapter is a good rule, or one incident, whether it is less or more than a chapter.

There is one part of the Bible which is quite exceptional, and it is not very far from the middle—the Book of the Psalms. It is the record of the inner, spiritual experience of the writers, and has always been a favorite portion of the Sacred Writings. The best use to be made of this is to turn it into prayer, to kneel down and say a psalm as a prayer. Many of them are written in the first person singular, and will need no change whatever; and it will be found to be a very pleasant thing to express as our own, and in the very words of which they made use, the spiritual desires which filled the souls of people who tried to serve God so long ago.

When reading portions of the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, it helps one's interest much to read the writings of the prophets who lived at the same time; and even those who have Bibles without any marginal notes will soon find out how to do this if they will only take a little pains. As an illustration, it will be noticed that Isaiah begins by saying that he received his visions in the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah, kings of Judah. Jeremiah has a similar preface.

A good map is most necessary, and every place mentioned in the text should be found at once, so that the reader may become as familiar with the scenes of the various narratives as if they had taken place in his own country. It is well to have at hand Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, so as to turn to it for information respecting names and places, and the late Dean Stanley's *Sinai, Palestine*, and *Lectures on the Jewish Church* (three series), will help to make many of the narratives very real and life-like. *Helps to the Study of the Bible*, appended to the Sunday-school teachers' edition, Oxford, can be had separately, and will assist the young student very much, while *The Bible Hand-Book*, by Angus, published by the Religious Tract Society, London, is an admirable work of reference.

The way to read the Bible which has been here suggested is chiefly for the purpose of becoming familiar with its contents; but when this purpose is achieved, the need of reading the Bible is not ended, and for this reason:

There are different events narrated in the Bible, each of which has a deep meaning, and when the events are compared with one another, this meaning is more clearly seen; and there are different ideas expressed in it, and the tracing of such ideas through from one end to the other brings out the fact of the progressive character of God's revelation.

## A TERRIBLE SIX HOURS.

## OUR FIRST OFFICER'S STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

**S**HIPWRECKED, eh? Well, no, I've never been shipwrecked yet; but I was once a good deal nearer it than I ever want to be again; and if a man's hair can turn gray in a single night, as some folks say it can, that night's work ought to have turned mine as gray as a badger.

It was my fourth voyage, and we were homeward bound, from Bombay to Southampton, with a full number of passengers. I was only a youngster then, and, like all young hands, I'd a great longing for a taste of "the perils of the sea," and all that sort of thing. But when I *did* get a



taste of them, as you'll see presently, I didn't like 'em quite so well as I expected.

We were several days out from Bombay, and it might be about two hundred and fifty miles from the isle of Socotra, which lies in between Africa and Arabia, as I dare say you recollect. I was fourth officer that voyage, by-the-by. The weather had been splendid from the very first, and looked like staying so right through. All the people who had been sick were getting quite brisk again, and everybody was as jolly as could be.

About seven o'clock one fine evening we were all on deck, watching the sunset, and calculating how soon we should be in the Red Sea, when my attention was attracted by our third officer, Harry Lee, who was a special chum of mine. He was a slim young fellow, not much older than myself, but cool as a cucumber and brave as a lion. I was just going up to have a word with him, when I saw him lift his head and begin sniffing the air uneasily, like a startled deer. Then he slipped down the ladder leading from the hurricane deck into the waist, and went hither and thither for a moment or two in a hap-hazard kind of way, just as a dog does when he's looking out for a snug place to lie down.

I could see that his behavior puzzled the other officers quite as much as it did me. Before any of us could say a word, back he came again, and, going up to the Captain, said something in such a low voice that I could only catch one word of it. But even that one was quite enough to double me up for the moment as if I'd been hit by a cannon-ball. The word that I caught was "*Fire!*"

To try a man's nerve in real earnest, I don't think there's anything in the world like a fire at sea. A fire on land is bad enough, where you have a chance of running away from it; but at sea, where you're hemmed in between fire on one side and water on the other, it's like nothing I can think of except the feeling you sometimes have in a bad dream, when you see something terrible coming rushing down upon you, and then suddenly find yourself rooted to the ground, and not able to stir a limb to escape. Show me the man who can face a sudden alarm of fire on board ship without wincing, and I'll show you the bravest man on the face of the earth.

But it's one good of such a shock as that that when the first stun is over it braces you up at once. We all felt that our only chance was to keep cool and to do our best, and we drew ourselves together to do it.

"Mr. Lee," said the Captain, quite coolly, though his hard old mouth was set like a trap as he said it, "the passengers must know nothing of this, whatever happens. Just go aft and get them down into the saloon for some music, and then, as soon as you can get away without being noticed, come here and lend us a hand."

Away went Harry accordingly, and presently we heard his voice down on the after-deck as brisk and cheery as if there was nothing the matter. Down trooped the passengers in a body, for Lee was a great favorite with them, and was always getting up something for their amusement. In another minute or two we heard the piano going, and one of the young fellows singing a comic song, with all the rest joining in the chorus:

"My uncle went out to fish one day,  
When 'twas just a-getting dark,  
And something pulled so hard at his line  
That he thought he'd hooked a shark.

"Instead of a shark, 'twas the hull of a ship  
That had sunk there a year before;  
But just as he'd got it the line broke short,  
And down went the ship once more."

It *did* send a shudder through us all, I can tell you, to hear them so merry, and singing so carelessly about ships going down, and all that, with Death gaping for them

all the while. But there was no time to think of it just then.

Well, the Captain called up our men, and told them that there was fire in the fore-hold, and that the sooner they put it out the better. He said it so lightly and cheerily that you might have thought the whole business was a mere trifle, and that they had nothing to do but to go and quench the fire at once. But as he finished speaking I saw that he had bitten his lower lip until it bled.

To work we went, then, one and all. We knew better than to take off the hatches and let in the air upon the flames, so we cut holes in the planking, and trained the nozzle of the hose-pipes through them. Then we began pumping away with all our might.

But just as the work was in full swing, two of the passengers—young fellows, just married, who were going home on leave—came on deck suddenly, and saw at the first glance what was going on.

"Gentlemen," said the Captain, going up to them, "we didn't expect you here just now; but since you *are* here, you must please stay and help us. We can't let you go back now."

One of them agreed at once, but the other begged hard to be allowed to go and see his wife before he began. However, the Captain wouldn't hear of it, so at last he went and fell to work alongside of his comrade, and they both stuck to it like men right on to the end.

But, work as we might, the fire seemed to gain upon us, and between ten and eleven at night the hatches had to go. The moment they were off, up spouted a roaring jet of flame twelve feet and more above the deck, with such a fury that I began to lose heart, for there seemed to be no chance of mastering *that*. But we weren't at the worst of it yet, for all at once I saw our chief officer turn pale as death, and he gurgled out, as if the words choked him, "*The gunpowder!*"

When I heard him say that, it turned me quite sick and faint, for I knew well enough what he meant. In that very fore-hold, and close to the place where the fire was at its worst, there were eight ammunition cases, containing powder enough to blow the whole ship to bits.

For a moment we all stood like so many statues; but just then we heard old Captain Weatherby's voice, clear and cool as ever:

"I won't *order* any man on such a job as that; but we must get that powder up somehow. Who'll follow me?"

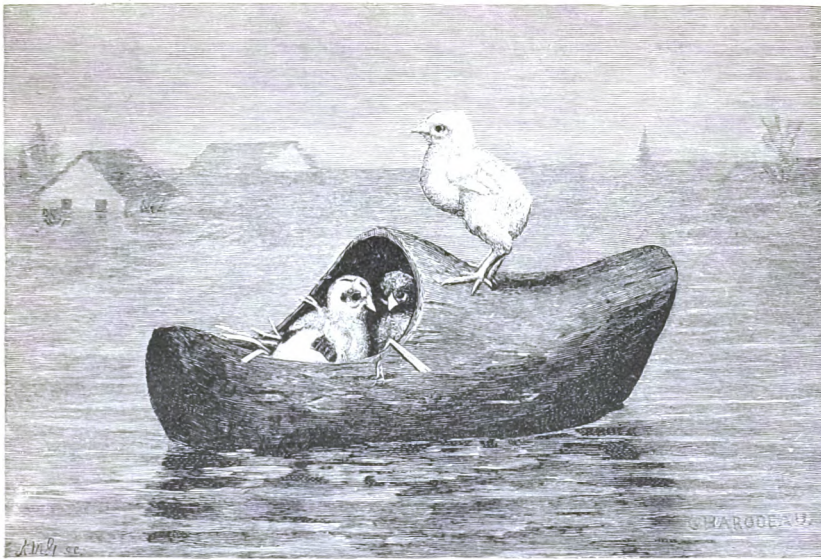
Down he went, and he was hardly down before there were six of us beside him.

We flew at the powder chests, and tugged them out of their places one by one, while the men on deck kept pouring down a perfect cataract of water, to fight off the flames from us. What with the smoke and steam, the stifling heat, the shouting of the men and the roar of the fire, the dancing and flashing of faces and arms out of the darkness and into it again, and the feeling that at any moment we might all be blown into the air together, it was just like being in the thick of a battle.

One, two, three chests were handed up on deck. We had hard work with the fourth and fifth, but we managed them at last, and then the sixth and the seventh. When it came to the last, I felt as if something *must* happen then; but up it went, and presently I found myself on deck again, hardly knowing how I got there, scorched and bruised and half choked, and black as a sweep from head to foot.

It was nine at night when we began to pump; it was three in the morning before the danger was fairly over. The passengers knew nothing of it until it was all done, and then we made as light of it as we could. But I can tell you that, although I'm not more of a coward than other men, I don't think anything on earth could tempt me to go through those six hours again.





THE LIFE-BOAT.

## THE CIRCLERS' GOAT.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.



GEOFF ADAMS got up the society and gave it its name—the Circle of Secrets. He was President, and the most important member.

Of course, as the organization was a secret one, nobody was supposed to know what was done at the meetings, which were held every Saturday in Stanley Gunn's room; but as the four boys were usually overflowing with anecdotes of bears and stories of icebergs and the like for the remainder of the day, outsiders

believed themselves safe in concluding that the club was nothing more nor less than a sort of reading exchange. The members, however, shook their heads gravely when asked if the guess was not correct, and placed their first fingers across their lips with a most mysterious air.

"I say, fellows," announced President Adams, one afternoon, "Ben Wattles wants to join."

"But I thought our society was to be a limited one," Stanley Gunn ventured to hint.

"And if Ben joins," put in Will, "and finds out that there isn't any great secret after all, he may get mad and make fun of the Circle all over the school."

"Let's get up a terrible secret, then," suggested Paul, who was fond of fairy tales and ghost stories.

Geoff happened to be glancing out of the window at the moment, and caught sight of something in the street that caused him to spring up and exclaim, "Just the thing! wait for me a minute!" Then he darted down-stairs like a shot.

"What can he be after, I wonder?" muttered Stanley, flattening his nose against the pane, and then raising the window to obtain a more extended view.

But nothing was to be seen except the usual number of orderly passers-by on the sidewalk, two cabs, and an express wagon in the street, and the spectacle of bare-headed Geoff tearing toward the corner.

"What do you say to secrets now?" exclaimed Will, after being rescued by his brothers from taking a dive into the area-way, three stories below. "That Geoff is the most provoking fellow."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Paul. "I'm sure he's thought of something splendid, so just sit down and be quiet till I finish reading about this giant's supper, and then Geoff'll be back and tell us what it is."

But Paul had read far beyond the giant's supper, and it was nearly time for the Gunns' six-o'clock dinner before the panting Adams returned.

"Where have you been all this while without your hat?" exclaimed Stanley, as he let his friend in.

"Come up to the club-room with the boys, and I'll tell you all together," was the reply. "But how much money have we in the treasury, first?"

"Thirty cents," responded Treasurer Gunn, jingling a two-cent piece against a penny in his pocket.

"Then we'll have to make an extra assessment of twenty cents," went on Geoff, as he stretched himself out on his school-fellow's lounge, having first picked up his cap and placed it on his head, as if to make up for going off without it.

"Why, Geoff Adams, what have you been doing?" cried the younger Gunns, in a horrified tone of voice.

"Getting up a secret, as you proposed, Paul," answered the other, his eyes twinkling with fun, while his mouth curved into a broad smile, in spite of his efforts to begin his story with proper presidential gravity. "But didn't any of you fellows see what I saw out of the window here?"

"Not unless it was something you can find in the street any hour of the day," replied Stanley. "Will came near tumbling out head-first trying to look around the corner."

"Well, he *did* trot along pretty fast, and gave me all I wanted to do to catch him," continued Geoff.

"Why, was it a horse?" broke out Will.

"No, but the next thing to it—a goat. Didn't you ever hear of people having to ride the goat before they are admitted into secret societies? My cousin Jack's a Mason, and I remember when he joined how everybody kept asking him how the goat went. Well, when Paul said that about making a secret, I happened to catch a glimpse of a fellow driving by in a goat carriage. 'The very thing,' I thought, for, you know, nobody believes that they have real goats to ride in the big societies. They only make the members do something ridiculous, and so it will be better than having any regular secret to tell Ben that he must ride the goat. He'll think it's only another way of saying he's to stand on his head or have his face blacked or something like it; so won't he jump when he finds himself on the back of a true-for-a-fact nanny! Oh my!" and the Circle's President went off into peals of laughter.

The three Gunn boys preserved an amazed silence for a few seconds, and then, "But we haven't got any goat," said Paul, as a hint for the other to stop laughing and explain more at length.

"And no place to put him, if we had one," added Will, regretfully.

"Why, hello!" exclaimed Geoff at this, sitting up and sobering down. "What do you boys take me for? Do you think I ran my legs off just to keep that goat in sight, so I wouldn't forget the idea it gave me? No, sir; I followed that particular animal, whose name is Bimber, to hire him from his owner for the occasion, and I have



promised the boy fifty cents for the loan of him next Saturday afternoon."

"But where is he going to deliver him?" asked Stanley. "Up at the Park?"

"At the Park!" cried Geoff, disdainfully. "Why, that's just the sort of place where Ben might expect to find a goat. No, indeed; the boy's to bring him to the corner of the avenue here, where we four are to meet him at two o'clock. Then we'll lead Bimber right along with us up to your room, Stan."

"To my room!" exclaimed Stanley, looking as amazed as if he expected to find the goat as big as Jumbo. "How can we ever get him up two flights of stairs in the first place, where can we hide him when he is here, and lastly, what will mother say?"

"Oh, she won't care; it'll only be for a little while," replied Geoff, lightly. "Besides, nobody must know anything about it but ourselves. I heard your sister say that your folks were going to a concert Saturday afternoon, so there'll be nobody home but the girls in the kitchen. You can open the front door with your key, Stan, and the boy says that his goat's as meek as a lamb. I'm sure nobody could ask a better place to hide him till the right minute than this big closet of yours. Why, it'll just be prime sport!"

If it had been any other boy but Geoff Adams who proposed the scheme, the Gunns might have taken a longer time to consider matters; but now, after the first shock of surprise at the novelty of the enterprise had passed away, they displayed the greatest enthusiasm in regard to it, and not only offered to give house-room to the goat, but raised on the spot the extra amount needed to hire it.

During recess on Monday morning Ben Wattles was informed with great solemnity by Geoff that the Circle of Secrets had decided to admit him as a member at half past two o'clock on the following Saturday. On Tuesday Stanley darkly hinted to him that he must be prepared for a formal invitation, and on Wednesday Paul asked him whether he had ever ridden a goat.

As for Ben, he laughed boldly at all this, declaring that he had heard about that kind of goats before, and wasn't afraid of them.

When Saturday came, everything seemed to favor the Circles' plans, for the day was as clear as a bell; and not only did all the grown folks set out for the concert promptly at half past one, but even the waitress was given leave of absence. Geoff spent the whole morning at the Gunns' fitting up Stanley's room with a view to solemnly impressing Ben with the importance of the occasion.

Geoff had borrowed from his big brother—who was studying medicine—a sort of map of the human body in skeleton form, which he hung in front of the window, so as to allow only a subdued and sepulchral light to shine upon the scene; then over the mantel-piece was displayed an immense sheet of white paper, on which was printed,

in very black and shaky letters, the one word, "Silence." On the table lay a handkerchief for bandaging the victim's eyes, the picture of a goat, and a suggestive piece of clothes-line.

"Quite a complete torture chamber, isn't it?" said President Adams, surveying his preparations with a satisfied air.

Then he went home to lunch, promising to return in time to meet Bimber at the corner.

"You didn't tell the boy what we wanted his goat for, did you?" asked Will, as the four started out.

"No, of course not," was Geoff's prompt reply, but he wished he had when he discovered that Bimber's owner expected them to take the wagon too.

"But we don't want the wagon," he declared. "We've got our hands full enough as it is with the goat."

"What am I to do with it, then?" went on the small boy. "I'd look pretty, dragging it home behind me like a child five years old, wouldn't I?" and the little fellow drew himself up to the full height of his eleven years.

"Oh, do make haste and fix it some way," entreated Stanley, "or Ben'll get to the door the same time we do."

"Well, I'll give you ten cents extra if you'll take the carriage away," said Geoff, gravely, adding in a whisper to the Gunns, "You fellows must back me up."

The temptation to put another dime to his credit was not to be resisted by the young New-Yorker, and he started off on a run with his wagon, leaving the Circles in possession of the goat, with the understanding that it was to be delivered back to him on the same spot at four o'clock.

"Now, then, we must hurry up," exclaimed Geoff, cautiously tapping his prize on the horns by way of experimenting on his temper.

"What'll the people say when they see us leading him up the stoop?" suggested Paul, as the procession moved, followed by an interested crowd of street boys whom it was impossible to shake off.

"Well, it's your own house, isn't it?" responded Geoff; "so who's got a right to say anything? Now, Stan, run on ahead and open the door."





The Circlers breathed easier when they and Bimber were safe in the Gunns' front hall, with their train of street Arabs racing back to the corner in pursuit of a hospital ambulance; but they were suddenly roused to new anxieties by a cry of warning from Will, who had gone into the dining-room for a drink of water.

"Quick! here comes the cook up the basement stairs!" he called out, in a loud whisper.

"Where? which? what shall we do?" exclaimed Paul, excitedly.

"Bring the goat in the parlor and shut the door," suggested Stanley, suiting the action to the word, and leading Bimber by his horns into the sacred region of rugs and bric-à-brac.

The unsuspecting Nora passed by on her way to the fourth floor, humming an Irish air as she ascended, and the boys were preparing to hasten up with the goat before she returned, when a ring at the front-door bell sent them all scurrying to the darkest corner of the parlor. Geoff made the goat lie down and then sat on him, while he directed the Gunn boys to take Ben upstairs to the sitting-room, and keep him there until he had had time to hide Bimber in Stanley's closet.

But it was not Ben, after all; and when the cook hurried down to open the door the Circlers turned pale as they heard her say: "Oh, and if ye doos be Mrs. Armington, will ye plaze take a sate in the parlor? The ladies do be all out, but Miss Florence left a note on her desk I was to give ye if ye called," and Nora hospitably flung open the doors and then vanished upstairs again.

The caller fortunately chose to seat herself on the sofa by the window, and the grand piano partially screened the four conspirators, who crouched down over Bimber, as if he were so much precious gold they were bound to guard. Scarcely daring to breathe, the lads waited for Nora's return and the visitor's departure, and when they heard the cook's heavy step descending the stairs again, Geoff felt so relieved as to forget what he was sitting on, and gave a joyful bounce.

Then the goat, for the first and last time while in the society's possession, lifted up his voice and uttered a cry that sent the boys on his back up like Jack-in-the-boxes, and caused Mrs. Armington, with her weak nerves—for which, indeed, Florence's note contained a prescription—to start forward and then fall back on the sofa with a piercing shriek that frightened the Circlers more than Bimber's had.

"The saints presarve us!" cried Nora, rushing into the room like a whirlwind, and beginning to fan the fainting lady with an expensive placque.

Will ran for a glass of water, Stanley sped upstairs for his sister's camphor bottle, Paul tore up and down the parlor, asking what he could do, while Geoff started after Bimber, who, terrified by the sudden commotion, had trotted into the dining-room, and caught his horns in the register.

In the midst of the confusion the bell rang again, and when Nora had answered it she fled back screaming, declaring that it must be "auither plague intiorely," for there stood Ben Wattles on the stoop, with a goat by his side.

"I thought I'd bring my own animal," he explained to Stanley through the crack on which the cook had chained the door.

"How did you hear?" exclaimed the oldest Gunn, handing the camphor to Paul to take in.

"Why, the boy you got yours from is my second cousin," replied Ben, with a grin, "and his father's just bought him another to make a team;" and then he triumphantly walked off with Bimber's mate, leaving the Gunn boys to apologize as best they could to Mrs. Armington when she came to, and Geoff to stand a whole hour on the corner waiting to deliver Bimber to his owner.

Stanley, Paul, and Will had a talk with their mother and an interview with their father that night, after which the Circle of Secrets circled no more, and Geoff Adams lost three intimate friends.

## THE SWORD OF GRAM.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**H**AVE you heard the rime of the sword of Gram—

A mighty sword with a sparkling hilt?  
Oh, a flaming brand in the brave right hand

Of him who had scorn for the stain of guilt.

To a house that was ringing with bridal bells

It was brought in the dusk of a sweet spring day

By a kingly man—so the legend tells—

Close wrapped in a shadowy cloak of gray.

With the step of Odin he crossed the door,

With the voice of Odin he plainly spoke;

Lightly the sword of Gram he bore,

And cleft it deep to the heart of oak

Of a giant tree on the hearth that lay.

A silence fell on the wedding mirth.

"Who frees that sword," as he strode away,

Said Odin, "shall conquer all the earth."

Then one and another tried, be sure:

But this was fickle and that was frail;

And many, alas! had lives impure,

And at touch of the hilt turned weak and pale,

Till a hero came in the bloom of youth,

And the sword sprang swiftly to greet his hand;

For white on his brow was the sign of truth,

And the gods had tempered for him the brand.

So here and there through the world he sped

To do the right and to shame the wrong;

And crime and error before him fled,

This champion eager and blithe and strong.

He carried the wonderful sword of Gram

Wherever he went, and the world was wide;

There was peace in his breast, and love and rest,

For he strove with Odin upon his side.

You wish, my lad with the kindling eye,

'Twere yours to carry a blade like this—

A magic brand in a brave right hand,

And never the prize in a strife to miss?

Believe my words that the sword of Gram

Is waiting still for the hero's grasp,

Though never a king in a cloak of gray

May have brought it nigh for the victor's clasp.

If the heart be pure and the hand be clean,

The look be noble, the courage high,

The boy will conquer the foes that throng,

Nor drop his flag under any sky.

For a greater than Odin on his side

Will help him strive for the deathless right;

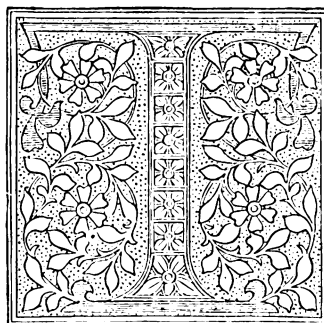
And he'll bear the mystical sword of Gram,

And lightly carry its matchless might.

## THE FAIR FOR SICK DOLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

### II.



**H**E day before the one on which the famous fair was to be held arrived, and the boys had not succeeded in persuading the girls to let them be partners in the enterprise. They had coaxed, then urged the peculiar fitness of boys in general, and themselves in particular, to manage a fair, and finally resorted to threats,

as on the day when they first broached the subject, but all to no purpose.

The girls insisted that they were capable of getting up



the fair properly, and since it was to be for the relief of sick and destitute dolls, boys could have no real sympathy with the object. Again and again did they argue with the boys that if every one of their immediate circle of acquaintances should take part in getting up the fair there would be no one left to buy the articles for sale.

The boys thought that argument extremely foolish. They failed to understand how dolls could be in need of charity, and thought the purpose of the fair would be fully accomplished if every one had a good time. Up to this day they had hoped that the girls would relent when they came fully to understand what valuable aid they were rejecting; but the conversation Charley had had with Guida that morning showed him how vain were all their hopes.

"I'll tell you what it is, fellers," said Charley, after he had called a meeting of such of his friends as were anxious to become partners in the enterprise, "they won't let us into the thing except we go there to spend our money."

"Girls are no good anyway," said Harry Morse, "and you see if they have any kind of a show; but they are goin' to have a lot of cake an' candy to sell, for the sitting-room over to our house is about filled up with it."

"How much are they goin' to make a feller pay to get in?" asked another member of the party; but he was sorry he had asked the question as soon as the words had left his lips, for it showed such weakness on his part that every one frowned darkly upon him.

"Now that's it—that's just it!" exclaimed Charley, impatiently. "The girls won't let us have anything to do with the fair, an' now you're askin' about how much it costs to go, just as if any of us would show our heads there after they've treated us so mean. They ask five cents to let anybody in, an' they'll wait a good while before they get any of my money."

"But we can't see it unless we do pay to go in," said Ralph Hartley, meekly, thinking, perhaps, that since he had already provoked so much anger by asking a simple question, he might as well call forth more for the purpose of knowing what his companions proposed doing in the matter.

"Of course we can't see it unless we pay, and there isn't any of us here who wants to see it. Them girls think that we'll be sure to come an' spend our money 'cause they wouldn't take us into partnership with 'em. They'll see how much they're mistaken before to-morrow night," and Charley looked around the room at his companions to read in their faces a resolve as firm as his own.

"But we must go somewhere, or the girls will say we wanted to come, and only staid away out of spite," said Harry, and all looked at Charley for some suggestion as to how they should spend their time on the day of the fair. Nor were they disappointed, for he had already made up his mind as to what could be done.

"We'll have a concert down in Ralph Hartley's shed," he said, quickly, "an' we'll give a show in the afternoon an' one in the evening. I guess when the girls hear of that they'll feel bad."

"Yes, but who'll come to it?" asked Ralph. "When we've had any shows before the girls have always come; an' if it hadn't been for what they paid, we wouldn't have taken much money at the door."

There was more truth in Ralph's statement than Charley cared to admit just then. For the moment he almost felt ashamed of trying to do what he could to prevent the fair from being a success, as he remembered how the girls had patronized the concerts the boys had given. But it would not do for him to let his companions see how he felt, and he said, quickly:

"Don't you be afraid that we sha'n't get anybody to come to our show, for we won't charge anything to come

in, an' I guess at that rate there'll be enough come to make the fair look kinder slim."

For a moment no one made any reply to this speech, and it seemed very much as if all were thinking that they were not behaving exactly right toward the girls, who had always been willing to do all they could toward making the boys' undertakings successful. Perhaps it was because Charley himself felt rather guilty that he spoke so sharply as he said:

"Now if any of you fellers want to back out an' go to the fair, after the girls wouldn't let us have anything to do with it, back out now, so's we'll know just who we've got with us when we give the show."

No one showed any positive desire to "back out," although none of them looked as happy as it might have been supposed they would look when they were about to be so successful in breaking up the fair. Each one looked at the other expectantly, and if any one had boldly suggested then that they should attend the fair in a body, it is very likely every one would have agreed to it at once.

"What shall we do at our show?" asked Harry, much as if he thought it impossible that any one would think of going to the fair, even though he himself was wishing heartily that he had not joined the opposition, for he knew he could have a very pleasant time if he should do by the girls as they had done by him.

"Why, we can have singing, an' a play of some kind, just the same as we've always had."

"But we can't learn much of a play before to-morrow afternoon," said Ralph, meekly. "We've always had two or three weeks to get ready in."

"Then we needn't have a play," said Charley, quickly, almost disposed to be angry with his friend for having reminded him that they had so little time in which to prepare for an entertainment that was to rival the fair. "We can have a regular minstrel show; that won't take any great time to get up, an' we'll go right down to your shed now an' begin."

The boys started at once for Ralph's home, but, strangely enough, they did not take their usual pleasure in the performance they proposed giving, and even the work of converting the shed into a theatre was hard and dull. Whenever they had done this work before, each one felt such an interest in it that it had seemed more like play than anything else; but now there was nothing interesting about it.

The stage was already built; that is to say, it consisted of four packing-cases, and these had been procured when they had their first entertainment, so that it was only necessary to place them in position and arrange the seats; but this occupied so much time that it was night before the work was completed.

Charley made a rough sketch of the programme, and tickets were distributed to the members. After discussing the question for some time it had been finally agreed that although the entertainment was to be free, no one should be admitted but invited guests.

The next morning, while the girls were busily engaged in preparations for their fair, which was to open at two o'clock, the boys had a rehearsal, and before that was ended each one began to have doubts as to the success of their entertainment, for it had never seemed so dull before. They kept at their work, however, with a determination worthy of a better cause, and when noon came their spirits revived a little. Each one knew just what he was to do, even if he was not exactly certain how he should do it.

"Now we'll all be back here at three o'clock," said Charley, as the boys separated to go to dinner, "and at half past three we'll open the show. Every one must invite as many as he can, so's we'll be sure to have a big time."





REHEARSING FOR THE MINSTREL SHOW.

The boys were not as delighted over their rival entertainment as they expected to be when they parted at noon; but no one said anything to lead the others to suppose he was not perfectly satisfied with the general arrangements. Strangely enough, not a word had been spoken by any one during the morning about the fair, and that in itself was enough to show that each one was thinking of it.

The concert was not to open until half past three; therefore there was nothing very remarkable in the fact that none of the performers were at Ralph's shed at two o'clock, the hour when the fair was to open. But there was something singular occurring near Harry Morse's home.

Just at two o'clock Charley Dalton appeared at the corner of the street, near the house in which the fair was being held, and as he looked up and down the street he acted very much as if he was afraid of being seen. This appearance of his near the fair that he proposed to crush by the concert seemed rather odd, and his actions were still more so when, on seeing Ralph coming down the street, he jumped back, as if afraid of being seen.

Ralph was also bent on some errand in which he did not want to be seen, for when he approached the house, and Harry came out, he ran quickly down the street, seeking the same shelter in which to hide himself as that already occupied by Charley.

"Why—why—what are you doing here?" he asked, in surprise, and then he acted very much as if he was about to run away.

"I only come—I mean, I was— Well, what made you run in here to hide?" asked Charley, who was clearly un-

able to explain why he was there.

"I—I—I thought I'd come here to see where Harry was going;" and Ralph's face was so red by this time that it was quite certain he did not care to tell all his reasons for hiding. Before he could defend himself any further, or explain his conduct in a more satisfactory way, Harry appeared before them. He had seen Ralph run down the street as if to avoid being seen by him, and he came to learn the reason of it.

But before he could ask any question Charley called out,

"There comes George Silsbee. Get in here, quick, before he sees us."

George was to be one of the bright and shining lights in the concert, and, strange as it may seem, he was approaching the house quite as carefully as the others had done.

"Watch him, an' see where he goes to," said Charley, as he stole out from his hiding-place, acting very much as if he thought he knew where George was going.

The new-comer looked cautiously around him, and then, as if he had made up his mind that no one could

see him, for the boys had taken care to keep out of sight, he ran up the steps of Mr. Morse's house, ringing the bell at the very door on which was a card bearing the inscription:

F A I R  
IN AID OF  
SICK AND DESTITUTE DOLLS.

"He's gone in," said Charley, drawing a long breath, as if of relief; and then, as a sudden thought occurred to him, he said to Ralph, "That's where you were going, for you acted just as he did."

"And so did you," said Harry, quickly, "for I was watching you from the window as you came along."

"Well, well," stammered Charley, unable to make up his mind just what to say, until he concluded to tell the truth, and then he answered, quickly: "That was just what I was going to do, an' Ralph was up to the same thing. I wanted to see what kind of a fair the girls could get up without us; but I wasn't going to stay more'n a minute."

"Well, I'd like to go myself; so let's all go in. We needn't stay very long, nor we needn't buy anything; but we can just see what it looks like."

And, acting upon Harry's suggestion, the three principal enemies to the Fair in aid of Sick and Destitute Dolls paid their entrance fee of five cents, and went in, where, twenty-four hours before, they had been so certain they had no desire to go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





"BLUEFEED"—SEE PAGE 314.



### "BLUFFED."

**T**HERE is a good deal of truth in the saying that when muscle can not hold a situation pluck often will. The fat bullfinch in the scene pictured on page 313 appears to understand what he is about pretty thoroughly—a good deal better, in fact, than do the trio of soft, woolly, perplexed puppies staring him in the face, but wofully afraid to venture an inch nearer their breakfast. The enemy is in possession, and until he retreats our little friends will have to go hungry. Their mother plainly has no intention of coming to their rescue.

When these little fellows are grown up they will not be so easily "bluffed." Their time is yet to come, and very likely they will be as knowing as any of our dog friends. How knowing that is only those who are familiar with dogs and their ways, and have watched some of their feats, can tell. We have at home a small dachshound named Jumbo who has lately taken to performing an odd little trick which no one taught him.

On the mantel-piece in the library stands a little rubber figure belonging to one of the children in the house. Jumbo, when a puppy, was often allowed to play with this rubber figure. When it was taken away from him it was put on the mantel-piece, out of his reach.

Recently his master said to him one evening, "Jumbo, if you will get your rubber doll we will play with it together," pointing to it. Jumbo at once leaped up, and tried, barking violently, to reach the doll. After a moment's vain effort he stopped, stood as if "putting two and two together" for an instant, and then, crossing the room, the dog began pushing a tall ottoman all the way across to the hearth.

His master watched him in surprise, but Jumbo actually succeeded in dragging and pushing the ottoman under the mantel-piece. Leaping upon it with a joyful bark, he seized the rubber doll thus brought within reach, and rushed with it to his master. Jumbo was not to be "bluffed" by difficulties. It was his own unaided idea of accomplishing what he wanted, and "Jumbo getting his doll" is now a standard performance in the household.

Another dog which understood the use of furniture as a means of arriving at things out of reach was Dash. He usually sat by his master's side at dinner, receiving his share of the meal bit by bit, as his master pleased. One day there was company, and Dash was forgotten. He bore it patiently for a while; then he moved a chair from the wall up to the table, took his place upon it, and helped himself, after the manner of the other guests.

### FRETWORK, AND HOW TO DO IT.

**W**E have heard it said that any one with perseverance can make fretwork. To a certain extent, no doubt, this is true, but there are some people who would never get beyond a few simple patterns. Such fretwork as is used by piano-forte makers of note is a very different thing from the first attempts of even a talented amateur.

The tools required are few, and can be obtained at a very moderate cost. A gimlet, a frame and clamp, some saws, and a few fine wood-files are all that a beginner will need.

The best fret-workers are the Chinese. For minuteness and exactness of detail they are unrivalled. The fans of ivory and the mother-of-pearl boxes, each of its kind as alike as two peas, are wonderful. With us, even if such work could be done, the expense of labor would be so high as to preclude any sale of such objects of home manufacture; but to the patient Chinese time is of no consequence, and labor, as a matter of course, a drug in the

market. At the last Paris exhibition fretwork was shown which so much resembled lace in appearance that it was only by touching it that one could be convinced that the white material, so delicate in texture, was ivory.

Fretwork machines are very useful for rough, large patterns, but even the most delicate of them can not approach a careful hand-worker in fineness of touch and exactness of outline. For simple patterns, such as are used for heavy furniture work, they are excellent, and an outlay of a few dollars in purchasing one will be well repaid if the workman possesses those essentials to success in any line, perseverance and patience.

"The secret of success," said one of the most successful of men, Lord Beaconsfield, "is concentration of purpose." Concentration of purpose is necessary to the fret-worker. Of course one can work easy patterns and think of matters not connected with the work at the same time, but in intricate cutting, or when engaged on light work, it is necessary that the whole attention be devoted to the subject in hand. So much for fretwork as a mental exercise. Considered as a training for the hands, fretwork is equally excellent.

One of the simplest objects for a beginner to try his skill upon is a wall bracket to hold a flower vase or any suitable ornament. A piece of cedar—the bottom and lid of a cigar box will answer the purpose excellently—from seven to eight inches in length by six and a half in width is a convenient size. The shelf is a semicircular piece either plain or scalloped in front, and its support must be of light, open, but strong designs, and hinges are sometimes placed to all parts in order to make it easy to pack the bracket. But such additions can only be made with difficulty by the amateur fret-worker.

The first thing to be done always is to trace the design on a thin piece of paper; it may be traced from a book or print if desired. When the tracing is complete, lay it face downward, and cover it with powdered red chalk. The tracing is then laid on the wood, with the red side downward. With a blunt bodkin or lead-pencil we now draw firmly along all the lines, thus reproducing the tracing on the surface of the wood. Having accomplished this, we remove the paper, and with pen and ink make a complete drawing of the outlined design on the wood.

In designing fretwork great care must be taken to get the two sides of the pattern alike and in correct drawing. This can best be done by drawing the design on tracing-paper, and doubling it over so as to form a half circle, when, with a little extra pressure of the pencil, a good design can be obtained on both sides of the paper.

When this has been accomplished pierce the wood at various points with the gimlet. The holes thus made are to allow the saw to enter. The wood may now be put in the clamp. Then with a moderately strong saw the young beginner can make his first attempt. The frame must be held perfectly straight, and the arm worked steadily and straightly up and down.

Turning the saw is always a difficult point with amateurs, but in reality there is but little in the operation that can not be mastered with a few moments' practice. The secret of turning neatly and without damaging either saw or wood is to work very steadily up and down, but not forward, when the turning point has been reached. Then by a sharp and active movement of the wrist and wood the saw should be turned, but not jerked, and the new line commenced. Sometimes, however, the delicacy of the pattern makes this impossible. The saw should then be pulled backward and forward gently until a sufficiently large hole has been made.

The frame, or "bow," as it is sometimes called, is made of steel or wood—the lighter the better—and costs from one to two dollars. The rest of the tools will cost very little. Wood can be obtained at very moderate prices per foot.



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE RESCUE.

ALL this went through Tug's mind, as on a dark night a flash of lightning enters and leaves the pupil of the eye: it took "no time at all," and the instant he had hooked his fingers in Aleck's hair he shouted to Katy to shove out the sled where he might reach it. She did so, and by it drew both the lads to the ice, the brave rescuer grasping the friendly box and towing his senseless Captain.

Then a new difficulty presented itself. Aleck was perfectly helpless, and like a log in the water; or worse than that, for he would sink if Tug loosed his hold. How should they get him out?

Katy saw this problem, and said to Tug, as soon as the ice had been reached, while she kneeled at the brink of the splashing water:

"Let me hold his head up—I can do it—until you can climb out; then both of us together, I guess, can drag him up on to the ice. Oh dear! will he ever come to?"

Her tears blinded her eyes, but she dashed them away, and took a firm hold upon Aleck's coat, while Tug scrambled out. Then, while Katy held his head above the curling, gurgling little waves that the wind was chasing, Tug slipped one end of the rope under his arms, and made a loop about his body, by which they were able to drag his lifeless form out upon the ice, as though he were a fish or a seal.

"Now let's have the sled!" screamed Tug, minding neither his own freezing garments nor Katy's anguish; and having pulled this from the water, he and Katy lifted Aleck upon it, and set off as fast as they could for the tent, whither the miserable Youngster had already started on a staggering trot, with many groans and rough tumbles. The others overtook him, and all went on together; but Jimkin got no comfort, for Aleck might be drowned—they did not know; while Jim, though certainly miserable, was alive and active—enough so at least to look after himself.

"How fortunate that I could put a kettle of hot water on!"

"Yes. Now here we are. We'll have to drag him through the low doorways heels first. Help me lift him off the sled, Katy."

Laid on straw and overcoats by the warm fire, Tug quickly stripped off the Captain's wet clothes, while Katy brought warm blankets, and wrapped him in them.

"Didn't you say you had a little bottle of brandy, Katy?"

"Yes; Miss Marshall told us we ought never to go on a long journey without it, and I brought it along for fear something like this might happen. Here it is."

Taking the bottle, Tug forced a few drops between Aleck's lips, and saw them trickle down his throat. A minute later there was a stronger throb of the fluttering heart, a quiver of the eyelids, and a faint sighing groan, which the anxious watchers could just hear. At this sign of returning life they rose and grasped each other's hands. The tears Katy had so bravely kept back when she had had work to do and no time to cry came now in an unrestrained shower; but they were tears of joy, for the Captain was waking up all right.

Now poor little Jim got some attention, and Katy left them to themselves while the three boys helped each other to get rid of their icy clothes and crawl into the blankets and warm straw of their bedrooms, as they called the

hull of the boat. This done, Katy came back and made hot tea for her three tucked-up patients, which so revived them that Tug and Jim begged to be allowed to get up as soon as their clothes had been dried; but Aleck said he wanted to sleep two weeks, and so would stay in bed a little longer.

As for Rex, whose heroism in bringing back Aleck's floating coat, when he was unable to aid his drowning master himself, had been forgotten until now, he was content to lie in a snug corner and wait for the frozen fish his mistress had promised him would presently be the reward of his faithfulness.

That eventful day came to an end without anything further to disturb their peace. Aleck rose toward evening, and went out fishing with Jim and Tug, catching two or three pickerel. The night passed in unusual quiet, for the wind, though steady, was not a whistling gale, nor did the grinding roar of moving ice come to their ears as it had sometimes the day before.

In the morning the same clouds were there, the same vague haze hid the horizon, the same waste of ice and water surrounded their lonely camp, the same quiet breeze breathed steadily across the lake, and but for occasional noises of their own making, the whole world seemed profoundly still. This was depressing, and the spirits of each one of our young adventurers sank to a level with the flat ice and the dull gray sky; yet it was evident that nothing could be done except to wait as patiently as possible for some change.

"If yez can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can," remarked Tug, quoting an excellent Irish rule of life under adverse circumstances; but the pleasantries met with only a faint smile from his discouraged companions. All thought that any *active* perils would be better than this motionless, objectless gloom, so threatening because so still and uncertain.

"I wonder if we haven't stopped drifting," said Katy, as they were pretending to eat a bit of luncheon, for which nobody had much appetite; and more for the sake of doing something than because it seemed to make much difference whether they had come to a stand-still or not, they took a few chips, and going to the edge of the floe, threw them into the water. These tossed up and down on the gentle waves, but did not change their position at all, so our navigators concluded their floe to be at last stationary.

"How far do you think we have drifted?" Jim asked his brother.

"Well," Aleck replied, "I've been studying over that. We don't know just when we started nor exactly when we stopped—if we have stopped—nor whether we have gone steadily on. I have seen something of drifting ice, and I should say we had gone probably between twenty and twenty-five miles, all right out into the middle of the lake."

"Then you have some idea of where we are?"

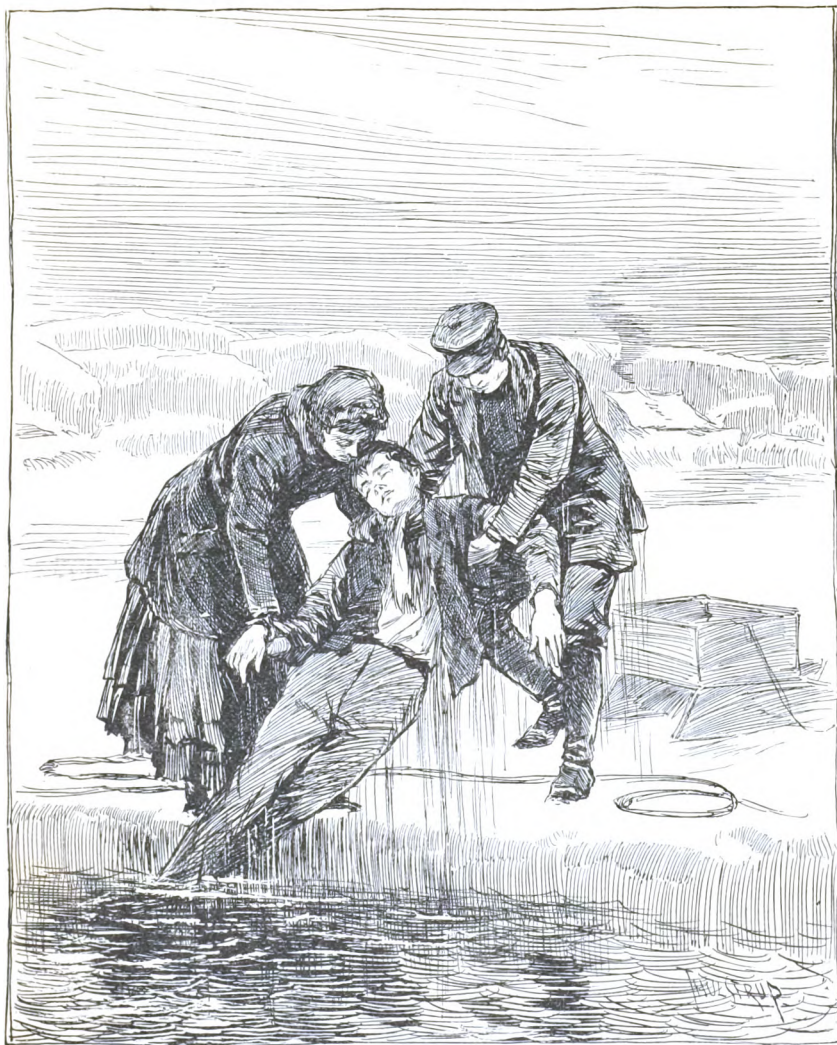
"Oh yes; that's quite easily calculated by 'dead-reckoning,' as sailors say."

The west wind now began to subside, and before long the air became still and the mists thicker, with dense low clouds massing close overhead. On land it must have been a warm, thawing day. Out here it was always chilly, but the four people were not uncomfortable, even when their overcoats were unbuttoned, partly, however, because they had become accustomed to constant exposure.

Before the sun went down the air grew much cooler, and the fog thinned out, while the wind freshened and worked around until it blew briskly and very cold from the north. This soon swept away the mists, but not the clouds; yet light enough remained just before dusk to give Aleck a brief look to the northward. He could see a great field of rough ice, apparently made up of broken pieces crushed and jammed together, stretching in that di-

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.





"THEY WERE ABLE TO DRAG HIS LIFELESS FORM OUT UPON THE ICE."

rection to the horizon. This horizon was broken in one place, however, by a darker patch that looked as though it might be land; but before he could examine it more carefully, it had become lost in the darkness.

Returning to the house, the Captain ordered every preparation to be made for a possible removal. While Katy cooked their evening meal, the boys worked with axe and shovel until they had freed the runners under the boat, so that she could be dragged away quickly. Then the wall was taken down, and the boxes stowed carefully. Several of them had been emptied during the long halt, and it made them all feel very grave to notice how low their stock of provisions and lamp oil had run. Jimmy refused to see the use of all this hard work when everything seemed as safe as ever it was, and Aleck confessed that he had no better reason to give for his precautions than that the weather had changed, and it was best to be on the safe side.

"We won't take the tent down, Jim, nor throw in the mess kit, nor roll away our good beds, till we find we have to; but if the ice should drop from under our feet at this moment, we could scramble into the boat, and have our necessary property with us."

Katy, meanwhile, had set half a ham boiling—they had only one more left after this—and was only waiting for it to be done before going to bed, for it was late in the evening, and much colder than usual, since the hummock no longer sheltered them from this new wind, which blew

in under the boat where the snow had been shovelled away, and threatened to tear the frail hut to pieces. Finally the ham was done, and the girl crept shivering to Jim's side amid the straw and quilts, thoroughly frightened and weary.

She had not been there five minutes when there came a quick series of crashing reports, such as she had heard before. The ice was breaking up again. Tug was quickest to jump out, calling to all to stay in the boat till he came back. They could feel the ice shake and tip under them—or at any rate imagined they could—while the wind was blowing snowflakes in their scared faces. It seemed an age, though really it was hardly a minute, before Tug came back, and said they were afloat upon a small piece—a piece only a few yards square.

"Then," said Aleck, decisively, "we must take to the boat and get off this cake, for the wind is blowing us right back into the open lake, and we couldn't live out there. I think I saw land just north of us, and we must try to get there, or at any rate get upon the big ice-field in front. It's our only hope."

He and Tug were buttoning their overcoats and tying tippets about their heads and necks, but talking at the same time.

"Now for our orders, Captain."

"Well, then, listen. Katy and Jim must not step out of the boat unless I say so. They must light the lantern, ship the rudder, roll up the bedding and stow it under the thwarts, and fix everything as snug as they can. Jim's place will be forward; Katy will stay by the tiller;

and remember, whatever happens, that the compass direction is due north. Now, Tug," he continued, "you and I will dump in this kitchen stuff, and let The Youngster pack it away the best he can. Then down with the oars and mast and canvas. We must hurry."

So saying, he snatched the kettle, ham and all, from the fire, and tossed it into the boat, where it lit on Jim's foot, and was greeted with an angry howl. The other goods and the spare canvas followed. Then they began to tear down the roof, and in five minutes this had been piled in a stiff frozen heap on the bow of the boat, for they thought there was no time to bend and fold it into shape. It was all the united efforts of the four could do to hoist it over the low gunwale.

All these preparations took perhaps fifteen minutes—a quarter of an hour of terror, for now the great cake was plainly rocking under their feet. Then calling out Jim, they put their heads through the collars of the drag-ropes, and tried their best to move the boat, but it wouldn't budge an inch.

"We must throw off that icy canvas. I should think it weighed a hundred pounds," said Tug.

"Yes, off with it!" ordered Captain Aleck.

This done, they tried again, and slowly and laboriously worked the boat twenty or thirty paces toward the edge of the ice, when it became clogged with the fast-falling snow, and could be pushed no farther.



*Allegro.*

S. B. MILLS.

Hush - a - bye, ba - by, up - on the tree - top, When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock ;

*p* *f*

*Ped.* \*

When the bough breaks the cra - dle will fall, Down tum - bles cra - dle and ba - by and all.

*f* *p*

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## A HOLIDAY.

Half a dozen of us—  
Don't we look gay?

We've been so very good at school.  
We have a holiday.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—It is beautiful here in the south of France. You see the orange trees and palms almost every time you go out. We were at Cannes before we came here. While we were there papa and mamma took my sister and myself over to the island where the "Man with the Iron Mask" was confined. We saw the room which he had; and the woman who showed us around told us he had a bed, a table, and a chair, and that he was confined there over seventeen years. The window had four or five rows of railings. We saw also a very high wall reaching to the sea, down which the French prisoner Marshal Bazaine made his escape.

The Carnival begins here this week, and there are men, women, and children going in masks and fancy dresses. There is an Exhibition here now, and a large balloon goes up two or three times a day with people in it. There is a beautiful casino here, where they have daily concerts, and also a room for plays for children. They have a little theatre like the one for Punch and Judy, but give pieces in several acts for young people.

I have heard that Mr. Neal's little boy, in Munich, is a celebrated pianist. Won't you give a sketch of him in the *YOUNG PEOPLE*? Your affectionate reader,  
FLETCHER II.

Thanks for your letter, Fletcher. It is pleasant to hear about the sunny land of France—the grand historic scenes through which you are travelling. We have an article on "The Man with the Iron Mask," which tells his story so far as it is known, and we will publish it in *YOUNG PEOPLE* soon. Thanks also for your suggestion in regard to a sketch of Mr. David Neal's talented little son. Our readers will, we know, be glad to hear about this bright little musician.

OTTUMWA, IOWA.

I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for a long time, and my interest in it is greater than ever. There are many wonderful places around this city. One of them is Horse-Thief Hollow. The rocks there are very high, and contain many strange caves of different sizes, and in the largest caves horse-thieves used to hide the horses or whatever they stole. Our family were down there several times last summer, and we expect to go often next summer, as it is such a lovely place. We found quite a number of new plants that we think would interest students in botany. Another interesting place is the gold mine about three miles south of our city. There are most wonderful fossils found in the limestone of this region. My brother has a large and valuable collection of these fossils. I go to school in the morning, work at home in the afternoon, and carry the daily paper in the evening. With some of the money I get for carrying papers I take the *BAZAR* for my mother and *YOUNG PEOPLE* for myself. I would like very much to visit your great printing house.  
LOUIE R. L.

I hope you may some time come to New York and visit the establishment of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. So enterprising and diligent a youth deserves to get on in life, and I know you will be prosperous. It pleases me very much to see that you devote part of your earnings in a gift for your mother. Commend me to a mother-loving boy. By-the-way, can you not induce the proper persons to give that beautiful hollow a more attractive name?

PAU, FRANCE.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I wrote you last from Biarritz, but the air was so strong there that papa and mamma took me to Pau, and found this air just the thing for me, and so sent for the rest of the family. The scene is very much changed; there we had the sea, and here we have the Basses Pyrenees Mountains, all snow-capped and seeming to reach into the sky. Pau is quite a pretty town, with two or three parks, where there is always beautiful music. The Promenade du Midi has a full view of the mountains, and is crowded with ladies and gentlemen walking and chatting or listening to the music. At the end of the promenade is a fine old chateau.

where Henri IV. was born, and we went through the chateau one day. Among the quaint old things was his cradle—which is a whole tortoise-shell—some fine tapestries, and a table large enough to seat two hundred people. On Christmas eve (brother Tom and I) went to a fancy-dress ball at Mrs. and General P.'s, English people. Their daughter was dressed as a Spanish dancing girl, and she looked very pretty.

Tom went as a clown; he acted his part very well. I went as Bo-peep. We had a german and a great many presents. On Christmas morning we all, except papa, got up and looked at our stockings before breakfast. Among the things I received were a drawing-block and tambourine. I am going to paint a Spanish scene upon my tambourine. Tom has painted a bull-fight on his. I went to two other parties. One at Miss J.'s, where there was a tree, and beautiful presents distributed *ad libitum*—all the children had boxes of French bonbons and about six other presents. Then we went to Mrs. W.'s children's party—more favors and a jolly time. Yesterday was my twelfth birthday, and as my governess is German, she introduced some pretty German customs. Early in the morning she crowned me with a wreath of ivy, and on going in to breakfast there was my chair all encircled with ivy. About twelve o'clock there was a great deal of whispering going on. "Katie, du darfst nicht gucken! Katie, du darfst nicht herein!" I was bothered enough with secrets at Christmas, but this was almost as bad. At last I was led into the room, where the great secret was unveiled. In the middle was a cake with twelve candles stuck in all around, and one in the middle for next year, with lovely flowers in vases around it, and a pot of hyacinths from our good old cook when she came down from the kitchen—the kitchen is at the top of the house. I told her it was my fête. She said nothing, but when she came home at twelve o'clock from market she solemnly entered and mumbled, "Bonne fête." The peasants are very handsome, and wear wooden shoes, and when one's back is turned, and the little boys come out of school, you would think a cavalry regiment was prancing down the street. The women carry water on their heads in pots.

I was delighted to see my Wiggle come forth in all its possible glory; but it is so long since I had sent it, I had quite forgotten that it *was* what it is. Tom, Fraulein, and I have tried again. You will see for yourself that nobody helped us. I hope the artist will think them good enough to be printed. We enjoy the Wiggles very much. I think Sweet's are so funny.

I think the nicest letter I have ever seen in the Post-office Box is from Nellie P., Milwaukee. I enjoyed the story about her cat Cosy. Now, with much love, your affectionate little friend,  
KATIE R.

I am very glad to hear from Katie R. again. I had been hoping for a letter from herself or brother Tom, and here it is, like a bird in winter safe over the stormy Atlantic. What a pretty fête you had on your birthday! I wish everybody would make much of birthdays, for they are the real home anniversaries—mile-stones on the road of life—and it is very charming to find them wreathed with flowers and lighted with candles.

When any dear child I love has a birthday, I think of a sweet stanza of the poet Whittier, written to his namesake, and this I quote for you, Katie, to do for all the year:

"I pray the prayer of Plato old.  
God make thee beautiful within;  
And let thine eyes the good behold  
In everything save sin."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I live in a large house, and we have an acre and a quarter of land. We have two nice horses; one is named Billy and the other Ned. Our horses like lump-sugar very much. When Ned hears mamma going out to the stable he will whinny and paw, and sometimes mamma will give Billy his sugar first, and then Ned will be very uneasy. We have a greenhouse, and the flowers in it are real pretty. I shall be glad when the summer comes, because I live near the water, and I can go in bathing almost every day.  
H. W. S.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO.

Most of the people in this country are Mexicans. Their language is Spanish. I am going to a Spanish school. I wonder if any of the letter-writers ever saw mud houses such as they have here; they call them adobe houses. Mr. H. built himself an adobe castle; even the roof is

made of mud. It is so large that he has plank walks on top of it. I wish you could see it. We have a school here for Indian children; the boys learn farming too, and the girls learn all kinds of housework. Let me tell you something about horned toads. A gentleman had two of them for pets. One of them had thirty-six young ones and the other one had twenty-four, and before they were as large as a honey-bee the parents ate the poor little ones all up. Next time I write I will tell you about our trip to the San Pedro mines. Adios.  
RALPH W. B.

Herbert Aldrich, a dear little boy not quite nine years old, died at his home in Brooklyn on January 18. His illness was brief, lasting only three days. While lying in bed, and apparently not in danger, he took great pleasure in looking over his beloved *YOUNG PEOPLE*, reading the new number, which arrived on the 15th of January, and re-reading some of the earlier ones. He had taken the paper from its first number. His father writes, touchingly: "The last story he heard in this life was taken from *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and now we want to thank you for the great pleasure he received from its perusal, and for the many lessons of good he learned from it. It is the earnest prayer of our sad hearts that for many years to come the paper may give to thousands of young people as great enjoyment as it gave our dear little Herbert."

The beautiful stanzas which follow were written by Mr. Aldrich for the enjoyment of his children, and he kindly allows us to publish them in Our Post-office Box.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE RAINBOW.

I remember a story, my children,  
That oft in my boyhood was told,  
Of a maiden who followed a rainbow  
In search of a large bag of gold.

For thus runs the story, my darlings,  
If once she could come to the end,  
She'd find all the gold that she needed,  
And plenty to give to a friend.

So over the hill-sides she clambered,  
And down in the valleys she went,  
Though rough was the path that she travelled,  
Upon her great search all intent.

Ne'er minding the brambles that caught her,  
Ne'er heeding the rain-storm that beat,  
Though tired grew the frail little body  
And weary and sore were her feet.

Forgetting her home and its duties,  
Forgetting her lessons unlearned;  
But looking afar to the heavens  
Where the bow with its bright colors burned.

Still onward and onward she wandered,  
Still watching the rainbow so fair,  
Till all of a sudden it faded,  
And melted away in the air.

Then heavily homeward she plodded,  
Though long was the path she must tread  
Ere safe in the arms of her mother  
She might wearily nestle her head.

And this is the moral, my darlings,  
Which runs through the whole of my rhyme:  
Don't leave your home duties untended  
While far for a rainbow you climb.

Don't scorn all the pleasures around you,  
Though those far away seem so fair,  
Since, like the bright bow of the maiden,  
They may vanish and fade in the air.

For ever around you are duties,  
And lessons will come with each day;  
Rich rewards will fidelity bring you,  
Though rainbows may vanish away.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

CHARLES ALDRICH.

FREEDOM, MINNESOTA.

I am a little farmer boy nine years old. I have been to school every day but three this winter; I study reading, spelling, writing, geography, and practical arithmetic. I have a little dog; his name is Rogue; he is a funny fellow. I tell you. We have seven lambs, and Rogue likes to play with them, but the old sheep drive him away. I think "The Ice Queen" is a splendid story. I have three brothers, all older than myself. I drove the harvester last harvest. There are some nice Artesian wells near here which I would like to tell you about, but it would take too long; so good-by.  
Success to my farmer lad!  
FRANK S.

Last week we were told of the flood, and this week Gracie gives her recollections of a cyclone:

PLAINVIEW, ILLINOIS.

I thought I would write a letter to the Post-office Box. I am a little girl ten years old. Brother Lloyd, sisters Kate and Mary, and myself go to school. I have another sister, Carrie, but she



is too young to go to school. I must tell you something about the cyclone, or tornado, that came through here last May. It destroyed our orchard of 250 trees, and swept our barn, granary, and corn sheds all miles away. It killed four hogs and two calves for papa, and it moved our house almost off the foundation; it tore the doors out of the parlor, and scattered our things in every direction—some were found miles away. Our neighbor's house was all torn to pieces. They were in the house at the time—himself and wife and his wife's sister (who is blind), three daughters, and a hired man—and not one was killed. Was it not providential they were not killed?

GRACIE C.

More experiences are here of the raging waters.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We have had a great flood here in Cincinnati. The river rose to a height of 71 feet  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, the highest ever known. Houses were seen floating down the Ohio River every day. We were without gas for five or six days, and had to use lamps instead. There has been great suffering here. The Public School-houses were opened for the homeless people as places for shelter. All the railroads in the city are under water except one, and that is the Cincinnati Northern. There were also several people drowned in the flooded streets. I counted thirty-six chickens floating down the river perched on a raft.

EDDIE G.

JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.

I want to tell you of the flood we are having. I live down in Southern Indiana, where the Ohio Valley has overflowed. I have been sailing all afternoon in a boat about the streets. It is a terrible affliction to our people; many are homeless here and in Lawrenceburg. My home is not in the city, so we don't get any of the flood in our house; but my papa's printing-office is in town, and if the water is as high as it was last year, it will be in the office if the water doesn't go down. I am thirteen years old, and in the Sixth Reader. Yours truly,

MAY D.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I have taken a great deal of pleasure in reading the letters in the Post-office Box every week, so I thought I would write one. I have three pets: two canary-birds, one named Gyp and the other Toy, and a big Maltese cat, which we call Don. He used to think a great deal of me, and would sleep at the foot of my bed every night; but since I have been taken sick—and I am now writing this from a sick-bed—he will not come near me, and if any one tries to bring him to me he will scratch and fight to get away. Can you tell me the reason for that? Among my Christmas presents was a sled and a pair of rubber boots, with which I expected to have great fun in the snow this winter, but I was taken ill a few days after Christmas, so I have not been able to play with them so far, and the doctor says that I can not go out until spring, so you see I will not have much fun with my presents. Is it not too bad? One of the greatest pleasures that I have while in bed is reading *YOUNG PEOPLE* every week. I think it does me more good than the doctor's visits, and if I should see this letter in the Post-office Box it would almost make me well again. Good-by.

ETHEL J. M.

Don's behavior is very unkind, but perhaps he is afraid that he will become ill himself if he approaches his little mistress too closely. The rubber boots and sled will be all ready for next winter's frolics.

This is from a Michigan girl of six:

CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl six years old, and I am reading in the Second Reader. I have a pet dog, and his name is Donny. The other afternoon we played a new game called Cabbage Chickens; my sister Mina, my cousin Sarah, my brother Arthur, and I all played it, and it was so much fun that I thought I would write a letter and ask you children if you know how to play it. If any little girl or boy does not know, and would like to, I will tell them. I have not learned to write yet, and so my teacher is writing for me, but I have told her what to say. I am taking music lessons, and I have just got past "O music, sweet music," in my book. My brother takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we all read it, and like it very much. Will you please print my letter, because it is the first one I have ever sent.

EFFIE H.

Of course all the children want to know how to play Cabbage Chickens, and so do I. Perhaps I could be the Mother Hen, and let the little chicks fly under my wings. So when you read this, Effie, send the full directions at once.

This is from a California girl, who is six. She wrote it beautifully, too, and so plainly that I actually called somebody to look at it. I like clear, plain writing so very much:

BENTON, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl six years old. My mamma is dead, but my auntie takes care of me. My papa

is in China, and the last time he came home he brought me a little Chow dog, and our China boy was delighted with it. I had a little Maltese kitten, and a squirrel from Mexico. I go to school, where there are three hundred scholars, and I am in the next to the lowest grade.

I got a valentine to-day, and this is my valentine to you. I wrote this myself, and I have written a good many letters to my papa. I hope this will be published, for I want to see it in the paper.

FANNY K. F.

To match our wee girlies' letters comes this, all the way from the West:

HIAWATHA, KANSAS.

I am a little boy six years old, and we have a little baby a year old. We all take *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I am in the Second Reader. I wrote this by myself. I like to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I like "The Ice Queen" the best of all. I weigh fifty pounds, and my brother is eight years old, and he weighs sixty pounds and a half. We have seven children.

WEB W.

What a houseful! I think fifty pounds is a good weight for a young gentleman of six; but you should tell me how tall you are when papa takes you measures.

This, too, comes all the way from Michigan:

COOPERSVILLE, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl six years old. I have a little brother two years old; he is a cunning little fellow, and his name is Hal. I am going to tell you what I got Christmas: I got a tea set, a pocket-book, a book full of nice stories, a vase, and a pocket-handkerchief. I have never been to school, but am going next April. I am learning to spell this winter; I have got to Lesson Fifty-five in Harrington's Graded Spelling-Book. Brother and I have no pets, but we have beautiful flowers in the summer-time, and know the names of all of them. This is the first year I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE*; I like it very much, especially the Post-office Box department. This is my first letter, and I hope to see it in print.

ELLA L.

I am so pleased that little Ella knows her flowers by name.

WEST BOLTON, CANADA.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and for my birthday present mamma gave me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I like it very much, and hope to take it next year too. I have three sisters, but no brother. My oldest, sister Maggie, is in Montreal, going to school. She came home at Christmas, and we were very glad to see her. We had a Christmas tree, and enjoyed it very much. I have a cat named Beauty, and my sister Susie has one named Topsy; they are both very cunning. I am a cousin to Bessie C. She lives four miles from here. I do not go to school, but mamma teaches me and little sister Mary at home, and sister Susie gives us music lessons. We have got over three hundred paper dolls. I think I like Miss Alcott's books best, though I like *The Wide, Wide World* very much. I have read *Little Women*, *Jack and Jill*, *Under the Lilacs*, and *Eight Cousins*, besides the short stories written by her in *St. Nicholas*. I will get mamma to copy this for me, as I can not write very well. With love to the dear Postmistress.

MABEL L. K.

CALIFORNIA, MISSOURI.

I am a little boy, and I go to school. We take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it very much; it reaches here every Wednesday evening. I am reading two books, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Ivanhoe*; they are both very interesting. My companions and I skate mornings before school. The first time I put my skates on I fell down many times. I live in a healthy town, and I like to live here very well.

J. G.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have had *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since the first number. Our kind Sunday-school teacher gives it to our class. Each girl has one every week; I get it first, and the next week pass it to another girl, while I receive the new one, and so on. I enjoy *YOUNG PEOPLE* better than any other paper that I know. I am not one of your little folks, for I think I am a pretty big girl at eighteen. I would like to correspond with a few girls in Germany, as I know it very well, and can perhaps help some who do not know it as well. I used to go to a German school when I was in the country. I am in a cooking school now. I was in the New York Cooking School for two years, where they trained girls to cook and do housework.

L. A. S., 222 E. Seventeenth Street.

FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA.

I wrote to you before, but it was not printed, so I thought I would write again. I am ten years old. I go to school, and study geography, arithmetic, language, spelling, reading, and writing. I am studying about Asia now. J. F. W., from Jacksonville, Florida, wanted to know the name of a fine green vine with red flowers. Perhaps it was a cypress vine. I have a little sister six years old, whom I love very much. We have but one live pet; that is a cat, whose name is

William George. Don't you think that's a funny name? I am very fond of *YOUNG PEOPLE*. After reading it I lend it to a little girl who is so badly hurt from coasting that she can not sit up.

BESSIE B.

Many thanks for charming favors to these young friends: Josie B. H., Nye D., Freddie J. T., J. M. D., L. L. C., Wolcott P. D., Helen H., Arnie S., C. Arthur E., Fannie, Rilla M. B., L. V. S., Georgie H., Arthur L. B., Myra A. H., Andrew R., Little Maud, Lizzie F., Charlotte C., Emma S., Harper R., Frank H., Sadie H., Mattie E. R., G. H. W., Edith W., Rose B., Gracie C., Oscar S., N. A. L., Mira L. C., Jeanette B. H., and Mary B.—Florence J. A.: Look for your letter in the Post-office Box next week. The pretty scrap-book has been sent to St. Mary's Hospital for the little fellow in our Cot.—Frank and Willie: Exchanges are inserted without charge.—Harry Green P., Jun.: Your letter delighted me. It is very manly. Your motto, "Always speak the truth," is one of the very best; and your sister's, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," is a golden rule for home and school. Write again. I will try to make room for your next letter.—Etta A. M.: Your fairy story is gracefully written, but I can not slip it in just now. Send a letter telling of your home and daily life.—Grace and Mabel D.: Thanks for the pretty pen-wiper.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Take a gulf of Europe, a country of Asia, a State of the United States, an island in the Indian Ocean, a country of South America, and a sea of Europe, and so arrange them as to have their initial letters spell the name of an island of Europe.

No. 2.

THREE EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. To drag. 2. Fury. 3. Generations. 4. Where the sun sets.  
2.—1. Watery particles. 2. Not any. 3. At one time. 4. Underbrush. SLEEPING BEAUTY.  
3.—1. A heavenly body. 2. Gentle. 3. An ancient prophet. 4. To sleep. C. Y. REES.

No. 3.

ENIGMA.

My first is in bonnet, but not in hat,  
My second in squirrel, but not in rat.  
My third is in water, but not in oil.  
My fourth is in earth, but not in soil.  
My fifth is in dream, but not in sleep.  
My sixth is in laugh, but not in weep.  
My whole is found in nearly every house.

JOSE L. S.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 236.

No. 1.—C-lock. B-ox. C-hair. W-omen. O-range. B-owl. B-racket. G-glass.

No. 2.—

H and  
O pal  
L and  
M line  
E mma  
S and

No. 3.—

H	T	O	P				P
I	O	R	S				F
U	S	E					L
E							A
							C
							K

No. 4.—

C  
P A N  
C A I R O  
C R Y  
O  
S I D E  
I D E A  
I D E A  
E A R S

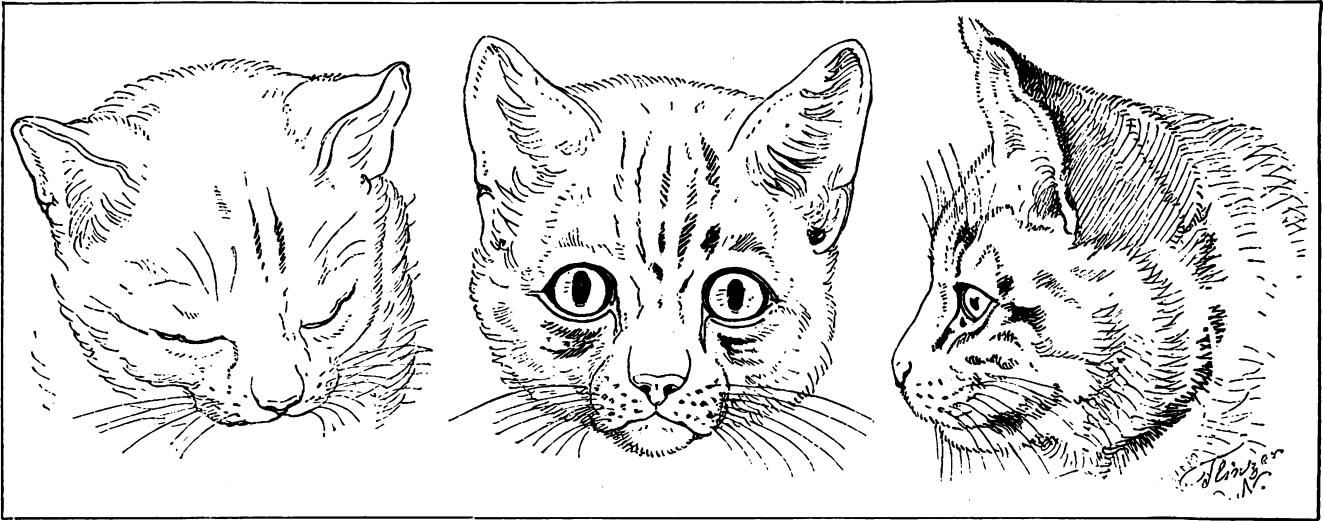
No. 5.—

Multiplication. Cat. Till. Plum. Cot.  
Onion. Mica.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lulu J. Pope, Dell V. De Witt, Emily S. Reed, Loulie Barlow, Margie Dane, Lulu B., F. H. B., Lizzie Harris, Edith I. Chapman, S. M. Fechner, William Lampeing, Maggie P. Coppere, Helen Stubbs, Charles M. Bradley, Louis B. Runk, Herbert W., H. E. Wheeler, Silva Pearl Hedwig Reineman, H. K. P., John Wilson, Harry S. Latham, Milton Brown, Roger Ticknor, Blanche H. Colman, Jack Paget, Margaret Gray, Albert G., Blue-Eyes, Little Fidget, Earle Townley, Jimmy Kendrick, Arthur Board, Sleeping Beauty, Fannie Brown, Ralph W. Borchert, and John F. Eggers.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





### THREE BROTHERS.—By R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

IN the cozy kitchen,  
All the livelong day,  
See three little fellows  
Jump around and play!

They are little brothers,  
Full of joy and fun  
As the merry robins  
Singing in the sun.

Never do they quarrel  
Over balls and bats,  
For these little brothers  
Are but pussy-cats.

### THE STINGING TREE.

**T**HOUGH the tropical plants of Australia are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their drawbacks. There is one among them that is really dangerous. It is called the stinging tree. If a large portion of the body is burned by the stinging tree, death will be the result.

It would be as safe to pass through fire as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two or three inches high to ten and fifteen feet; the stem of the old ones is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. The tree has a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round. It also has a point at the top, and is jagged all round the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are large; some are larger than a saucer.

"Sometimes," says a traveller, "while shooting turkeys in the

scrub, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree, till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and then have found myself in a little forest of them. I was stung only once, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no marks, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, and when it gets wet in washing, etc.

"I have seen a man, who treated ordinary pain lightly, roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have seen a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging trees, a few inches high, are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see, and seriously imperiling one's ankles. The scrub is usually found growing among palm-trees."



The puzzle is to find out what proverb of five words is represented by the large picture. It is solved by means of the small pictures, the names of which are composed of letters taken from different words of the proverb. The figures indicate the words in which the letters are found.



# HARPER'S

## YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 230.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, March 25, 1884.

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\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

### RACKET.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

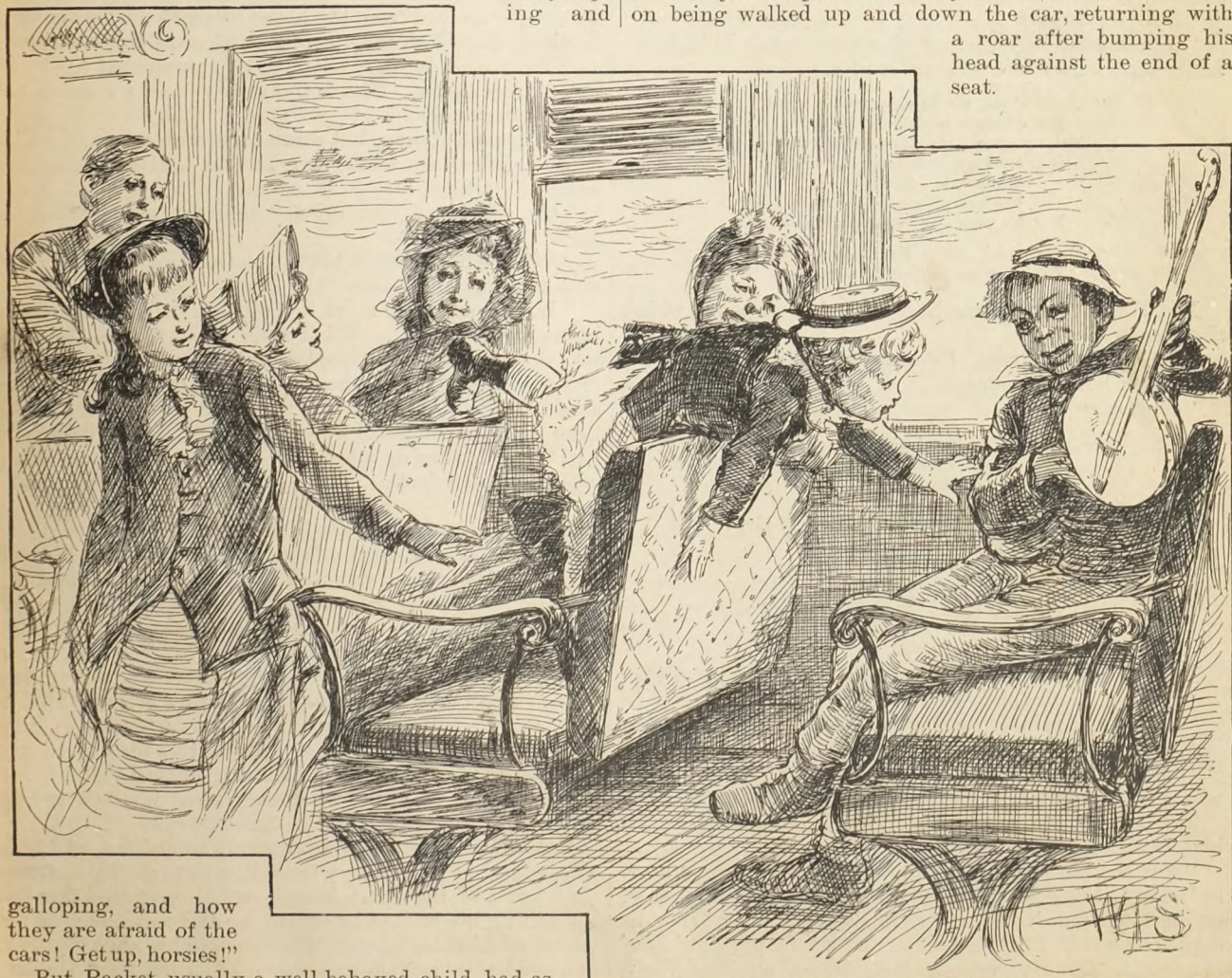
#### I.

"THERE, there, poor little Rackety! See, now, won't he play bo-peep with Will's hat? Well, then—Oh-h-h-h! look out the window and see the horsies!

How they are jumping and

life so trying as this long day's ride in a railroad car. All the help given by toys, picture-books, candy, and cakes, had been used up hours ago. All the efforts of mamma, two sisters, a little brother, and the nurse could no longer keep him within the bounds of proper baby behavior.

"Only one more hour, I'm happy to say!" exclaimed Edith, as Racket gave an angry scream at being refused the brass rack over his head for a plaything. But a tedious delay took place at a way-station, when he insisted on being walked up and down the car, returning with a roar after bumping his head against the end of a seat.



galloping, and how they are afraid of the cars! Get up, horsies!"

But Racket, usually a well-behaved child, had as yet found nothing in his two years' experience of

"OH NO, HONEY, YER CANT HAB DAT!"

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A welcome hush fell, however, as the car door opened, and he stared at the incomer, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or frightened. It was a bright-looking colored boy, with a velveteen suit, from which the nap was almost worn away, a very large, very clean collar, and a banjo. He took his seat behind the nurse, and beamed on Racket with so hearty a smile that the small boy allowed his friends five minutes of quiet while he gravely eyed the dark skin, white teeth, and shiny eyes. The result seemed satisfactory, for he presently leaned over the back of the seat, and made a grab at the banjo.

"Oh no, honey, yer can't hab dat!" said the boy, laughing, and drawing it back.

Racket reached further, lost his balance, and went over head-foremost, accompanied by a shrill cry from the nurse, as she vainly tried to catch him. The united family sprang up in alarm to see Racket upside down and kicking violently in the arms of the boy, who had dropped his banjo in preventing his fall.

"Nebber yer mind, now, honey," he cried, coaxingly. "Yer ain't hurt a mite, nohow."

But Racket thought he was, and was preparing to express himself to that effect in his own way, which intention was happily nipped in the bud by a few thrums on the banjo. Then its owner looked with concern at a slight break in its frame.

"Is it broken?" asked Racket's mother.

"Not much, missus. It 'll go yet. See?"

"What is your name, and where are you going?"

"Gabe, missus. Into de city fer ter play de banjo an' sing, an' git some money fer de ole mammy."

"Sing for us now."

"Yes, missus. No, honey, don't ye ketch hold, now. Little w'ite boys don't want no banjos.

"Come along, my brudder, come along,  
For de time is drawin' nigh,  
For de angels say dere's nuffin ter do  
But ter ring dem charmin' bells.  
We are al—most home,  
We are al—most home,  
For ter ring dem charmin' bells.

"Come along, Sister Mary, come along,  
For de time is drawin' nigh," etc.

Mrs. Dwight wrote some lines on a piece of paper, which she gave to Gabe.

"Here is our address. Come to us in the city, and we'll have your banjo mended."

"Sing more," said the boys. And Gabe sang:

"Daniel in de lions' den—  
An' a how I long to go!  
De lions did not hurt him den—  
An' a how I long to go!  
O king, king, king, live forever, O king!  
An' a how I long to go!

"De angels come from paradise—  
An' a how I long to go!  
De angels locked de lions' jaws,  
An' a—"

Racket had heard lion stories, and now began growling: "Br-r-r-r, br-r-r-r, br-r-r-r-r."

"Listen to de chile!" exclaimed Gabe, in great glee, forgetting his song. "Yes, honey, de big roarin' lions dey goes dis a way"—he made a rumbling sound on the banjo, which highly delighted Racket and his brother next older.

The cars started again, and Racket's caretakers leaned back with sighs of relief.

"Yer see, ole Mas' Lion, one day he done cotch a deer, an' he say: 'Br-r-r-r, br-r-r-r, I's gwine ter hev a party, an' umvite all de 'ristocratic animals.' Den Mas' B'ar, he done come wid his 'Ur-r-r-r, ur-r-r [banjo], an' Mas' Rooster, he done come wid his Oo-oo-oo, an' Mas' Wolf, he done come wid his 'War-war-war,' an' Mas' Coon, he done come wid his 'Karak-ak-ak-ak.' But w'en de rat

an' de weasel dey done come, ole Mas' Lion, he done say, 'G'long, youens can't come, nohow; youens isn't 'ristocratic nuff.' Den de rat an' de weasel dey done gone stan' in de corner, an' put deir finger in deir mouf, an' sulks. An' de rat, he done say, 'I's gwine ter hev a party, an' I won't umvite ole Mas' Lion, dar, now!' An' de weasel, he done say, 'I's gwine ter hev a party, an' I won't umvite nobody at all; dar, now!' An' w'en ole Mas' Lion, he— For gracious! *W'ats dat?*"

It was not only Gabe who rose to his feet with a cry of terror, for all heard the dread sound, whose only meaning could be a sudden and awful change from the security of luxurious travel to wreck and ruin, suffering, perhaps death. Cries and groans followed quick upon the rending, crashing, splintering, and the fast-gathering darkness added its gloom to the fearful hour.

The angel of the shadowy wings did not wave them over the scene, but the destruction was most complete, and many a poor creature was carried away, maimed and crippled, by kindly hands, which were soon busy; and gentle touch and voice did their utmost to relieve suffering and soothe distress. The accident had taken place near a little town, to which some of the wounded were removed, while others were taken a few miles further on. Thus it came that in the confusion Mrs. Dwight was separated from her children, she, with a severe injury on the head, being left with the nurse, whose hurts were trifling, while Herbert, Edith, Ruth, and Willy were carried elsewhere, Herbert with a broken limb, and the others with various lighter hurts.

But by the time their wounds had been attended to a messenger arrived from the house where their mother lay. To the inquiry how they were getting on, Edith answered,

"We are all doing nicely. How is mamma?"

"A little better. The doctor says you may come to see her if you are able."

Edith went at once, but came back with a face so white as she sank down beside her brother that he seized her hand in alarm.

"Oh, Herbert!" she cried, "mamma asked 'How is Rackety?'"

"Why, why, Edith, what do you mean? Isn't Racket with mamma and Susan?"

"No, no, and they think he is with us. Herbert, where is the darling baby? What shall we do? Oh, oh, what will mamma say when she knows?"

When the family at last went back to their home the shadow which they bore with them was deeper and heavier than the one which had fallen before. The neighborhood had been thoroughly searched, but no trace of the missing child had been found.

## II.

Where, indeed, was poor little Racket?

At the first rude shock of the collision Gabe felt himself violently dashed one way and then the other. Amid the blinding, deafening confusion a baby voice came to his ear, and a soft little form was flung against him, which he seized and clasped closely, and together they seemed tossed hither and thither until thrown to a vast distance. And when Gabe opened his dizzy eyes it was because he was aroused by a stinging pain, which drew also a woful little wail from Racket. The hissing steam from the overturned locomotive was escaping and drifting toward them.

"Laws, honey, chile, we doesn't want ter be biled ter deff after gittin' banged ter deff, does we?"

People with lanterns were moving to and fro, and help was near; but Gabe's only thought was to get beyond further touch of the sharp tongue which stung so cruelly. Forgetting his bruises he sprang up and ran he knew not where, still holding the child fast in both his arms, until all of a sudden he went down—down—down, rolling, sliding, bumping over grass, gravel, and bushes until poor Gabe at last knew nothing more.



But Racket, somewhat protected by the circling arms, had fared better, and his pitiful cries soon brought help in the shape of two women followed by some children.

"Must 'a been a bad accident if it throwed 'em this far. Lay hold, Nancy, and let's fetch the poor little ducky to the wagons. Bob, you bring the baby; poor little chap, his arm's a-bleedin'. Wonder if his folks is all killed? The men can tell when they comes back."

The men came back, and reported no one killed and no inquiries for a missing child.

If Gabe could have gone to it on his own feet he would have greatly enjoyed the sight of the emigrant's encampment in the deep, wide ravine down whose steep side he had fallen. It would have suited him well to have a hand in the boiling of the coffee and the roasting of the corn and potatoes, while the flickering glow cast by the big fire on trees and bushes would have pleased his eye. But he was indifferent to all sights and sounds as he was carefully placed in a rude bed in one of the wagons.

"It's only a bump; he'll come to," they said; and then Racket's arm was bound up, when it appeared that he was not too much hurt to eat a plentiful supper (although with some rebellion at receiving it from strange hands), even laughing merrily once or twice at the leaping and glancing of the great fire. After which he slept soundly all night.

As soon as Gabe appeared to be conscious he was asked where he lived. He struggled with his clouded senses for some minutes, and then gave a queer-sounding name; after which he went into another prolonged fainting-fit.

"That's on our way, John. Take 'em there."

So it happened that Gabe and Racket were carried ten miles from the scene of the accident.

But when they arrived Gabe was scarcely conscious yet. He only just managed to recognize the fact that they were not far from the "dirt road" which led to his mother's cottage. Thanking the travellers for their kindly help, he took Racket in his arms and painfully hobbled toward it.

"De laws, chile!" exclaimed Aunt Charity, as Gabe staggered in, and, placing Racket in her lap, threw himself on the bed, perfectly exhausted. "Wha you been, Gabe, an' what you been a-doin'? Whar's de ole banjo? What's de matter ails dis pore baby? an' what's de matter ails yerself, anyhow?"

But Gabe had not a word to say. Two weeks went by; the doctor came and went, and Gabe still tossed on his sick-bed. Then, however, the fever left him, and he could tell his story.

Aunt Charity listened in great excitement to his account of the accident, one moment raising her eyes and hands, with expressive shakes of the head, the next groaning dismally over the distressing story.

"In a accident, an' come out alive! Not many folks could 'a done it. An' held on to de pore little critter all de time—course you did, Gabe! Bress his pore little soul! An' yer pore ole pappy's banjo gone! You'll git well, Gabe, but we'll nebber see de ole banjo no more. Dar, honey, quit yer cryin'; mammy 'll git him a cake. Whar's his mudder, you s'pose, Gabe?"

"How kin I tell? Didn't I tole yer how I war bumped up an' bumped down, an' bumped round an' round, an' den tumbled down de hill? But I spect she's done killed."

"Oh, oh, oh!" Aunt Charity snatched up Racket and rocked him in a transport of pitying tenderness. "Oh, oh! de good Lord He knowed whar ter send dis yer pore lost lamb fer ter be took car' ob. But I don't b'liebe she's killed. You warn't killed. Oh, oh! if she isn't killed, how she's a-grievin' her pore heart out fer dis yer baby dis yer blessed minit!"

"I'll find her sho's she ain't killed," said Gabe, firmly.

"You must, Gabe; you must."

At last, early one morning, Aunt Charity wrapped an old shawl about Racket.

"Look hyar, Gabe," she said, pausing solemnly before an old chest. Gabe looked equally solemn, for it contained instruments left by his father, who had been a noted musician in old plantation times. She reverently took out another banjo. "Dar, now. We won't go on dem dar kyars, an' crack dis yer one all ter pieces."

And, after locking up the little house, walking leisurely, or with such "lifts" as they could get by the way, they were in a day or two swallowed up in the great city, without a clew to aid them in what they were bent on accomplishing, for the address which Racket's mother had given to Gabe lay at the bottom of the ravine.

And Gabe walked through the city's unfamiliar streets, often feeling, as he stood hungry and with aching feet and a heart from which courage seemed almost gone, the full sense of the words he sang:

"I'm a-weary, weary waitin'  
For de joyful hour ter come."

But he never failed for a moment in his fixed resolution to restore Racket to his mother, and returned every night to the tenement-house in which Aunt Charity helped a friend to wash for their very poor living, with a cheery "Find 'em ter-morrow, sho's ye lib—pore little chap!"

### III.

"This won't do!" exclaimed Dr. Merrit to himself, as he walked through a door, opened by a solemn-voiced servant, into a darkened hall which led him to a still darker room, where a woman bearing a burden of hopeless sorrow took his hand.

"I say, Margaret—I mean—I don't wonder at you, of course—nobody could—but this has got to stop some time, you know; don't you, my dear?"

"What do you mean, uncle? What has got to stop?"

"Why, this thing of keeping sunshine out of the house. It's as silent and gloomy as a tomb here. Oh, poor soul! Every one goes about with a sad face and a suppressed voice—enough to give one a chill to listen to."

"How could it be otherwise?" the mother said, wearily.

"Oh, poor child! how could it? And what an old wretch I am! But, Margaret, you *must* remember the children you have left. Things can't go on this way. Herbert looks old with his load of care; and the girls go about like little ghosts; and when Will gets outside the house for a while he looks as if he were afraid to come in. You *must* get out of this room; you must let in the light."

Just as the doctor was uttering these words a ragged colored boy was wandering along the street.

"It's been t'rough ebbery one o' de quality streets, an' if his mudder 'd been dar, she'd 'a looked outen de winder w'en she hear me a-singin', an', says she, 'Gabe, whar's dat dar baby?' She *must* 'a got killed." He walked in at the open gate, and, going up to the house, looked down into the area windows, from which poured a flood of warm light.

"Jolly times down dar!—chicken an' cake an' jelly an' sech. Wish I's— *Ki, hi—ki!*"

Gabe bounced up with a shout which brought two or three policemen that way. Through street, park, and alley he flew, panting, breathless, heedless of whatever might come in his way, till, reaching his mother, he was totally unable to utter a word. But as he snatched the clothing Racket had worn on that night of all nights to be remembered, and, flinging him on her lap, danced around the two in an ecstasy of delight, she understood.

"May de good Lord be praised!" and with shaking hands she put on the little garments.

A loud peal at a door-bell was followed by a rush and a hubbub in a handsome hall which caused every one to start and listen. Digitized by Google



"You can't do that here, you saucy young scamp; the mistress is in trouble, and can't stand—"

But the old servant's words were drowned by the tinkle of a banjo, and a voice which jubilantly rang out the words:

"We are al—most home,  
We are al—most home,  
Fer ter ring dem charmin' bells."

Higher and higher they rose as Gabe nimbly dodged, and shook off and elbowed aside the hands which would indignantly have taken him by the shoulders and put him outside the door before the mistress should be disturbed.

But she had heard—for there was a cry on the stairs, and the next moment the impudent boy who had thus dared to intrude himself and his noise was thrusting into her

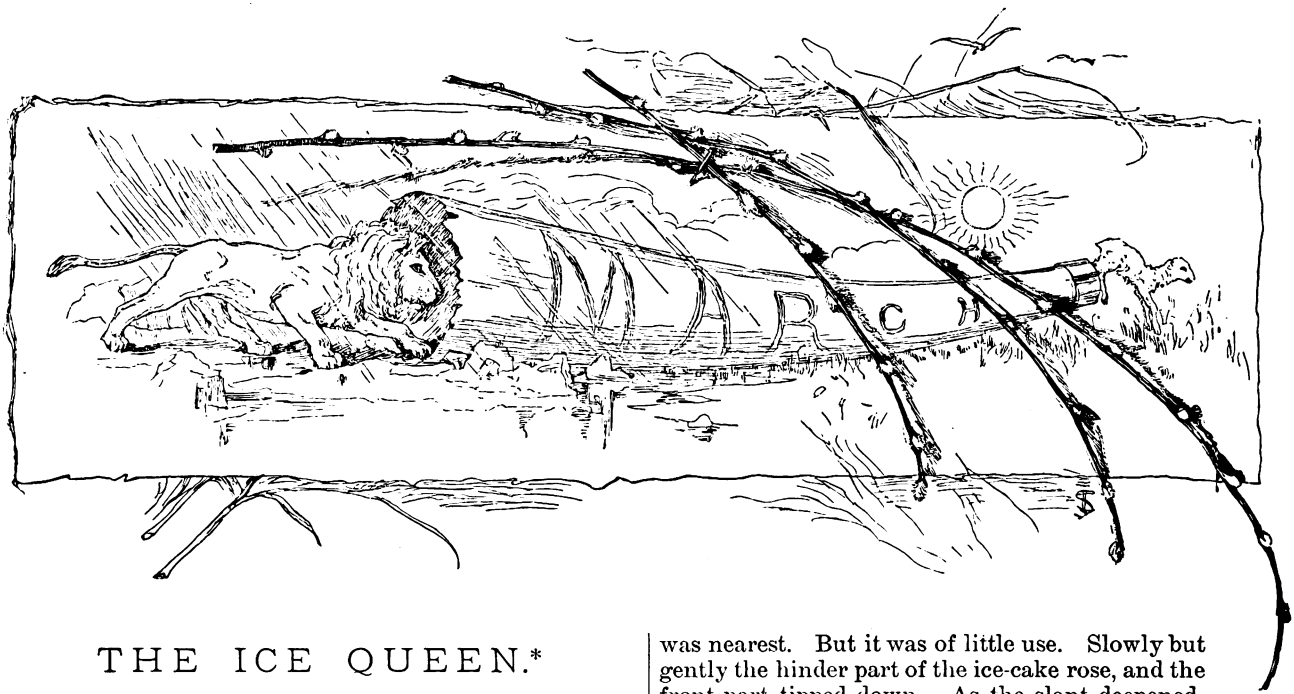
arms a child who screamed and struggled lustily to escape their trembling clasp.

Back again into the glow of the sweet home life—back at last to the dear caresses of brothers and sisters, and to the full blessedness of mother love—came the poor little wanderer who could not know what he had lost, and what was now restored to him.

And Gabe?

Gabe is an astonishing young person, in the neatest of liveries, with the brightest of buttons, who tends the door and does errands for the people who live in the great house where Racket is the youngest member of the family, and Gabe his especial slave. Aunt Charity lives near by.

"I tole you, chilluns," she says, "dat dere was suffin wonderf'ol about Gabe. I knowed he'd be a great pusson some day, and so he is!"



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### A NIGHT IN AN OPEN BOAT.

**W**HAT should be done? Aleck was sure that their only chance for life lay in getting the boat afloat; but unless it could be brought nearer the edge, this could not be done, and perhaps was impossible, anyway. Yet to stay where they were was destruction. Katy and Jim had climbed into the boat, and crouched down out of the snow, while the larger lads stood outside trying to find some way out of their desperate situation. They must think fast; minutes were precious; but, cudgel their brains as they might, only darkness, a howling snow-squall, and crashing blocks of ice greeted their eyes or thoughts. One minute passed, two minutes passed, and they could see no way to help themselves. The third minute was slipping by, when a huge ice-cake crowded its resistless way underneath the rear edge of their own raft, toward which the stern of the boat was pointing, and slowly lifted it above the level of the water.

At once the sledge began to feel this inclination, and started to move.

"Jump in!" shouted Aleck, and leaped aboard, with Tug beside him. "Try to steady her!" they heard him cry, and each seized an oar, or a boat-hook, or whatever

was nearest. But it was of little use. Slowly but gently the hinder part of the ice-cake rose, and the front part tipped down. As the slant deepened, the speed of the sliding boat increased, until it went with a rush, and struck the water with a plunging splash that would surely have swamped them had it not been for the tight half-deck forward, which shed the water, and caused the little craft to rise upon an even keel as soon as she had fairly left the surface of the ice. It was evident in an instant, however, that she would sink in a very short time unless freed of the great sledge which was dragging upon her bottom. Already the water was pouring over her sides, and Aleck knew that they were in imminent danger of sinking or capsizing, or both. Tug had leaped in forward, and to him Aleck shouted, "Cut those bands!"

"Haven't any knife."

"Here's the hatchet. Hurry up."

One stroke of Tug's arm parted one of the bands, and he raised his hatchet for the second one, for there were two straps forward. As it descended, Aleck drew his pocket-knife across the strained band astern, which parted with a loud ripping noise. The idea was that both straps should be severed at the same instant; but in the darkness Tug partly missed his aim, and the poor boat, held to the sledge by a single strap, began to yaw and jerk and ship water in a most alarming manner—a strain she could not have borne one moment had not the half-cut band of canvas broken, setting the boat free. Aleck had intended to hold to the strap and take the sledge aboard; but this struggle, which came so near wrecking them all, wrenched it out of his hand, and the first wave washed

\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



the bobs beyond recovery—a loss whose full force did not strike them at once, for they had too much else to think of.

The weight and awkwardness of the sledge having been taken away, the boat rode much more lightly in the face of the ice-clogged sea, and showed how stanch and trim she really was, though much cold water splashed over her rails.

"Now," said Aleck, cheerfully, though it was fortunate the darkness could conceal how anxious was the expression of his face—"now we shall get along. Jim, get out your oars (the stroke); and look out for floating ice forward, Tug. Katy, my little steersman, are you very, very cold?"

"N-n-n-o!" the girl answered, bravely, but her teeth chattered dreadfully.

"Better say you are, for you can't hide it, poor child. Wait a minute till I get this strap off my roll of bedding, and I will wrap a blanket around you."

Doubling a large blanket, he put it carefully over her head and shoulders like an immense hood. Then he buckled around her the strap which had held the roll together, leaving only a fold out of which she might grasp the tiller, and another crevice through which to peep and breathe.

"We've got to have that lantern lit, 'cause you must see the compass."

Taking some matches from his pocket, he knelt down, placed the lantern under the skirt of Katy's blanket robe, crouched over it as close as he could, and struck a match. It went out. A second fizzed a while, which only warmed the wicking, but at the third the oil in the wick took fire, and the lantern was soon shining gayly into the bright face of the compass at Katy's feet.

"Now, Youngster, for the oars. Lie low, and let me crawl over you to my seat."

Aleck got there and was ready, but Jim was still fumbling about on each side, and feeling under the thwart.

"What's the matter? Why don't you go to work?"

"Can't find but one oar."

"Only one oar? Sure?"

Then the two searched, but to no purpose. It had been dropped overboard, evidently, during the excitement about loosing the sledge.

"Well, Jim, it's your fault, but it can't be helped now. You take this quilt, and cuddle down as close to Katy as you can get, and try to keep each other warm. I'll row alone. Ready, forward?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

Then they began to move ahead through the water, which came in long rollers, not in breaking waves, because there was so much ice around them that the wind could not get hold of it. It was very cold. Occasionally Tug would fend away a cake of ice, or they would stop and steer clear of a big piece; but pretty soon he called out in a shaky voice that he was too stiff to stand there any longer, where the spray was blowing over him, and that he should be good for nothing in a few minutes unless he could row awhile to get warm. So Aleck took his place, fixing the

spare canvas into a kind of shield to keep off the spattering drops. It was very forlorn and miserable, and to say that all wished themselves back on shore would be but the faintest expression of their distress.

Little was said. Pushing their way slowly through the cakes of ice, which had grown thicker now; changing every little while from oars to boat-hook and back again, while Katy, protected from freezing by her double blanket, and Jim's close hugging, kept the yawl's head due north; fighting fatigue, hunger, cold, and a great desire to sleep, these brave boys worked hour after hour for their lives and the lives in their care.

When they were beginning to think it must be morning they came squarely against a field of ice which stretched right and left into the darkness farther than it was possible to see. Whether this was the edge of a stationary field or only a large raft they couldn't tell; but they were too exhausted to go farther, and they decided to tie up and wait for daylight. Tug struck his hook into the ice until it held firmly, then lashed it to the stern-post. Aleck stepped out and drove one of the short railway spikes into the ice near the stern, around which a rope was hitched. Then both the boys opened a second roll of bedding, and snuggled down as well as they could to get what rest they were able to while waiting for sunrise. Crowded together in the straw (though it was damp with snow), and covered with quilts and blankets, they could keep tolerably warm, and even caught little naps. The snow had stopped now, and the stars began to appear, first in the north, then overhead, then gradually everywhere. The wind still blew, but the boat slowly ceased to rise and fall upon the rollers, and suddenly (or perhaps they would fall asleep for a few moments) would seem to stand perfectly still.

Tug poked his head from under the covering, and said, "I think we are frozen in." Nobody answered him, for they were asleep, or too stupid to care; but the gray daylight which came at last showed that he was right. On their right hand was a great sheet of new, thin ice; on their left was a mass of thick old ice white with snow. Straight ahead, so well had Katy steered, towered the rocks and trees of a high wooded shore coming momentarily into greater and greater distinctness as the red streamers of the morning shot higher and higher into the eastern sky.



"TRY TO STEADY HER!"



Tug was the first to catch this sight, and roused his fellows with a shout:

"Land!—land! Hurrah!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE ESCAPE TO THE SHORE.

To rouse themselves, hastily gather a few eatables, and make their way ashore had been the work of a very short time, though done with great soreness and much hobbling, after their cramped-up night in the boat.

They halted on the south side of a sheltering rock, where the sun was beginning to shine against the gray stone. Katy hated to confess it, but really she was very, very tired, and was quite willing to let Aleck wrap her up in a thick blanket, and to lie quietly in a sunny nook of the rock while the boys set a fire crackling as near to her as was safe, and began to boil water for coffee. The mill had been forgotten, but Tug had a piece of buckskin in his overcoat pocket, and folding the grains in this they crushed them between two stones, which was just as well as grinding them.

This done, the coffee-pot was filled and set upon the embers, and a moment later four cups were steaming with the hot, reviving liquid, and four tired hands were reaching toward the little heap of slices cut from the boiled ham which had been tossed into the boat the night before when leaving the ice-raft. It had required all of Rex's strength of mind to keep his paws off these tempting pieces for some time past.

"Poor dog!" cried Jim; "we must give you something, if we are pretty short. Pity there was no fish left for you."

"He can have my slice of ham," Katy said, with a faint smile. "I can't eat it, somehow."

"Better try to eat a little, sis," Aleck said, "because—"

"Don't you touch a mouthful!" exclaimed Tug, snatching the shaving from her hand and tossing it to the dog, which swallowed it at a gulp. "Just you wait a minute! I ought to go and kick myself for not thinking of it before!" And with this puzzling remark he rushed off over the ice.

They saw him rummage about the cargo, and then start back, bringing his gun and a small package.

"Thought it would be just as well to make sure of the gun," he remarked, as he rejoined them; "and here's something, Katy, you can eat, I guess!" It was a box containing two dozen preserved figs that he opened, and handed to her. "I bought 'em just before we left Monroe," he said, "and clean forgot 'em till now—sure as I'm a Dutchman!"

"Oh, give me one!" cried Jim.

"Jim Kincaid," said Tug, sternly, springing between the boy and Katy's hand outstretched in generosity, "if you touch one of those figs, I'll punish you well! I didn't bring them all this way for a lubber like you to eat!" And in spite of all the girl's protests, Tug would not touch a fig himself nor allow her to give one to anybody else.

Aleck grinned, and munched his tough morsel; Jim scowled, and gnawed at his shavings as though he enjoyed viciously tearing them into shreds; Tug thought his beef was juicy and sweet as he saw with what gusto poor Katy ate her fruit; and as for Rex, he dug his teeth into the tough remnant of the dried shank which had been given to him, as though he never expected to see another meal.

Refreshed and strengthened by their breakfast and exercise, meagre as it was, and though a thermometer would have marked nearly down to zero, the boys prepared to begin the work of bringing the cargo ashore. Katy wanted to help, but Aleck forbade, so she curled up in her blankets beside the wall of rock, which acted as a sort of oven to hold the warmth, where presently she fell asleep, and the boys, when they returned with their first sled-load of goods, were careful not to awaken her. So much had their stock been reduced that they found a second

trip would enable them to bring everything of consequence ashore by carrying pretty large armfuls. So they distributed their loads as best they could, and started back, slipping and stumbling over the rough ice and through the cutting wind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

**M**OST of the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* know that we are now in the midst of Lent, but perhaps some of them do not know what Lent means. Nearly all religious bodies have in the course of the year a period when they give more than usual attention to religious devotion. Many of them have no fixed time for these revival seasons, but the older Churches—the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican—set apart the forty days preceding Easter for special religious services; and this season, which is also meant to remind people of the forty days during which our Lord was tempted in the wilderness, is called Lent.

Lent is one of the divisions of the "Christian year." Whether or not we belong to a religious body which in any way regulates its services by the Christian year, every educated person ought to know what it means.

The Christian year means the system by which the older Churches commemorate the chief events in the life of our Lord and in the history of the early Church. It begins with Advent. In the Roman and Anglican churches the four weeks preceding Christmas are called the Advent season, and during this season devout people are expected to think not merely of the birth of Christ, but of His second coming promised in the Scriptures, the word "advent" being derived from a Latin word meaning "the approach," or "the coming." Christmas-day, representing the birth of our blessed Lord, needs no explanation.

It is followed by Epiphany, from a Greek word meaning "manifestation," and used by the ancient Church to denote the appearance or manifestation, by the leading of a star, of Christ to the Gentiles. This is celebrated on the 6th of January, and not only reminds us that Christ was sent to both Gentiles and Jews—that is, to the whole world—but it also refers to the visit of the three Magi to the infant Jesus.

The next important day is Ash-Wednesday, the first day of Lent. It is called Ash-Wednesday, because in the primitive or early Church penitents on that day strewed ashes on their head. The last Sunday in Lent, called Palm-Sunday, reminds us of the entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, when the people who were so soon afterward to crucify Him strewed palm branches before Him in His honor.

Then comes, on Friday of the same week, the day which many Christians regard as the most solemn day of the whole year—the day on which we commemorate the crucifixion. This day is Good-Friday—"good," because through the crucifixion of our Lord our salvation is made possible. The week which begins with Palm-Sunday is called Holy Week, and is immediately followed by Easter-Sunday, on which day the resurrection of Christ is celebrated.

Curiously enough, the word Easter is supposed to be the same as Eastre—a heathen goddess whom the Saxons worshipped when they settled in England, and whose festival occurred about the time when Easter-Sunday now occurs. The French, the Italians, the Spanish, and Portuguese call Easter by a word which means "the passover," because it takes the place of the Jewish feast of the Passover.

Easter does not occur on any one particular day of the month, but on the Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March. Easter is the greatest and most glorious day of the Christian year, and it comes at the very time when, in the budding of the trees and the springing up of the grass, nature gives us the beautiful symbol of the Resurrection of which St. Paul has



made use. Forty days after Easter, Ascension-Day commemorates the ascension of Christ, and ten days later Whitsun-day is celebrated in memory of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles, giving them the gift of many languages, and boldness and zeal to preach the Gospel to all nations. The Sunday after Whitsuntide is called Trinity-Sunday, and on that day especial reverence is paid to the Holy Trinity.

There are also other days of the Christian year, such as the days called after the apostles and martyrs, St. Andrew, St. Thomas, St. Stephen, and others; the Innocents' Day, when we read of the slaughter by Herod of all the children in Bethlehem; All-saints' Day, when we are reminded of the blessed souls now in paradise; the days which commemorate the wonderful conversion of St. Paul and other events recorded in the New Testament: and for all these Holy Days, as well as for all Sundays throughout the year, special selections from the four Gospels and the Epistles are appointed to be read in addition to the regular lessons from the Old and New Testaments, and the recitation of the Psalms.

Thus the Christian year is a sort of history of Christ and His Church, and we can imagine how valuable the recurring record must have been in the days when people had no books from which to learn of sacred things, and how efficient it may be as a continual instructor in God's Holy Word.

## THE FAIR FOR SICK DOLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.

### III.



As the boys entered the room it seemed to them as if the fair would be a grand success, even though their valuable services had been dispensed with. The girls had arranged everything without help from any one, and the general appearance of the room showed their taste.

Any acted as door-keeper, standing just inside the room, and allowing any visitor who was at all doubtful about paying the price of admission to get one glimpse of the interior, which always removed any doubts.

On a sofa directly in front of the door were seated the unhappy-looking dolls which it was hoped would derive some benefit from the fair. They were all dressed in blue checked gingham, like the children of some charity school, and they looked so sad and generally broken down that even the most hard-hearted could not but pity them. There were twenty-two of these destitute ones, and of the entire number but four had whole heads, while the quantity of arms and legs that were missing was simply dreadful, for each sad stump was so placed as to be conspicuous, that the need for charity might not be unheeded.

Directly in the rear of this sad-looking group was Guida's refreshment counter, piled high with sweet dainties of all kinds, and tastefully trimmed with green leaves and flowers, until one felt a desire to purchase, even though not hungry.

On either side of the room were tables on which were arranged all kinds of fancy-work, which were offered for sale at very high prices, the same as at a regular fair.

Comparing this scene, which was so charming, save when one looked at the distressed dolls on the sofa, with the uninviting-looking shed where they proposed to hold their entertainment, the boys could not but feel a certain sense of shame that they had even expected to equal, much less

eclipse it. Even if their entertainment had promised to be more pleasing than the fair was, they would still have felt rather awkward as they entered the room where they had vowed not to go, and met the girls against whom they had made threats because they were not admitted as partners in the enterprise. They walked around the room stiffly, looking at the articles offered for sale, but not daring to praise them because of their predictions, until the door opened, and the four remaining members of the concert company entered the room.

They came in much as if they were bent on some wicked errand, and all stood staring at each other as if overcome with surprise because they found themselves in that very inviting-looking place.

No one seemed to know just how to excuse himself for being there, until Charley said, with the air of one who suddenly resolves to do some heroic deed:

"Come on, fellers, I'm going to stand treat to some cakes."

That seemed to put every one at ease immediately, and as they gathered around the table, examining Guida's wares, no one would have supposed for a moment that these were the boys who had proposed to give an entertainment that should keep every one away from the fair.

While they were eating the cakes some of the older people came in, then more children, until the room was so full and business so good that the boys were crowded into a corner, which gave them an opportunity of talking without any danger of being overheard.

"I tell you what it is, fellers," said Harry, frankly, "this is a good deal better show than we could give, an' I go in for stayin' here. I don't believe any one will go to Ralph's shed, an' if they do, they won't stay long if we ain't there."

"But if we've given the tickets away, it will be kind of mean not to give any show," said Charley, doubtfully. "You see, if we'd sold the tickets, it wouldn't be so bad, for then all we'd have to do would be to give the money back."

"But I haven't given any away, for I didn't see anybody but what was coming here," said Harry. "Now how many have you other fellers given?"

The projectors of the concert scheme were by no means flattered when they learned that no one of the members had disposed of any tickets, even though they simply wanted to give them away. The fair in aid of the dolls had been talked about so much that every child in the town was anxious to visit it, and, as a natural consequence, there was no one who cared to attend the concert.

"Then we'll stay right here," said Charley, decidedly, "an' we must act as if we'd been foolin' when we told the girls we'd break the fair up. There'll be lots of fun here before ten o'clock, an' if we've got money enough between us to buy plenty of cake, there won't be any need of going home to supper."

There was no necessity of asking if the other boys agreed to this plan, for one look at their faces was sufficient to show how much more pleased they would be to remain than to go to Ralph's shed and give a very dull concert with but little chance of an audience even of one.

"I'll tell you what we can do to make things all right with the girls, after what we said about the fair," and Charley grew very eager as this happy thought occurred to him. "We'll give a concert next Saturday in aid of the dolls, an' we'll just lay ourselves out in getting ready for it."

It was a splendid plan, and as soon as possible after it was proposed the girls were privately told what the concert troupe was not only willing but anxious to do in aid of their charity.

After that everything went on in the pleasantest manner, and as the crowd of patrons increased in the sitting-room, Mrs. Morse opened the doors of the parlor in order





"THIS IS A GOOD DEAL BETTER SHOW THAN WE COULD GIVE."

that the visitors might enjoy themselves without interfering with the regular business of the fair.

And the girls and boys did have such a good time! They never realized before how much pleasure there was in this kind of charity, and they looked at the sad family on the sofa much as if they were heartily glad there had been so many of them crippled. The fair was also a great success in the way of money. Each visitor brought some to spend in addition to that paid at the door, and the amount received from all sources seemed very large.

Until half past four visitors were constantly arriving, which kept Amy very busy at the door; but after that time it seemed much as if all the patrons were present, for no more came, and the door-keeper had a little time in which to enjoy the fair. She was tired, and stood gazing at Guida's table, much as if she was asking herself whether it would be proper for one of the members of the association to take a piece of cake without paying for it, when she saw that some one was peeping in at the window. Since the night was approaching, one of the girls had drawn aside the curtains rather than light the gas so early, and thus it was possible for any one from the outside to look in without paying anything for the privilege.

Bent on getting as many five-cent pieces for admission as possible, Amy was about to ask the intruder to come in and aid the charitable purpose by spending some money, when she saw that such an invitation would not only be useless, but cruel. The girl on the outside was hardly older than any of the members of the association, with a wan, pinched face, and clothing that was both scanty and worn. In her arms she held a child three or four years old, who presented quite as wretched an appearance as she did, and both were feasting their eyes on what they could not otherwise enjoy.

Amy ran to Guida, who was talking with Charley about the proposed concert, and without attracting the attention of the girl on the outside, told of her being there, and proposed that she be allowed to come in free.

"I'll pay the five cents for her," said Charley, generously, and in a moment more he was on the sidewalk just as the girl started to run away, thinking she was about to be scolded because she had dared to peep in at the window.

It was some moments before Charley could persuade her that she was to be allowed to go inside the room; but when she did fully understand it she entered, almost holding her breath as if she thought she was in fairy-land. The

girls gave the child as much cake as it could eat, even at the risk of making it sick with too many sweet things, while Guida talked with the girl to learn who she was.

Her name was Jennie Howard, she said, and she lived with her widowed mother at the further end of the town. That she was destitute, even more so than the broken dolls were, could be readily seen; and after she was a little acquainted with the kind-hearted members of the association, she told them that her mother was obliged to work very hard in order to provide even enough for them to eat.

Immediately after Guida heard this story she called the members of the association into the parlor for a private talk, and Mrs. Morse was invited to take part in it, much to the surprise of the boys, who could not understand what it was all about.

The mystery was explained, however, after the meeting was over, for the girls announced it as their belief that the sick and destitute dolls would not suffer very severely for several months at least, and that the entire proceeds of the fair, which amounted to six dollars and twenty cents, would be given to Jennie Howard, to be used as her mother should think best.

How the boys cheered when this decision was announced! and at the same time that they made such a



noise they felt really sheepish, as they thought that they had even spoken of such a thing as breaking up the fair.

In addition to the money, Jennie and her little sister were each presented with one of the least broken of the dolls, which proved to be Guida's Johanna Abigail and Ria's Josephine Fitzpatrick. A generous bundle of cake was made up, and Jennie was given more fancy articles than she had ever seen before, save in the shop windows.

Then the boys escorted her home as the *protégée* of the association, Charley carrying one bundle and Harry an-

other, much to the surprise of Mrs. Howard, who appeared perfectly bewildered by the good fortune that had so suddenly descended upon Jennie.

The concert was given on the following Saturday afternoon by the boys, when more money was raised for Jennie and her mother; and if the association for the relief of sick and destitute dolls ever hold another fair, it is publicly announced that it will be for a more worthy object than its name implies.

THE END.



LONGING FOR THE SEA.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.



## THE "MOTHER'S ROOM."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

I'M awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe;  
 He's that boy that lives with his aunt, you know;  
 And he says his house is filled with gloom  
 Because it has got no "mother's room."  
 I tell you what, it is fine enough  
 To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff,  
 But the room of rooms that seems best to me,  
 The room where I'd always rather be,  
 Is mother's room, where a fellow can rest,  
 And talk of the things his heart loves best.

What if I do get dirt about,  
 And sometimes startle my aunt with a shout?  
 It is mother's room, and if she don't mind,  
 To the hints of others I'm always blind.  
 Maybe I lose my things—what then?  
 In mother's room I find them again.  
 And I've never denied that I litter the floor  
 With marbles and tops and many things more;  
 But I tell you, for boys with a tired head,  
 It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed.

Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits me,  
 I take him to mother's room, you see,  
 Because it's the nicest place to go  
 When a fellow's spirits are getting low.  
 And mother she's always kind and sweet,  
 And there's always a smile poor Jack to greet.  
 And somehow the sunbeams seem to glow  
 More brightly in mother's room, I know,  
 Than anywhere else, and you'll never find gloom.  
 Or any old shadow in mother's room.

## THE EGG CHING-CHING.

BY HENRY HATTON, CONJURER AND VENTRILOQUIST.

THIS little trick is very popular with conjurers, and produces a marked impression, and yet it is so simple that a bright boy can perform it without difficulty. It was first introduced by Colonel Stodare, the inventor of many tricks, at his pretty little salon in Egyptian Hall, London.

The performer comes forward holding in his left hand a goblet and a small red silk handkerchief, and in his right a large cotton handkerchief and an egg. He carefully places the egg in the goblet, which he covers with the cotton handkerchief, and gives to some one of the audience to hold. Standing at some little distance, he holds the red silk handkerchief in his hands, which he shows are empty, and with his sleeves well rolled up, so that nothing could pass into them without being seen, he says to the person who holds the glass,

"Now, sir, please shake the goblet so that we can hear the egg rattle against its side. Gently, gently, or you will break the egg. Now what have you in the goblet? An egg? Good. And I have in my hands a red silk handkerchief. Now watch."

He closes his hands, letting the red handkerchief hang down from them for a moment. Then it is seen to creep gradually into his hands until entirely inclosed. Again he asks,

"What have you in the glass? An egg? And I? A handkerchief. Now, one, two, three—pass!" and opening his hands, he shows not the red handkerchief, but the egg, and removing the cotton handkerchief from the goblet, the red handkerchief is seen to have taken the place of the egg.

The necessary properties, to use a stage expression, are two red silk handkerchiefs, a large cotton handkerchief, a blown egg, and a hollow wooden or tin egg, with an opening cut in one side.

The blown egg is fastened to the centre of the cotton handkerchief by means of a short black silk thread. When the performer comes forward to do the trick, he has the hollow egg tucked under the waistband of his vest on the right side, whilst the second red handkerchief, folded into as small compass as possible, is concealed in

his right hand under the egg which is attached to the cotton handkerchief.

When about to put the blown egg into the goblet, he lets the cotton handkerchief fall between the glass and his audience just for a second, but in that second he drops the silk handkerchief into the goblet, following it at once by the egg, and covering all with the cotton handkerchief. Then handing the glass to some one to hold, having first carefully wrapped it up in the handkerchief, so as to preclude any possibility of its contents being visible, he begins the trick.

He rolls up his sleeves and calls attention to the contrast between the color of his wristbands and the red handkerchief. Then he shows his hands empty, with the exception of handkerchief number two in his left hand. This he waves on high for a moment, and just then, making a half-turn of his body, he takes the hollow egg from beneath his vest, and immediately covers it with the red handkerchief by bringing both hands together.

Standing with his right side toward the audience, the conjurer draws the handkerchief into his hands, and by means of the first and second fingers of his left hand, tucks it away in the hollow egg. When entirely in, he begins his final questions: "What have you there?" etc., and gradually approaching the one who holds the goblet, he shows the egg in his hand—the opening turned toward the palm—while with a quick upward jerk at the cotton handkerchief he pulls out the blown egg from the goblet, revealing the silk handkerchief in it, thus conveying the idea to some of the audience that the two articles have changed places.

## A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"WELL, it is certainly very curious, Bob; but don't be offended if I say I can scarcely believe it."

"I assure you I saw the yacht—a schooner-rigged vessel, very trim and taut—"

"Who taught it?" inquired Johnny Grigs.

"Be quiet, Grigs," continued Bob Raffles. "Don't interrupt with wretched jokes. This is a serious matter. Listen, all of you. Last night I went early to bed, as you know, as I had a headache. I woke very early in consequence, and got up at daylight."

"That is certainly very extraordinary," put in Grigs, with a grimace to point the sarcasm. "Eh, Fred?"

But Raffles, relieving his feelings by catching Grigs by the nape of the neck, and holding his head down, continued:

"I got up and looked out, and there across the bay, in the dim morning light, I saw the schooner with all sail set. She glided along so smoothly with the light breeze that, had I not been certain of the evidence of my senses, I could almost have fancied she was a phantom ship. There, that's all; and now you may get up, Grigs."

Johnny Grigs, released, stretched his neck and rubbed his head; then, satisfied his brain was not turned, he said:

"I wish I'd seen her; I'd have hailed her, for I should have thought she was the *Mermaid*. Uncle Tom said he would put into the bay if the weather was good."

"The *Mermaid*!" exclaimed Raffles, disdainfully. "Why, she is at Porthele—miles away."

"Yes, so father said this morning. He had a note from your uncle. He will put in to-morrow, and perhaps take us for a cruise."

"The most curious thing about her," said Fred, who had been considering the narrative, "is that no one saw her come in overnight, no one saw her at anchor, and yet you saw her sail away. How did she come? Why did she come? And finally, what was her business?"

"She's a pirate," said Grigs.

"More likely a smuggler," said Bob.



"This used to be a famous place for smuggling," said Fred. "I've heard my father talk of the fights there used to be on the beach, and how the old Abbey ruins were used as a hiding-place, and were the scene of many a fight. Ah! what fun it must have been!"

"Very jolly, if you were not killed or maimed for life. But I say," continued Bob, "suppose we go over to the ruins and see whether we can find anything."

The suggestion thus suddenly put forward was assented to, and about eleven o'clock the three lads, well supplied with luncheon, and warned not to be late by their kind hostess, Mrs. Farnham, at whose house Bob and Johnny were staying with their friend and former school-fellow Freddie Farnham, started off in high spirits.

They passed through the wood, and came into a path leading toward the summit of the cliffs, after which an hour's walk brought them to the Abbey.

"Here we are!" said Raffles, as the ruins were reached.

"Now has any one an idea what to do?"

"I have," replied Johnny, proudly, "a grand idea; unusual, perhaps, but none the less practical. I have an idea we ought to *lunch*."

The other boys laughed at this very tame conclusion to the speech so valiantly commenced; but they made no objection. On the contrary!

When luncheon was finished, and the small basket repacked, the boys set about to examine the ruins for any foot-marks, and actually knelt down and peered into crevices and the long grass in their anxiety to discover some traces of the smugglers who had, as was supposed, arrived on the previous evening.

"There is nothing here, evidently," said Fred. "If the men had landed last night, the grass would have shown traces of their feet."

"I vote we search the old ruins and the vaults first," said Bob. "What do you say, Grigs?"

"All right."

They advanced to an archway which was protected by iron bars. The masonry had formerly been a portion of the crypt, which was now open to the air. A long series of arches supported some tottering and ivy-clad walls, which the creeper only served to keep upright by its tension.

"If we could only get inside that iron railing I suspect we should find something."

"We can try," said Fred. "I can get over and help you fellows."

In a few seconds he had scaled the bars, and then turned to assist his friends. They both got over, and all three turned to explore the ground.

Just then Grigs stumbled over something in the corner of the space inclosed within the arch.

"What's the row, Grigs? Did you trip?"

"Something caught my foot," he replied; "but I can't see what it was. That's odd."

They all searched, pulling aside the grass, and feeling most carefully for anything which could have caught Grigs's shoe.

At last they found a rusty iron ring. Bob wondered how such a ring could have possibly caught any one's toes, it was so flat and plain.

"It didn't catch my toes," said Grigs. "My shoe is worn in the sole, and the ring slipped into the hole."

"Next time we come treasure-hunting we will come in old things," said Bob. "Now help me pull this up. All together! Yo heave ho!"

They slipped their handkerchiefs through the old rusty iron ring, and pulled all together with a will. Very slowly, and after much tugging, the stone slab gave way, and an opening was discovered.

The boys stood back, as much alarmed at their success as they had been hopeful of it just before. What should they do next?

"Well," said Bob, drawing a long breath, "we have made a discovery! Shall we descend?"

"How about bad air?" said cautious Fred. "Let's lower the lantern first."

"Certainly," said Bob. "That's a good idea. Now, Grigs, hold on, and we'll tie our handkerchiefs together, and let the lantern down at the end of a stick."

A long bramble was at length procured, and some twine from the boys' pockets; then the handkerchiefs were knotted, and the lantern descended, but only a few yards.

"Why, there's the bottom!" exclaimed Grigs. "I can see the lamp is quite bright. We can jump in."

"All right," said Fred. "Go ahead and tell us what is there."

Bob Raffles leaped down and landed quite safely on his feet. Taking the lantern, he tried to find a way out of the pit, and succeeded in penetrating a low passage.

He very soon emerged into a lofty dry cave, across which a ship's spar, to which was attached a rusty chain, extended. On the floor were some bales and casks of wood piled up. The cave had evidently been a hiding-place for smugglers, but all the bales were very old, and there was no appearance of any person having been there for fifty years. The plants had grown up and withered from lack of moisture.

"Here's a find!" muttered Bob.

He lost no time in returning to the open vault and calling his friends, who came tumbling down with the greatest eagerness.

"Hurrah!" cried the younger boys. "This is fun! I wonder what's in those cases?"

"Brandy, very likely, and silks. Now all we have to do is to go home and tell your father, Farnham. Let us keep it a secret, except from him, and he will do what is right," said Raffles.

This was agreed to; and after the whole vault had been explored and several more cases found, some broken and decayed, others full apparently and untouched, the boys climbed up and emerged into the open air again.

They made several more investigations, but found nothing particular, and no traces of footsteps. Then they came down to the shore, and each boy severally exclaimed,

"The smuggler!"

"Uncle John has come!"

"The *Mermaid*!"

Yes; there she was. The schooner trim and taut—the same that Bob had seen in the morning. Uncle John's yacht, the *Mermaid*, was bringing up in the bay.

The lads hailed her, and very soon a boat was sent ashore. Uncle John himself was steering.

"Why, uncle, you have come back, then," said Freddie. "Why didn't you come up this morning?"

"Because, my boy, I was at Porthel, and the wind didn't serve, nor the tide."

"But Bob saw the *Mermaid* in the bay at daylight," continued Fred, "and told us."

"I assure you, sir," said Bob Raffles, "I saw your yacht in the bay. I fancied she was a *Flying Dutchman*, because she sailed away so quickly, and vanished very quickly, in the air apparently."

Uncle John laughed heartily.

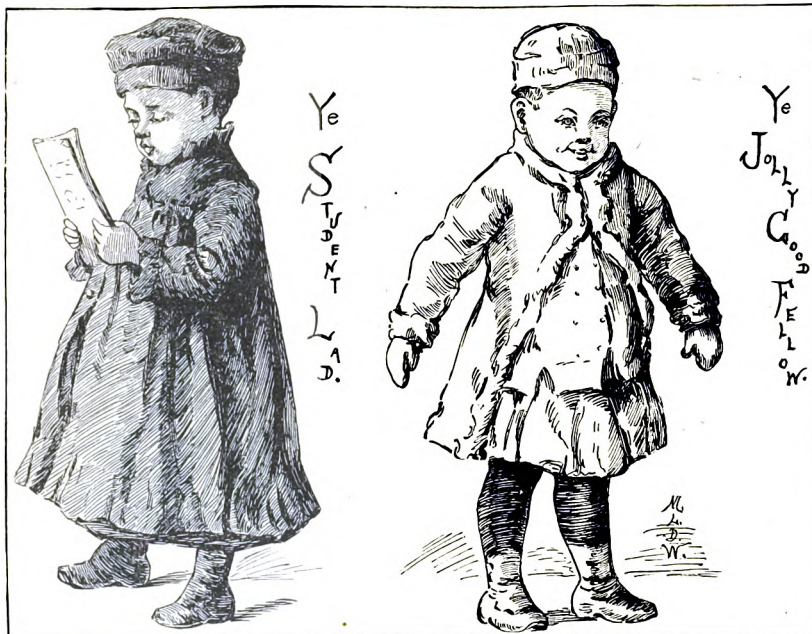
"Oh, boys, boys," he said, "so you have been taken in by a mirage, have you? You saw the reflection of my yacht, and believed she was in the bay. This is quite a capital yarn. I dare say the *Flying Dutchman* and the phantom ships are all attributable to the same cause."

But to this he would in no wise agree. Had we not read all about Vanderdecken and the phantom ship long before? No, we were not going to give up our Marryat.

"Uncle," said Farnham at length, "do you know we have found a treasure?"

"How could I know it?" retorted the uncle. "Let us have a look at it."





So Uncle John accompanied us into the vault and found the cases, which he called his men to bring up. Most of them contained brandy, with a little tobacco in the others.

"There, my lads," he said to his crew, "the tobacco is of no consequence; the brandy we must report to the Customs."

He did so, and the government officers came and took it.

We got each a present from Uncle John for finding the smugglers' brandy, and the coast-guard afterward explored the old ruin, but found nothing. I still think our finding the store that day was a very strange discovery.

### "HOW MUCH DOES A HORSE KNOW?"

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

**T**HAT was the question I asked Professor Bartholomew, the successful horse-trainer, one afternoon, as I met him in the hall where he exhibited his educated horses. The question may sound like a vague one, but he answered it promptly enough.

"About as much as the average man—more than a great many. You don't believe it? Will you give me half an hour to prove it?"

"But," I objected, "you can teach a horse certain tricks, which become a mere matter of habit, and it proves nothing of the horse's knowledge."

The Professor smiled pleasantly. "I won't argue with you. Wait. Nellie!"

A slight scuffling followed in the stalls at one side of the stage, and a beautiful little bay mare came trotting up to where we stood. She stopped beside the Professor, and rubbed her head against his arm caressingly, gazing curiously at me the while.

"Bow to the gentleman. Now shake hands," the teacher continued, as she nodded her pretty head toward me, and then lifted her left fore-foot.

"Is that the right foot?" asked the Professor, reprovingly.

One could actually see a look of confusion on her intelligent face as she quickly corrected her mistake.

"Nellie is like some children. She can't seem to distinguish between her right and left hand," said the Professor, patting her affectionately. "Now count one, two, three," he added. Tap, tap, tap went the iron-shod hoof on

the stage. "Good!" said the Professor. "Now get the gentleman a chair."

I must confess I thought this was going a little too far. The tricks she had exhibited were ordinary enough; they displayed careful training; but this quiet request rather surprised me. I watched to see what she would do. She trotted over to the opposite side of the stage, and in a few moments returned, bringing a chair in her teeth.

"Here," said Professor Bartholomew, pointing to the place where he wanted me to sit. "Now," he said, "wait until I bring on the rest of my scholars;" and he crossed the stage, and put his hand on the swinging door which led to the stalls. Nellie started to follow him.

"Why don't you stay with the gentleman?" he said, quietly, without turning his head, just as one would speak to a child. Nellie turned obediently, and came back to my side. I must confess that I felt rather embarrassed, and in my confusion hardly knew how to treat this little lady-horse. Suddenly

I thought of some candy which I had in my pocket, and soon we were getting on finely, eating candy together.

In the mean time Professor Bartholomew had returned, followed by about a dozen horses, who marched solemnly on to the stage, and ranged themselves along one side. Then came the exhibition.

It would be impossible to describe all the performances they went through: marching and counter-marching, dancing in perfect time to Professor Bartholomew's whistle, lying down, kneeling, bowing, jumping—all at the quiet command of the teacher. In fact, his voice was so low and gentle that it could hardly be called a command; it was more like a suggestion on his part, with which they complied readily.

One handsome Arabian attracted my attention, and the Professor at once called him over to him.

"How do you do, Selim?" said the teacher.

The horse bowed.

"Is that the way you bow in Arabia?"

Selim at once dropped upon his knees, and touched his forehead to the floor. The Professor gave him the signal for getting up. Then, turning to me, he said,

"That is an extremely difficult feat. For some reason a horse hates to do it."

"Does he understand what you say?" I asked.

"Does he not act as if he did?" was the Professor's answer. Then he continued: "There is no doubt that the horses understand every word I say to them. I could see no reason why if a horse can comprehend the meaning of 'Whoa,' 'G'long,' 'Huddup,' he could not learn more, so I began to teach two or three, and soon had this school around me."

"I notice you speak in such a low tone, while so many who have to do with horses seem to think it necessary to yell at the top of their lungs."

"A horse is not deaf; his hearing is more acute than a man's, and yelling at him only tends to make him harder to manage. You can lay it down as a certain rule that the louder a man shouts at a horse, the less he knows about horses. But then half the men who have charge of horses now should be made to practice ten years on a clothes-horse before they are allowed to touch a live one."

"How do you manage to teach them so much?" I asked.

The Professor smiled. "Any one with patience can train horses, and almost any horse can be trained. The trouble is that most people have but very little patience,

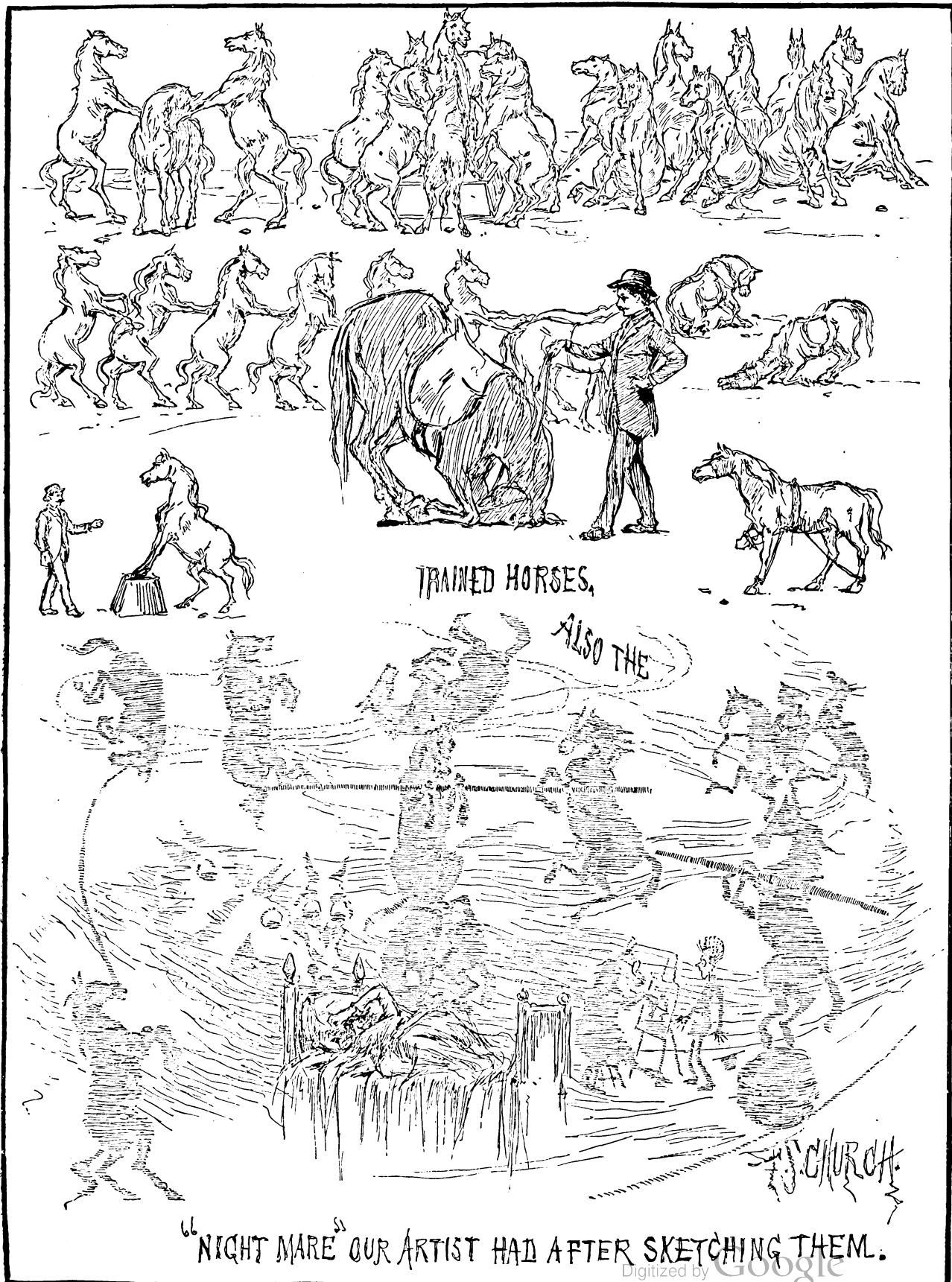


and a great many good horses are spoiled by half-witted owners who are not fit to have charge of a saw-horse."

But the scholars were becoming restive, and the Professor said, "School is dismissed." Each horse left his place, came up to the Professor, and walked off the stage.

"Now how much does a horse know?" said the Professor, turning to me, and repeating my own question.

"A great deal more than some men, for he knows enough to do his duty cheerfully, and to the best of his ability," I answered, promptly, as I took my leave.







PAPA'S DARLING.

LITTLE head so very wise,  
Little mouth that smiles at you,  
Rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes—  
Darling, merry baby Lou.

Do you wonder that we pet  
Such a charming winsome girl?  
Papa never can forget  
Little Lou, his precious pearl.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

When we were quite small girls we had four little chickens, only two days old, to bring up by hand. The old mother hen proved to be so vicious she could not be trusted with them. Out of eleven, she killed all but these four. We fixed a box for them to sleep in, covered with a small piece of carpet. After three or four days, we let them run around as they chose. They never would go far from their box. I used to take my favorite with me every day when I took my afternoon nap. I can not tell how he managed to accomplish the feat, but when I awoke he would be inside the very top of my sleeve. How many times I have had to have my dress taken off to get at that little downy mite! They never would stir mornings until I took the cover off their nest; then they would peep their good-morning, stretch their little legs, flap their tiny wings, and jump into our laps, ready for the business of the day. What busy, affectionate little pets they made! We had to steal away from them, or they would run after us and cry with all their might just as if we were their real mother.

Our cat had one little kitten; we put it in a large basket in the kitchen. One morning grandpa brought a poor little half-dead chicken in, and laid it by the stove to get warm and dry. It peeped piteously all the time. Mamma went in the kitchen a short time after that, and could not see or hear the chicken. She thought it very strange. Finally she looked in the basket, and there it was with the cats, quiet and happy. Mamma was afraid the cat would eat it, and put it by the stove again, when it began to cry. The cat looked over the top of the basket for a moment, then jumped out, gently took the chick in her mouth, and carried it back with an air of triumph. She bestowed as much affection and attention on the chicken as she did on her own kitten. She took care of him until he got strong and well, which took about a week. She was a very affectionate cat. We find as much difference in the disposition of pets as there is in people.

One day Mabel and I were out walking, when we met one of the school-boys. He had two little kittens that he was going to drown. We could not endure the thought of their being drowned, they looked so helpless and innocent. Their eyes were not open yet. I induced him to give them to me. I tied them up in my pocket-handkerchief, took them home, and told mamma there was a present for her. Imagine her look of disgust when she saw them! I knew, for all that, they were safe, because she is too tender-hearted to allow them to be killed or misused. We warmed some milk, held their heads firmly, and fed them with a spoon. In the limited space of the Post-office Box we can not begin to tell you how much milk those kittens kicked over, how much they scratched us, or how much trouble we had feeding those ever-hungry ones, nor their cunning little capers, or how affectionate they grew to be. We gave them away when

they were about three weeks old. Mamma says, with some severity, "If you girls ever bring any more blind cats in this house, to be brought up by a spoon, there will be trouble for you." I know of one girl that don't want to undertake it.

We had a sparrow given to us in a half-starved condition. Hunger had tamed it completely. It could fly a little, but was not able to feed itself. It would open its mouth for something to eat every time anybody came near it, and insisted on being fed every ten minutes. The appetite of that bird will ever be among the marvels. He loved mamma the best of any one, because she fed him so much. When he wanted potato, of which he was very fond, he would shake out everything you put in his mouth until he got potato. When he wanted a drink he would not swallow food. He took his daily naps under the sewing in mamma's lap; if she was around the house, he slept on her shoulder. No matter where she went, there he would stay until his nap was finished. Then he would begin to scream for something to eat. Mamma used to say he would surely make her deaf. A sparrow's voice is extremely harsh and shrill. It used to be quite alarming to be suddenly awakened in the morning by his standing on our faces—a favorite trick if we forgot to shut the doors down-stairs. He enjoyed nestling in our hair, and spent hours on our heads. If you called him and held out your hand, he would fly to it, and you could pet him to your heart's content. He proved to be such a pest we let him go out-doors every day, and, sad to relate, some vicious cat caught him. We have had many tame birds, but never one equal to that one. How we all loved him! Pets taken young, and brought up by hand, are much more teachable and affectionate than others, but the trouble is very great, to say nothing of the patience and constant attention required.

GRACE AND MABEL D.

This is a very entertaining letter. Thanks for it, and for the flower seeds which came with it. Your exchange will duly appear. Are you as successful with flowers as you have proved yourself to be with chicks, birds, and poor little kitties?

MANCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a boy twelve years old. I take three papers, but I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the best. I have one sister, but no brothers. I have three cats; their names are Puss, Priss, and Kitty. I have two dogs, whose names are Flora and Towzer; and two little bantam chickens. They are very tame; I can pick them up whenever I want to. I live nearly a quarter of a mile from town. I study reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and grammar.

GEORGE G. W.

ROCKLAND, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have written to you before, but my letters were not printed, so I will try again. I am almost twelve years old. I have no brothers nor sisters. I go to school, and read in the Fifth Reader. I also study arithmetic, spelling, grammar, geography, and minerals. I take lessons on the piano. My teacher is going to have a recital and I am to play a duet with one of my friends. Mamma teaches me in painting. Some of my friends are learning Kensington-work, but mamma thinks it will try my eyes too much. I am learning to skate, but the weather is so mild now there is no ice. My papa is a doctor, and he is called from home so much that I do not see as much of him as most girls see their papas. All the pets I have are a French cat, a hen, and a rooster.

EMMA W. G.

## A STORY TRUE.

BY AUNT LOU.

Little Bennie had very light hair, and his papa often said to him, "Well, little Tow-head, how did you get along to-day?" One day his mamma took him on the steam-cars to visit an auntie

who lived in C—. As he was a little boy with very sharp eyes, and a sharp little tongue, he saw a great many things and asked a great many questions. Auntie was very glad to see Bennie, for she had no little boys nor girls of her own. There were two elderly ladies living at auntie's house, who had lovely gray hair and wore little caps. When Bennie first saw these ladies he looked at them very earnestly, then turning to his mamma, and nodding his head while he was speaking, said, "Tow-heads too, mamma." At dinner he was surprised to see the ladies still wearing their caps, and said: "Mamma, what do dey come to de table wid deir bunnits on fur? Is dey 'fraid dey dit frettled?" (freckled).

The kind friend who sent these bright sayings of a clever little fellow all the way from Columbus, Ohio, says: "Advise the big brothers and sisters to write down the funny sayings and doings of the baby in a blank-book. I have kept such a journal for years, and my little girls are delighted when mamma reads them one of her true stories."

## THE NAMING OF MARYLAND.

Old stories are now in fashion,  
And I have one to tell  
Of the naming of a pleasant land,  
And how it all befell.

More than two hundred years ago,  
On a bright and glad spring day,  
A marriage took place in the grand old  
Church  
Of Notre Dame, as people say.

Among the royal families  
Of this curious olden time  
Many marriages by proxy  
Were made with pomp sublime.

The sun shone down on steeple and roof,  
And in at the window tall;  
It sparkled and glistened on tissue of gold  
And tapestries, hung on the wall.

On the violet satin with fleur-de-lis  
(The lilies of France) it shed,  
From the glass all gay with colored lights,  
A radiance of purple and red.

The youthful 'Etta Maria,  
A child when made a bride,  
Was married 'mid all this glory  
To a prince on England's side.

Then over the water to England  
A gay ship bore the Queen,  
To meet the King she had wedded,  
And whom she but once had seen.

In the Duke of Buckingham's palace  
A rich repast was spread.  
In feasts and music and dances  
The days of the honey-moon sped.

And when the snow lay over  
All the land of her new home,  
When the gala days were over,  
And the wine-cups ceased to foam,

The King, in meditation,  
With projects for the spring,  
Bethought himself of a happy plan  
That to England good might bring.

In a wide and pleasant land  
Far over the boundless sea,  
The King, in his happy reign,  
Then founded a colony.

The name he chose to call it  
Was the beautiful "Terre Marie,"  
As a mark of honor to his Queen,  
He wished its name to be.

From the darkest streets of London  
He gathered a motley throng  
Of hundreds of orphan children  
And youths and maidens strong.

And great ships o'er the ocean  
Bore them, a friendless band,  
Homes and hearths to build them  
In the new and untried land.

So, as each year passes,  
And there comes the Christmas-tide,  
Their children and children's children  
Of the land on the other side

Recount the tales and legends  
Of the court of Charles the King,  
How the great and high old corridors  
Of Hampton Court did ring.

And now in this great Union,  
A State on Atlantic's sand  
Still bears the name Charles gave it,  
"Terre Marie," or Maryland.

MARTHA.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—As I did not know about the Cot in time to help pay for it, I asked mamma to show me how to make a hospital book for the child in the Cot to look at, and I send it to you with this. Some time papa is going to take me to the hospital, and I hope to see my book there. I am seven and a half years old, and go to school.



I study the Fourth Reader, geography, spelling, writing, arithmetic, and German, which I like best of all. My only pet is a canary-bird, though I have great fun with our neighbor's cat, who spends most of his time at our house, a great big Maltese, and I call him Captain Parry, after Miss Alice's cat in the *Wide, Wide World*. One day the Captain sprang at the bird-cage, but he was so scared at hearing the bottom fall out that he ran away, and has never tried it again. I have tried the receipt for "Doll's Cup Cake" several times, and mamma bought me some doll's scalloped tins to bake them in. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers very much indeed, for I mean to take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as long as I live. Your little friend,  
FLORENCE J. A.

Before this you have heard from Sister Catharine. How much pleasure your pretty book gave our laddie in the Cot.

## KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I live three miles from Knoxville, on the Tennessee River. I have three brothers and two sisters, of whom I am the eldest. Jamie, the youngest, is our pet; he has such beautiful sunny curls and large blue eyes. He tries so hard to spin a top, and will call out, "Rock, mamam; rock, me spin a top." We have been having very heavy and constant rain for about two weeks. The river is over its banks, and looks very grand, especially where the two rivers, French Broad and Holston, connect and form the Tennessee. The roads are impassable in some places. We live on a farm—a real pretty place—and have a fine view of the celebrated Island Home Farm. It is noted for its fine buildings, and the island, which contains two hundred acres of level land.  
I. B. M.

## SHAW P. O., TENNESSEE.

I am only a little boy, yet I do like to read the stories in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, especially the letters from the girls and boys. I have three brothers—Willie, Freddie, and Joe. We live on Carter's Creek turnpike, twelve miles from Columbia and twelve from Franklin. I am the youngest of four boys. My papa died before I was born, and grandpa lived with us until New-Year's morning, when he died. Our only uncle, who came to see him, died also in just two weeks and three days after. We are lonely now in the great old house at night. We are all going to school. Brother Willie is going to school in Franklin. I have two pet chickens; their names are Barney and Tommy. My mamma wrote this for me; she says it would trouble you too much to read my poor writing. I guess so too.  
WALTER B.

## LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS.

I will send you something I have heard about Texas. The principal business is cattle-raising. Sometimes you may go a mile or more before you find a single house, or even a shanty. I have a friend out there, and she has written us that her nearest neighbor is five miles distant. The cattle do not have to be supplied with grain, corn, etc.; there is plenty of fodder on the prairies for miles around. Each person tells his own by a certain mark. They sometimes have horns to call them together. My friend described to us how the house in which they dwell is made. It consists of but two rooms, and they are not papered, nor is the floor carpeted. It is one story in height. One room is used to dine in, and the other for a sleeping-room. The weather is often so very hot that they need very little clothing. She has a little girl, whose name is Sadie; she is inclined to study, but there are few school-houses, and the nearest one to her is at least ten miles distant. The dreaded scorpion, the tarantula, and the rattlesnake abound there. The rattles of these snakes are quite often taken as curiosities. The scorpions and tarantulas are put in a bottle of alcohol and preserved. My friend wrote and told us that last Thanksgiving-day she went up to her uncle's house, five miles distant, and he declared that, for once, he was going to have a regular Thanksgiving dinner, as they did in his Northern home, whatever it cost. They got some apples to make mince-pies, and had to pay five cents each for every apple they used. They killed one of their own turkeys for the dinner. Everything passed off very pleasantly. Having no team, they were obliged to start for home very early, as they had quite a long distance to walk. They arrived home safely, as we were told, and were ready to begin another day, as we hope, having passed a peaceful night's rest. E. G. H.

## BLUE POINT, NEW YORK.

Our school takes YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much. We take two other papers in the school, and are going to subscribe for another. My papa teaches the school. We have a set of encyclopedias, an organ, maps, books, and many other conveniences. We live about half a mile from the Great South Bay, and in the winter it freezes over, and the boys and girls, as well as old folks, have great sport on the ice. Ice-boating is considered quite dangerous, but it is full of fun. There is an oyster-packing establishment near here where oysters are packed for the markets of Europe. I take music lessons from Miss

F., who comes from the city once a week. I am trying to see how many five-cent pieces I can get; my cousin is collecting them, and at Christmas he had 100.  
EVA A. W.

## WOODLAND, CALIFORNIA.

We are three little cousins, eleven, ten, and nine years old. We live very near each other, and have such nice times together. We go to school; two of us are in the fourth grade and the other in the seventh. We belong to the Band of Hope, and attend its meetings quite often. We have a little pony named Dick, which got so smart as to throw us off when two got on together. It is China New-Year's now, and the China boy brought us a lot of China nuts and candy.  
LILLIAN AND MAY F.,  
GERTIE McC.

## WEST NEW BRIGHTON, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy twelve years old. My sister Annie made me a present of YOUNG PEOPLE for my Christmas. I like it very much. I have a little brother Willie, who is eight years old. We both go to school. The stories I like best in the YOUNG PEOPLE are, "The Ice Queen," "The Lost City," and "Nanny's Thanksgiving." I like to read the Post-office Box. I see that the other little children write about their pets, and so I thought I would tell you about our pets. We have a little canary, who sings all day; and a parrot who talks all day, and says, "Polly wants a cracker." We have a large gray cat called Tiger, and a dog named Spot, and then we have eight hens and a rooster. I think I have told you enough, but Willie and I had the measles this winter.  
GEORGE W. B.

## NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

I thought I would write to you. I am a little girl eight years old. My sister and brother take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with me. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. I have a little brother two years old, whose name is Jasper. My sister taught him to say a few Latin words. I hope you will print my letter. I go to school. We have a cat whose name is Toby Tyler. I think it is a queer name for a cat, don't you? I am always glad when Tuesday comes, for then I can read the paper.  
HELEN D.

## WEE DOTTIE.

I'm Gran'ma's 'tittle housekeeper,  
As sure as sure tan be;  
For don't I find her spectacles,  
And pour her tup of tea?

Of tourse I do; and more 'an dat,  
I wash my little tup,  
And dust the parlor sofa,  
And pick the pieces up.

I help my Sawah mate my cwib,  
And bush my turly hair,  
And wun on ewands all day 'long,  
First up, then down, the stair.

Yes, I'm Gran'ma's 'tittle housekeeper,  
As sure as sure tan be,  
And if I was to go away,  
I dess she'd try for me.

MY LITTLE MISTRESS, MISS DOTTIE E.,  
BY HER NURSE, SARAH MCK.

## B—, NOVA SCOTIA.

You would hardly call me very young, as I was eighteen last week, but nevertheless I take a great interest in YOUNG PEOPLE, and especially in the Post-office Box. I gave the year's subscription to my younger sister for a Christmas present, and it has proved to be one to myself also. This letter is written from Nova Scotia, and as I see so few letters from Canada, I would like to assure you that the "Blue-noses" appreciate your magazine as well as the Americans. B— is a small town in southeast Nova Scotia, twelve miles from the sea, on the banks of a river said to be the most beautiful in the province. There is a railroad now building which will connect our town indirectly with Halifax. I am passionately fond of pictures and painting, and sketch from nature in water-colors, oils, and chalks. I have never studied painting or drawing, but mean to study art in earnest as soon as I can, and meanwhile try to improve myself as much as possible. I am collecting engravings, and have a large number of beautiful and famous pictures among them. Among the most highly prized are some from YOUNG PEOPLE, notably Annibale Carracci's "Holy Family," which I was very glad to get. I got a great many lovely wood-engravings from HARPER'S BAZAR, which I buy especially for the pictures. I am greatly interested in Emily M.'s letters, and hope she will write more.  
ANNIBALE.

Jessie D. W. and Sigmond G., thanks for your letters.—A. B. and others: There is no charge for the publication of exchanges, but they must be brief. Write with black ink on white paper, or on a postal card if you prefer. Never send an exchange in pencil.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

## No. 1.

## WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

1. A musical note in sport. 2. A small bed in a great author. 3. A berry in a lady's wrap. 4. A vehicle in an adornment. 5. A garden tool in coverings for the feet. 6. A negative in a tie. 7. A preposition in water. 8. A word meaning fury in one meaning change of place. 9. An herb in a tyrant's behavior. 10. Varnish in a color.

## No. 2.

## CURTAILINGS.

1. I am bright—behead me, and I am uneven. 2. I am a good bargain—behead me, and I am a quantity. 3. I am a sign of pleasure—behead me, and I am a measure of distance. 4. I am a wagon—behead me, and I am skill. 5. I am a pair—behead me, and I am a contest. 6. I am nice for breakfast—behead me, and I am a dance. 7. I am a weapon of war—behead me, and I am useful in conversation. 8. I cut keenly—behead me, and I am musical. MINNIE MAY.

## No. 3.

## THREE DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A rodent. 3. Pertaining to the country. 4. A Roman King. 5. To insult with reproachful words. 6. Illuminated. 7. A letter. 2.—1. A letter. 2. Reverential fear. 3. One who does business for another. 4. Sultry. 5. Passage. 6. An attempt. 7. A letter. 3.—1. A letter. 2. Wet earth. 3. The Nine who presided over arts and sciences. 4. A pillow. 5. Divinity. 6. Sauce for fish. 7. A letter.

## No. 4.

## ENIGMA.

My first is in land, but not in sea.  
My second is in him, but not in me.  
My third is in nought, but not in much.  
My fourth is in candy that Fred can't touch.  
My fifth is in ought, but not in must.  
My sixth is in lid, but not in crust.  
My seventh is in raisins, but not in dates.  
My whole was a President of the United States.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 227.

No. 1.—Windfall.  
No. 2.—One swallow does not make a summer.  
No. 3.—

A poor old cat went forth one day  
To try and find a dinner;  
She wore a coat of black and gray,  
And tried to walk in jaunty way—  
Though daily she grew thinner.  
"If I could find a nice plump rat,  
I'd be," she thought, "a jolly cat."

No rat she found, but hanging high  
Was Daisy's little linnet,  
Who sang as if to pierce the sky.  
Poor hungry puss did sigh and sigh,  
"I'll have you in a minute  
From out that cage. Oh, bird so sweet,  
A dainty thing you'd be to eat!"

She made a spring; she could not reach  
The linnet, singing louder,  
And pouring forth, as if in speech  
(To puss it sounded like a screech),  
A prouder strain and prouder.  
"Dear! dear!" she cried, with longing eyes,  
"I wish I had you, dainty prize!"

Just then came Daisy, running fast,  
With something in a saucer.  
"Poor Puss, you shall be fed at last;  
Your pangs of hunger shall be past;  
I see you're looking crosser.  
But let the little birdie be  
If you would find a friend in me."

No. 4.—J. A. Garfield. Hull.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Carl Van Bosch, Robin Dyke, Maud S. Nickerson, Anglo-Franco Co., Charles Blair, Freddie Lovell, S. M. Sechheimer, Glenn A. Baldwin, Arthur Dearborn, Kate Pope, William H. Kuntz, Eddie M. Nash, Chippie, Henry R. Erickson, Maurice U. Levy, Pussy Willow, Brainard L. Newell, Clara B. Robetscher, Lottie M. Mason, H. A. Hodge, Nellie E. Early, Ray Greenleaf, A. J. Slade, A. Eugene Haverstick, Winnie Graham, Charles H. Weigle, Maud and Ethel Sanders, Grace J. V., Flora T. Willard, Rose C., Willie Sparks, J. R. Bolton, Nellie Sparks, Theodore E., Lottie Linton, Edward W. Wieser, Z. Jones, Arthur Bryan, George F. Lord, Jennie Fisher, Florence Harriet Chambers, W. F. Preston Patten, Kittle Carpenter, Eddie McGrew, Eddie and Frankie Couch.

The answer to the enigma on page 288 of No. 227 is, O, grab me—Embargo.

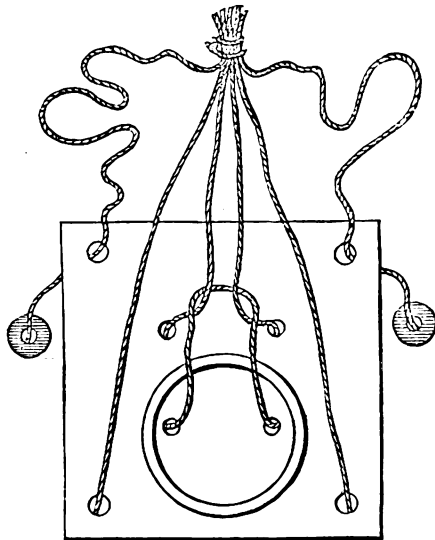
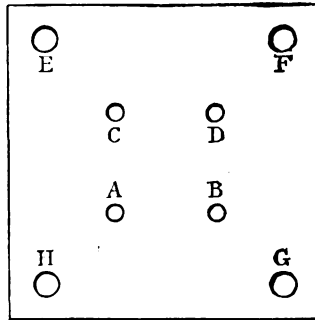


## THE SCALE AND RING PUZZLE.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE IN No. 228.

**P**ASS the loop downward through the hole E, and pass the bead behind E downward through the loop.

Then draw the loop back through E, and pass it downward through F, and the bead behind F downward through the loop. Draw the loop back. Now pass the knot where all the ends of the strings are tied together through the loop,



and proceed as before with holes G and H, only passing the beads upward (instead of downward) through the loop.

Before passing the beads through the loop be very careful that there are no twists in the string.

To put the ring on again, place it on the scale, and draw the loop upward through it, and then reverse the operations which have already been described.

## TWO TERRIBLE TUGS.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

**T**IS a terrible tug, these mother-folk say,  
To get the boys out of their beds each day;  
And a terrible tug, if I hear aright,  
To get them into their beds at night.

## THE PERSEVERING MARTINS.

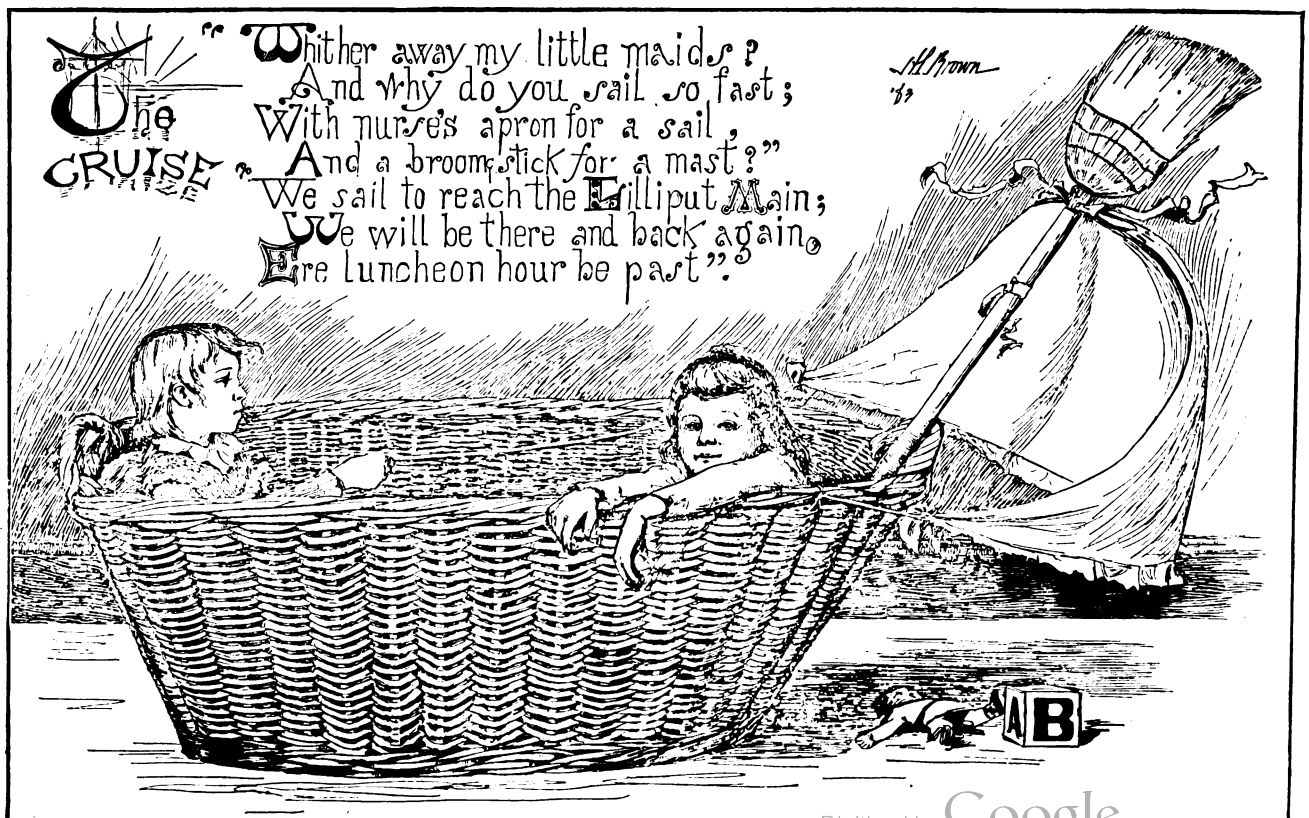
**T**WO ladies residing together at Nottingham, in England, had their attention attracted during early summer by certain curious sounds which appeared to proceed from their bath-room. Nothing was to be seen in the apartment itself which could account for the noises, but it became evident that some living creatures had located themselves below the bath. The place suggested the presence of rats or mice, but the sounds were such as proceed from the throats of birds.

The removal of a board showed the little feathered tenants of this curious retreat, as well as the means by which they had obtained admission to it. A couple of bricks had been removed from the outer wall for some reason or other, and the hole thus made was left unclosed. Through it a pair of house martins had ventured, and built their nest immediately under the bath.

When discovered, the mother bird was sitting on three eggs, and sooner than desert them she allowed herself to be captured by a young servant, who, however, set her at liberty immediately, but took possession of the eggs, and destroyed the nest.

Nothing daunted, the little pair set to work again, constructed another nest on the same spot, and another set of eggs was deposited in the new nest. The ladies of the house interfered to prevent them from being again disturbed, and took no little pleasure in watching their feathered neighbors by means of a lighted taper passed through a convenient cranny.

The birds appeared to understand that they were no longer regarded as intruders, but as privileged inmates. The appearance of the light did not frighten them, and they returned with their bright eyes the looks of their human protectors. The second set of eggs was duly hatched, and tiny bird voices mingled with those of the parent martins as they labored unweariedly to supply the wants of their growing family.





# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 231.

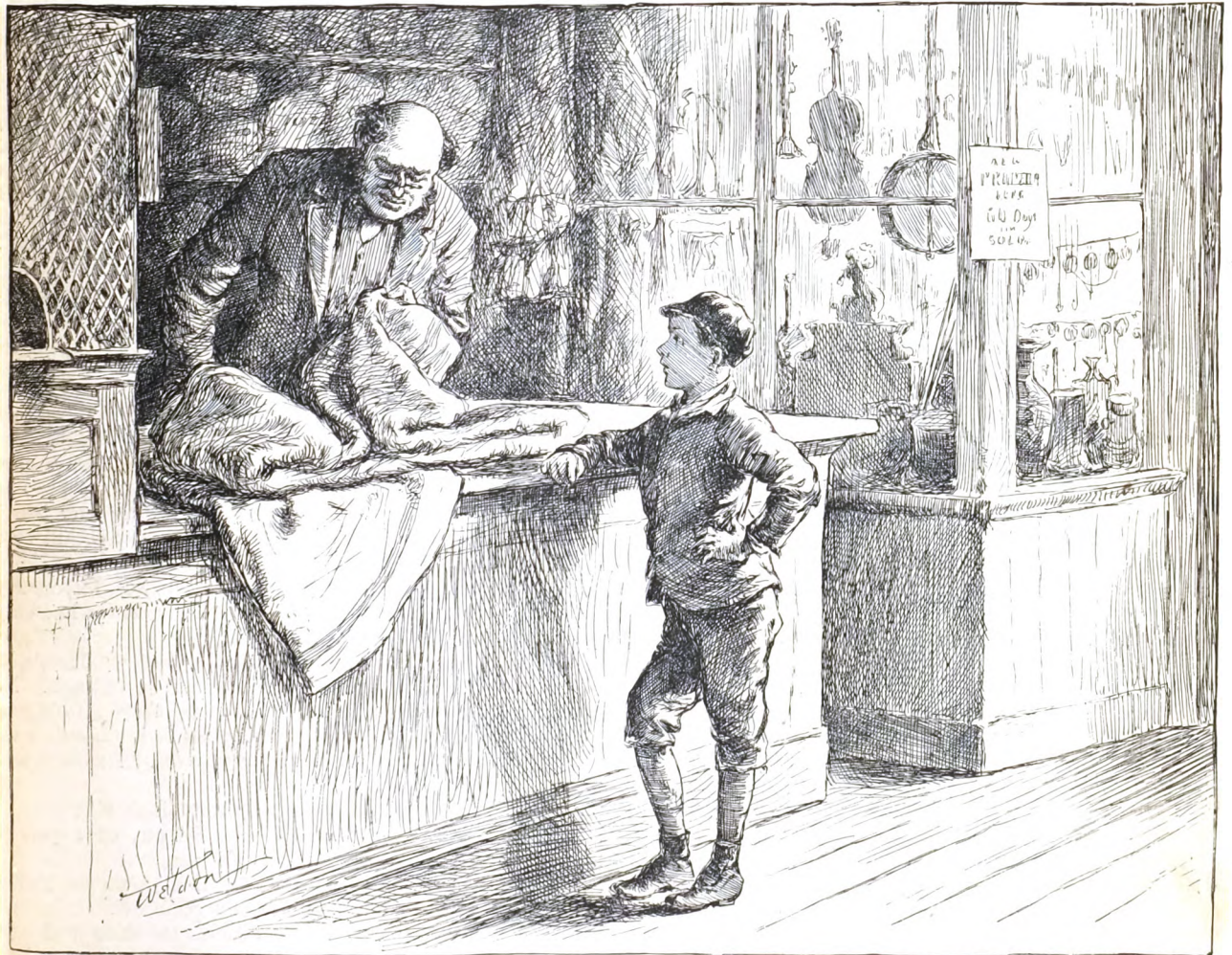
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 1, 1884.

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\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"'GIF YOU ONE TOLLAR,' HE SAID AT LENGTH."

## THE DAY THAT JERRY REFORMED.

A Story for All-Fools' Day.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

I.

IF it hadn't been for his little baby sister, Jerry Pell would have been a very bad boy indeed. He wasn't a good boy, as things were, but he was better than he

would have been if it hadn't been for little Bonny, as they called her. Bonny was a pretty little thing, and she was the delight of Jerry's eyes.

One morning when Jerry crawled out of his cot bed in one corner of the one large room which he called home, he found his mother, who had been sick in bed for several weeks, crying on her pillow. Bonny's little face was besmeared with tears too as she crept up beside Jerry.



The sight of their tears made Jerry feel not so much sorry as cross. Jerry had not taken very great pains to cultivate pleasant tones or manners; so when he said, "What's up?" as he presently did, to his poor mother, it was in a very surly and ill-natured way indeed.

"It's two days now since your father has been home," said Mrs. Pell, "and I have just found a little note that explains it all. He has gone to California, and—and left us."

Here the poor woman broke into weeping again, and Jerry's crossness seemed to melt away. He had not kissed her for many a day, and he did not kiss her now, but he put his head down on the worn coverlet beside her and let her kiss him. She did it half timidly.

John Pell, though he had been a drinking man, and not in all other respects a good husband and father, had earned fair wages at his trade, and his family, though poor, had never wanted for food or fire. Now that he had left them, the poor woman did not know which way to turn for daily bread.

"Jerry," began his mother, after a little, "you won't go off, and leave Bonny and me, will you? You can do a good deal for us."

"I'd like to know what," said Jerry, still a little offish, and like his old self.

"Oh, I don't know," said his mother, hesitatingly. "You have carried parcels for the grocer sometimes, and you have earned a good many dimes for doing errands. Tom Sykes sells papers; why can't you?"

"All the boys sell papers—ain't no chance for me," said Jerry, gruffly.

"Well," sighed his mother, "something must be done; for if I had that medicine that the doctor ordered for me, I might get better. I've been thinking that I might perhaps spare the double blankets that are on my bed. They're the nicest things we've got."

She tried to speak cheerfully, and pulling open the bed, dragged off the blankets, and helped Jerry to fold them and wrap them up in a newspaper.

"Now, Jerry," she said, "go to the pawnbroker's"—Jerry knew where to go well enough, for he had been there many times—"and get as much as you can for the blankets. Then take the money, and get this prescription filled at the drug store."

Bonny's breakfast was brought up beside the bed, before Jerry left, so that the sick mother could feed her, and then Jerry, breaking off a bit of the one loaf for his breakfast, started on his errand.

The old pawnbroker looked the blankets over sharply.

"Gif you one tollar," he said at length.

"All right," answered Jerry. He took a one-dollar bill that the man handed him, and pursued his way to the druggist's. The medicine cost eighty cents.

When Jerry had hastened home, and running up the long flight of tenement-house stairs, had handed the bottle and the twenty cents to his mother, she could not help observing that a change had taken place in his manner. He had an air of business that he had never worn before. Her heart bounded with a vague pleasure as she saw it, and as she thanked him she stroked his poor patched jacket approvingly. Bonny, too, seemed pleased. She cooed and cooed, and put her little mouth up to Jerry.

"Kiss," she said. "Take Bonny." She stretched her little arms up to him, and Jerry caught her up.

"I'm going out for a while, mother," he said, setting Bonny down on the bed, "and I reckon I'll bring back some money. I'll be home to-night, sure."

## II.

Jerry thought that he would go first to the grocery store and see if the grocer had any parcels for him to carry. No, nothing to do. This made Jerry feel rather forlorn.

Just then Jim Simmons and Tom Sykes, two of Jerry's

mates, and by no means good ones for him, came and offered him half a cigar.

"We've got some fun going on down in Denny's Alley," said Jim. "Come down."

"Can't," said Jerry, hardly stopping to look their way. "Mother's sick, and father's gone off."

"Yes, you can," persisted Jim, artfully. "Ain't no fun without you, Jerry. Is there, Tom? You're the feller that makes 'em all laugh. Come on, Jerry."

Jerry half stopped. He knew that he was the life of whatever crowd of boys he happened to be in, and, after his experience with the grocer, he felt afraid that he couldn't get work. Why not go with the boys and have a good time?

Then he thought of Bonny—little Bonny, who perhaps might cry to-morrow with hunger, and there would be nothing to give her. His weakness was gone. He pulled his ragged cap down a little lower on his forehead, and saying, simply but decidedly, "Can't, I tell you," shook Jim's hand off his shoulder, and ran swiftly down the street and around a corner to a place where they made pocket-books.

"Perhaps they'll want a boy here," Jerry thought. So he knocked on the grimy door. It was opened by a rough-looking man.

"What you knocking here for?" said the man.

"You don't want a boy to work, do you?" said Jerry.

"Depends on the boy. Seems to me you're the boy I've seen around here with Jim Simmons and those. Jim's a bad lot. Is he a friend of yours?"

"He was," answered Jerry; "but I'm not going with Jim any more. My mother's sick, and my father's gone off, and I've got to work. My name's Jerry Pell, and I live around on Pullin Street."

"Pell?—Pell?" said the man. "What was your father's trade?"

"He was a carpenter," replied Jerry.

"Used to drink," said the man.

"Ye—es, he did."

Jerry's heart sank. He realized now for the first time in his life what a blessing it would have been to have had a steady, respectable father, and to have had only good companions himself.

"Don't believe we want any of that stock around here," said the man, in what seemed to Jerry a very brutal way, and he slammed the door hard in the boy's face.

Jerry walked off, feeling ready to cry, but, fortunately for his mother and Bonny, the man's harshness had only strengthened the boy's will.

At last he paused in front of a big hotel. Hotels, he knew, had to have bell-boys and all kinds of boys. He had half a mind to go in. As he stood there an old gentleman came out of the door, carrying in his hands a valise, an overcoat, and a number of parcels. As quick as a flash Jerry was by his side.

"Don't you want me to carry your things, sir?"

The old gentleman looked steadily out of a pair of bright brown eyes deep into Jerry's face.

"My name is Jerry Pell, and I live down on Pullin Street. Mother's sick, and father's gone off. I haven't worked much, and I've run around all the time with boys that ain't first-rate, but I'm going to work now and help mother."

The old gentleman seemed to wring all this information right out of Jerry by the mere force of his glance.

"Aha!" he said at length, his eyes seeming to laugh, though his tone was very grave. "That's it, is it? Lucky you took a start just when you did! I'm due at the railroad station in just ten minutes, and it's a long walk. Here, take my valise, sir, and hurry up!"

Jerry seized the valise, and walked off with the air of a Hercules, which sat so funnily upon his slight figure that the old gentleman had to laugh in spite of his hurry.



They hastened on, and were soon at the door of the station.

"Here," said the old gentleman, handing Jerry a coin, "take this, good boy, Jerry Pell. Let those bad boys alone;" and with a merry nod and a laugh out of his bright eyes the old gentleman whisked away.

What a big coin! Jerry could not believe his eyes as he saw that it was a dollar.

"That's just enough to get the blankets out of pawn," he thought. "Mother'd very likely say get something to eat with it; but she's sick, and she don't keep much fire, and I think I'd better get the blankets right away. My! how surprised mother'll be!"

### III.

It was a very happy boy that walked into the pawn shop a few moments later.

"I've got a dollar," said Jerry to the old man who had waited on him a little while before; "I guess I'll take those blankets back again."

The old man took the dollar which Jerry so confidently handed him, and began to examine it suspiciously.

"Vere you get him?" said he.

A vague terror struck to Jerry's happy heart.

"A man gave it to me for carrying his valise," he answered, while his voice faltered.

"It ish not goot," said the old man, ringing the coin on the counter for the third time. "It ish gounterfit, sure ash you lif. I no gif you goot plankets for pad monish. You try to play April-fool trick on the old man. No, no."

It was eleven o'clock on the morning of the 1st of April, but Jerry had had so much to occupy him that he had not thought for an instant of All-fools' Day. His soul was filled with burning indignation. How mean it was of the old man to pass off a bad dollar on a boy like him!

Jerry's ambition and his courage oozed away as he left the shop. Profane words which he had learned to use from Jim Simmons and the low men of the streets rose to his lips. The good resolves which had inspired him all the morning melted away. Bonny's pretty face was forgotten. Jerry called himself a fool, and began to look around to see if there were not some mischief that he could do to celebrate the day.

Suddenly, as he was strolling aimlessly along Pullin Street, his foot caught in a string which some idle boy, probably full of the spirit with which Jerry himself was just then brimming over, had tied across the sidewalk, and Jerry's temper was tried more severely than ever when he found, upon trying to rise, that one of his hands and one of his feet were badly hurt.

If Jerry's heart had been heavy before, it was doubly so now. Grief and pain overmastered the anger and chagrin of a few moments before, and Jerry was just ready to give way to his feelings in a genuine fit of crying, when his eye was caught by the sight of a carriage drawn up to a curb-stone just in front of him, and by a gray head peering out of the carriage.

"Jerry Pell?" a passer-by was saying, evidently in reply to some question asked by the owner of the gray head. "I don't live on this street, and I don't know—"

Jerry checked his tears and almost forgot his pain as he limped breathlessly to the carriage door.

"Bless my heart!" said an old gentleman, whose merry dark eye Jerry had no trouble in recognizing. "Here's the very boy! But what's the matter with you?"

"Fell over a string, sir," said Jerry, wincing with pain as he spoke. "Hurt my fingers, an' my ankle's lame. I'm afraid I can't do any more errands for quite a while." Jerry's voice trembled.

"Too bad! too bad!" said the old gentleman, in a tone of sympathy that went to the boy's heart.

"But I thought you took the train out of town," said Jerry, remembering the trip to the station and the coun-

terfeit dollar. His face fell as he spoke, and his confidence in the old gentleman began to die away in spite of the kindly look of his face.

"Missed my train, sir," said the old gentleman, the merry twinkle returning to his eye—"don't know whether it was your fault or my own—and I had a special reason for trying to find you. Where's that dollar I gave you?"

Jerry produced the counterfeit coin.

"Just as I thought! just as I thought!" said the old gentleman, looking deeply mortified. "Somebody passed it off on me yesterday. I ought to have thrown it away; but I've been travelling all the while, and so I had left it in my pocket. Had you found it out?"

"Yes, sir," said Jerry, repenting the hard thoughts he had had but a few moments before.

"Well," continued the old gentleman, "I'm just as sorry as I can be. But here's a good dollar, and a little extra to make up for my mistake;" and he handed Jerry a two-dollar bill.

Jerry looked at it with eyes as big as saucers.

"For me?" he gasped.

"Of course," said the old gentleman, kindly. "You can't work much for a few days now, and you must spend it for your mother, you know. By-the-way, my train doesn't go for a couple of hours yet, and suppose you take me up to see her. I'll help you up the stairs."

"All right, sir," said Jerry, joyfully, and sublimely unconscious or forgetful—or both—of the untidy room that he had left behind him that morning. "This way, sir."

He hastened ahead to open the door, and so light the dark stairway for the old gentleman, who followed slowly and with some stumbling.

"Here's a gentleman, mother," he said, eagerly.

The old gentleman looked pityingly upon the pinched and trembling invalid who sat in a rocking-chair in front of the scant fire, while Jerry explained to her his disabled condition.

"Your son did an errand for me," he said then, as he took her thin hand in his, "and I paid him in a bad coin. Fortunately circumstances have allowed me to repair the damage."

Here Jerry handed his mother the two-dollar bill. In her weakness this was almost too much for the poor woman. She burst into tears, and threw her arms around her boy.

"I always knew you would come out all right, Jerry," she sobbed. "I knew you would work for your mother and for little Bonny."

The old gentleman wiped his eyes, and looked very hard out the window.

"Can you braid straw hats, ma'am?" he asked, suddenly, of Mrs. Pell.

"Oh yes," she answered. "I used to braid fast and well when I was a girl."

"My brother has a large hat store a few squares from here—makes a specialty of straw hats. I'll go up there and see if I can't get you some work. I'll take Jerry with me in the carriage, if he feels able to go," pursued the old gentleman. "I feel like doing a good deal for Jerry, after passing off a bad dollar on him."

Jerry's light heart had done a good deal to make him feel better. So he went up to the hat store, and when he came home he was regularly engaged as errand-boy there just as soon as he should be able to work, and for as long as he would behave himself. He brought home a pattern hat and a quantity of straw for his mother, with which, after a little practice, she was able to work nicely.

I need not say that the Pells ate a very happy supper together that night. The head of the family was gone, it was true, but there were a good many things to make up



for that, and Jerry felt, when he got well—which he did in a few days—and passed up and down Pullin Street to and from his work, as if he were twenty-one. Jim Simmons and Tom Sykes beg him in vain to go off with them and “have fun.”

Jerry has picked up a new and more desirable set of friends than his old ones, and he spends his holidays mostly with his mother and Bonny. The pocket-book man has been heard to say that “that Pell boy is going to turn out a man after all.” He wishes that he had engaged Jerry to help him make pocket-books, but perhaps it was better that Jerry should have had the bitterness of the disappointment. Not even dear little Bonny could have reformed him alone.



LY to us, swallows; fond be the  
greeting—  
Welcome once more to this  
cottage of ours.  
What tales do you bring of that  
wonderful land  
Where the air is all fragrant  
with blossoms and flowers,

Where the humming-birds twinkle amid the green boughs,  
And the bright golden oranges hang from the tree?  
Far, far have you wandered, and followed the track  
Of brave ships that sailed o'er the perilous sea.

When we bade you good-by there was snow in the air,  
And the heavens above us were dull leaden gray;  
Now the flowers are awake and the skies are so fair,  
And you have returned with the blossoms so gay.

Are you glad, little swallows, to see us once more?  
Your music sounds cheery and blithesome to me.  
How you must rejoice in the sunshine and flowers,  
Wearied out with your flight o'er the perilous sea!

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### REX FIGHTS UNKNOWN ENEMIES.

WITH aching heads bowed under their burdens, and tired limbs, they had returned to within perhaps a hundred yards of the beach, when the barking of dogs, mingled with a girlish scream, caused them all to look up in astonishment. Then without waiting for any one to give the word, each dropped what he was carrying, and began to run as fast as he was able over the broken ice toward the shore.

When the lads had started on the second trip out to the boat, Rex, bidden to watch his mistress, and proud of the duty, had lain down almost on the edge of her blankets. There was no snow upon the sand here, and the warmth of the fire closed the eyes of the fagged-out dog, just as it had those of his mistress. The boys had been gone perhaps half an hour, and he had had time to get very soundly asleep, when suddenly he was roused by a growl and a rush, and before he could rise to his feet two animals were right upon him, each nearly as big as himself, though short-haired and wofully gaunt. With a yelp of surprise and rage the dog sprang up and tried to defend himself, but the attack of his assailants was so fierce that he was rolled over in an instant, and felt their teeth pressing at his throat.

Into Katy's dreams of a May-day picnic under the blossoming apple-trees broke this rude hubbub, and before she could understand its meaning she felt the weight of the struggling animals pressing upon her bed. With the piercing scream of alarm that had reached the ears of her brothers out on the ice she struggled out of her blankets only to be tripped and fall right upon the tumbling, growling, fighting heap. Afterward she used to tell the story with merry laughter, but then, scarcely knowing what it all meant, she was too frightened to do anything but scream again, and pick herself up as best she could.

Safely on her feet at last, and convinced that this startling adventure was a reality and not some frightful change in her dream, she saw that Rex was being overpowered by two great dogs, lean almost as skeletons, that seemed bent upon killing him without an instant's delay. To see her faithful friend surprised and overcome in this terrible way stirred up all her sympathies and all her wrath. Like a flash she remembered how African travellers had fought lions with fire-brands, and seizing one of the charred sticks from the fire, she began to strike the brute nearest to her.

But what followed was most alarming, for the animal, at the very first blow, left Rex, and turned toward her, his jaws wide open, and his haggard eyes glowing with rage. Instinctively she presented the smoking end of her long brand, as a soldier would his bayonet, and was fortunate enough to meet the dog squarely in the face, which staggered him for an instant, and before he could gather himself for a new attack Aleck and Tug and Jim were all beside her, and the two great brutes were in full flight.

Then the brave girl dropped her fire-brand, and sank down on the nearest seat, where perhaps she might have been excused for fainting had the day been warm, instead of freezing cold. The boys gathered anxiously about her, with such questions as, “Where did they come from?” “Why did they attack you?” “Are you hurt?” and so on.

The story was soon told, and this was fortunate, for everybody had forgotten poor Rex, who lay panting and licking one of his feet, from which the blood was oozing.

“Well, old fellow,” exclaimed Tug, as he went and bent over the dog, “did they try to chew you up? Here, give



us your paw. Quiet! Let me feel—so—good dog! No bones broken, I guess, and we'll bandage you up O. K. How about this ear? One hole through it, and— Well, 'twas lucky you had a strong collar! Just look at the tooth-marks on that piece of leather! If it hadn't been for that an' his thick hair, they'd been in his throat, and then good-by, Rex!"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## EXPLORING THE ISLAND.

WHEN all the property of our shipwrecked crew had been brought ashore it made a very small heap, and the biggest part of that seemed to be the bedding. Everybody noticed this, and it added a new gloom to the feeling of discouragement caused by their weariness and Katy's fright, and, most of all, by the hunger of which their slight breakfast had only taken away the edge.

"Before we do anything else at all," said Captain Aleck, "we must have something more to eat. Do you feel strong enough to help us, Katy?"

"Oh yes, indeed. I've quite got rid of my foolish weakness."

"That's good. Let us know if we can help you."

Nobody felt in the mood for talking, and Jim really took a nap between the rock and the fire. Though the air was very cold, the sunshine was bright, and under the lee of the little cliff it was very comfortable; but poor Katy had hard work to keep her fingers from almost freezing. What she made was chocolate, fried bacon, and "griddle" cakes, the latter cooked in the skillet, and using up the last crumb of buckwheat and a good share of the sugar. When the meal had been eaten to the last scrap, and everybody had grown wide awake and cheerful, Aleck rapped on a box, and made a speech:

"Attention, ladies and gentlemen! Though none of us have said much about it, you all know well enough that we're in a regular scrape, and the sooner we find out how we're to get out of it the better. Now I am going to propose a plan, and if any of you don't like it you can say so."

"We'll do whatever you say," exclaimed Tug.

"But I don't want to *say* till we've talked it over. I rather think we're on a small island a good many miles from land. I judge so from what I know of the chart of the lake, and what I can guess of where we drifted on that ice-floe. If so, I do not think anybody lives here, or ever comes here in winter."

"Regular desert island!" Jim was heard to mutter, in a tone that showed his mind busy with the memory of Robinson Crusoe.

"The first thing to do is to find out whether this is so or not. Now I propose that Jim and Katy should stay here—"

"Oh, no, no," Katy interrupted, in an eager appeal. "Those dreadful dogs might come back, and Jimmy is so little! I want you to stay with me, or else let me go with you."

"That's rather rough on the boy," Aleck laughed. "However, I suppose it won't matter. Well, then, Tug, I think you and Jim had better go back in the country, and see what you can find, while I stay and watch over the goods and the sister. What do you say?"

"Good plan!" Tug replied. "I'm ready. Are you, Youngster?"

"Yes, siree! But you'll let us take the gun, won't you, Aleck?"

"Oh yes, you can have the gun. If the dogs, or wolves, or whatever they are, come at us while you're gone, Katy can fight them with fire-brands, and I—"

"Oh, *you* can climb a tree!" said his sister, merrily.

"Yes, I can climb a tree."

While Tug and Jim were gone, Aleck and Katy busied themselves in making snug bundles of their goods, and in talking over their strange adventures. They were too anxious to feel very gay, but thought it foolish to give way to fretting until they had lost all hope. It was two hours or more, and the sun had climbed to "high noon" in the sky, before the explorers came back, bringing solemn faces.

"Island!" both called out as soon as they came near; "and a small one at that."

"Any people on it?" asked Katy.

"Not a soul that I could see," Tug said. "I allow they come here in summer, though, for the trees have been cut down, and there's a rough little shanty on the other side."

"Could we live in it?"

"Didn't go inside—don't know. It's half full of snow. Better than no shelter at all, I suppose. It ain't far off. Suppose you all go over there and look at it—Jim can show you where it is—while I guard the grub against those pesky dogs. I don't wonder the brutes are savage, for I don't see how they could get anything to eat here."

When the three had left the rocks at the beach, under Jim's guidance, they found themselves in a brushy wood consisting largely of hemlocks and pines, often closely





matted together. A few minutes' walking carried them through this and up to a ridge of jagged limestone rocks, one point of which, a little distance off, stood up like a big monument. This ridge ran about east and west, and they had come up its southern side. Its northern face was very snowy, had few trees, and sloped down an eighth of a mile to the water.

At one place on this northern beach several great rocks stood up from the water's edge, and among them stood a small grove of hemlocks and other trees. In that thicket, Jimmy told them, the old shanty was placed. They thought it must be very small, or else well stowed away, for they could see nothing of it. To get down to it was no easy task, for the crevices and holes in the rocky hill-side had drifted full of snow, and they were continually sinking in where they had expected to stand firm, or finding a solid rock ahead when they tried to flounder out. It was a chilled and ill-tempered trio that finally reached the beach, and sought the shelter of the rocky thicket.

Now it became easier to understand why the hut had been invisible from above, for it was only a shanty propped up between two great rocks that helped to form its walls and support its roof. From the broken oars and many fragments of nets, the old corks and other rubbish lying about, they saw at once that it had been built by fishermen, who probably came there to spend the night now and then, or perhaps staid a week or so at a time in the summer.

The door stood half open, and a snow-drift lay heaped upon the threshold. Edging their way in, they found that the roof and walls were tight, the little window unbroken, and several rough articles of furniture lying about. An old rusty stove, one corner propped up on stones, and the pipe tumbled down, stood against the chimney of mud and sticks that was built up against one of the rocky walls.

"This is splendid!" Katy cried. "Just look at that dear old stove!"

"Yes, sis; I think we must move over here. But are you sure, Jim—how did you find out?—that this is an island, and not the mainland?"

"From the top of that high point of rocks you can see the whole of it. I don't believe it is more than a mile up to the farther end, and not half that down to the other. The island is shaped something like a dumb-bell, only one end is a good deal bigger than the other. We are on the little end here."

"Well, Youngster, you're quite a geographer; but we can't stop to talk about it now. Let's go back as quickly as we can, and bring part of our goods over this afternoon: don't you think that's best?"

"Oh yes." And twenty minutes later, rosy and panting, Katy astonished the sleepy Tug by rushing into camp, followed closely—not by wild beasts, as he thought would be the case—but by both the brothers she had outsped.

"It's so good!" she exclaimed, catching her breath, "to feel something besides slippery ice under your feet! Now what shall we take first?"

By hard work and little resting the coming of twilight found them established in their new home. The last journey had been made after the bedding by Tug and Aleck, while Jim and Katy cleared the snow all away from the cabin door and off the bending roof, straightened up the rusty old stove, and set a fire going. By the time the larger boys came back, raising a whoop far up the hill-side as they saw the smoke curling up between the hemlocks, the old hut was warm, and the tin cover of the little iron pot was dancing in its effort to hold back the escaping steam.

"Ugh!" said Tug, as he pushed the door open, and threw down his bundle of blankets; "I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"If you think you can wait fifteen minutes, Mr. Montgomery, you'll have a bee-yutiful supper. Can you do it?"

"I 'low I can. I ain't a epi—epi— What d'ye call it?"

"Epicure?"

"That's the chap. I read the other day that the Tartars say he digs his grave with his teeth. I don't want a grave as bad as that yet."

"I suppose that means that a man who lives on too rich food will die by it."

"Yes, I reckon so. But I 'low there's no danger in our case—eh, Aleck? Do you think dried beef and snow-birds too rich for your delicate stomach, my boy?"

That night all bunked down on the floor, for they were too weary to care much for anything but a chance to sleep, and the sun was high before any of them found out, in their shady house, that it was morning. When breakfast was ready, and they had all sat down at the rough shelf-table which the fishermen had fastened at one side of the cabin, Aleck called, "Attention!" and said that it was time they all were looking the situation squarely in the face.

"It's all very funny," he said, "to think ourselves Crusoes, and feel that we are all right because we have a roof over us and a stove to keep warm by. But Crusoe didn't need a roof nor a stove, for he was in a warm climate; and he had goats and birds, and shell-fish along the rocks, and cocoa-nuts, and lots of other things. Crusoe was a king in his palace beside us."

The circle of faces grew rather grave.

"Here we are, in midwinter, on an island in a fresh-water lake—and not even water, but solid ice—where there are no oysters nor clams, no fruit trees, and no animals—"

"Except those dogs," Jim interrupted.

"Even *they* seem to have disappeared," Aleck went on; "and they're starved almost to skin and bone. If a pack of dogs can't get anything to eat, what are we four going to do? I tell you it's a serious case."

"Well," Tug rejoined, stoutly, "I, for one, don't give in yet. Look what we did out on the ice! We can fish, and trap snow-birds—I saw a flock last evening; and maybe we can find some mussels near the beach, and so stick it out till the ice breaks up and the birds begin to come in the spring."

"Tug, you're a brick, and I was wrong to feel so low-spirited," said Aleck, heartily. "I think you're a better fellow to be captain here than I am. I resign."

"Not by a long chalk!" exclaimed Tug. "Here—I'll put it to vote. Whoever wants Aleck to go out, and me to take my innings as captain, hold up their hand."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW TO MAKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA FOR TEN CENTS.

BY E. CLOUS.

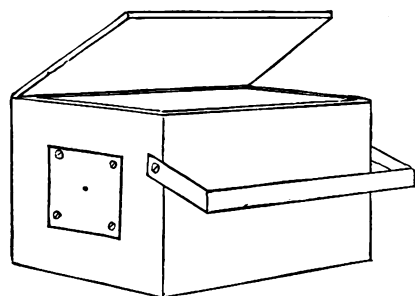
YOU will find this little instrument a very entertaining toy, and one that any boy can easily make with a very few tools. It will give quite satisfactory pictures, not as fine, of course, as those taken by a regular camera with expensive lenses, when the light is condensed and concentrated, and the focus adjusted to a hair's-breadth, but very good copies of familiar scenes. Landscapes and buildings are easier taken by this little instrument than figures, as the time of exposure is so long that your sitter will probably move before his picture is taken.

Procure at a tobacco store a cigar-box seven and a quarter inches long, five inches wide, and five inches deep. It must be in good condition, without any flaws or cracks, and must have the lid held down firmly in its place by the strip of muslin which acts as a hinge. Remove the paper which is pasted over the box both inside and out by dampening the parts with water till the paper can be easily scraped off. Do not make the box too wet, or it will warp in drying and be useless. You will do well to make the joints of the box more secure by strengthening them with a few more nails. See that the lid fits snugly in its



place all around the edges, as it is very important that your camera when finished should keep out every bit of light.

After the box is perfectly dry, take a pencil and rule and on one side draw two diagonal lines from corner to corner; they will cross each other in the exact centre of

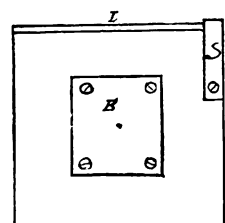


SIDE VIEW OF BOX WITH LID OPEN.

or glue it on the inside of the end of your box where you made the hole. When it is firmly fastened, take your penknife and enlarge the inside end of the hole, so as to make it funnel-shaped.

Take a piece of sheet brass, or a piece of ordinary tin will do, two inches square. Drill a very small hole in its centre. Do not let the hole be over one-thirty-second of an inch in diameter. Be very particular to drill this hole very clean and smooth on its edges. Drill similar holes at each of the four corners. Place the piece of brass or tin on the end of your box, so that the hole in its centre comes exactly in the centre of the larger hole bored in the wood. Be very particular to have it so placed, and fasten it firmly with four round-headed brass screws at the four corners. The screws should be one-quarter of an inch long, and driven firmly through the end of the box into the piece of wood fastened beyond. This piece of brass with the small hole acts in the place of the lens and tube on a regular camera, and is the only place where light should enter when you are making an exposure, or, in other words, taking a picture.

You must now make a plate-holder on the inside of the opposite end of your box from where the light enters. This is easily done by fastening two strips running parallel and perpendicular to the bottom of the box. They must have grooves cut in their edges, and be placed three and three-quarter inches apart, with the grooves facing each other, so that a plate of glass four inches wide will slide down in the grooves, and be held firmly in position. When you have done this much, and seen that the two grooved strips do not project so far beyond the top of the



END VIEW OF CAMERA WITH LID CLOSED.

B, Brass Plate; L, Lid held down with Brass Strips.

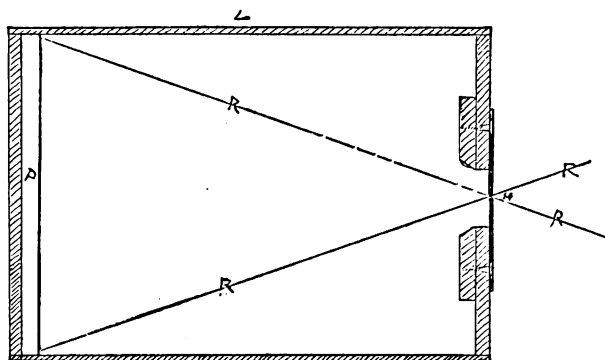
box as to interfere with the lid being placed in its position, you must paint the whole inside, lid and all, with black paint thinned with turpentine, so that it will dry a dead-black, without any gloss. Take particular pains to work the paint into all the joints, so as to exclude any possible ray of light entering when the lid is down, except through the small brass hole. Your box will now have to be set aside to dry, and in the mean while you can make a fastener to keep the lid firmly in its place when it is closed.

Then in a vise bend the two ends of the strip at right

angles at the places marked, so that it will have a shape like this —. Then place it on the edge of your box opposite the side where the hinge is placed, and with two screws inserted in the holes fasten it to the ends, so that it will hold the lid down very tight. When you wish to raise the lid the strip can be pushed off, provided you have not driven the screws in too tight; if so, loosen them slightly. Your box will now have the appearance shown in the two cuts.

If you have a friend who has a photographic camera he will probably be willing to allow you to have a plate or two, four by five inches in size. Get those that work the quickest. If you are not so fortunate, you will have to procure them from a dealer in photographic supplies. The gelatine dry plates are the best, and they will cost you \$1 05 for a package of a dozen. You will find full directions for working them contained on a slip of paper inside; but beforehand let me tell you that you must not open them in any other than a light coming through a red material, such as glass or paper.

You can get such a piece of paper specially prepared at the dealer's, and fix it at a window or in front of a lamp, so that no light but the red enters the room. You had best do this at night, as it will be almost impossible to find a room, without it were built on purpose, so arranged that all white light could be excluded in the daytime. Then in a dark place, and in the red light, open your package



SECTIONAL VIEW OF CAMERA.

P, Plate-holder; R, Rays of Light entering Hole in Brass at H; L, Lid of Camera.

of plates. Lift one by holding the edges, and place it in a position so that the light can fall full on its surface. One side of the plate is prepared with a sensitive emulsion, and has a white film over it. This side does not reflect the light as strongly as the back or non-sensitive side. There is very little difference in the appearance of the two sides, so you must look close to see the difference, and after a little practice you will have no difficulty in deciding. You now slide one of your plates between the grooves made for it in your box, being careful to put the sensitive side toward the little hole in the front. Fasten down the lid, and cover the whole with a dark thick-textured cloth, keeping your finger over the little hole.

Place the box, which, now that it is completed, should be called a camera, on a window-ledge from which a pretty view can be had, taking care that the sun does not shine on the box. Uncover the *front only*, take out your watch, and remove your finger from the hole for five minutes if the sun is shining, and twice that time if it is clouded over. This is making an exposure. When the time has elapsed, cover over the box again, take it back to your dark room, take out the plate, and proceed to develop it according to the directions given in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 135, published May 30, 1882.

This operation being of a different nature requires some little experience to be always successful, and does not come within the province of this article.





While the biped and quadrupeds sauntered thus slow,  
A hare crossed the road just before them, and, lo!  
The bird dog and shepherd dog start on a race,  
And the light-footed greyhound soon joins in the chase.

### A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.\*

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

**T**HREE dogs were quite leisurely jogging along  
By the side of their master, who whistled a song,  
And all seemed intent on some problem profound,  
As they went with heads bent and eyes fixed on the ground.

The bird dog had ears that were silky and soft,  
And though in brown-study, he lifted them oft,  
As if in the forest adjacent he heard  
The rustle and chirrup of some little bird.

The shepherd dog looked like a good-natured scamp  
Who knew how to worry the ill-looking tramp,  
And with lambs of the household would cheerfully play,  
And see that not one of them wandered away.

The greyhound, a creature of exquisite shape,  
Was rather reluctant to get in a scrape,  
And 'twas easy to see that its greatest desire  
Was to lie on soft rugs and display its attire.

The poor frightened hare almost feels their hot breath  
As they gain on her track; she is hunted to death;  
And the thought of how she will be torn into bits,  
While it flutters her heart, also sharpens her wits.

The dogs are quite near, with their mouths open wide,  
When all of a sudden the hare jumps aside;  
And her nimble pursuers, unable to stop,  
Run on for some distance, then out of sight drop.

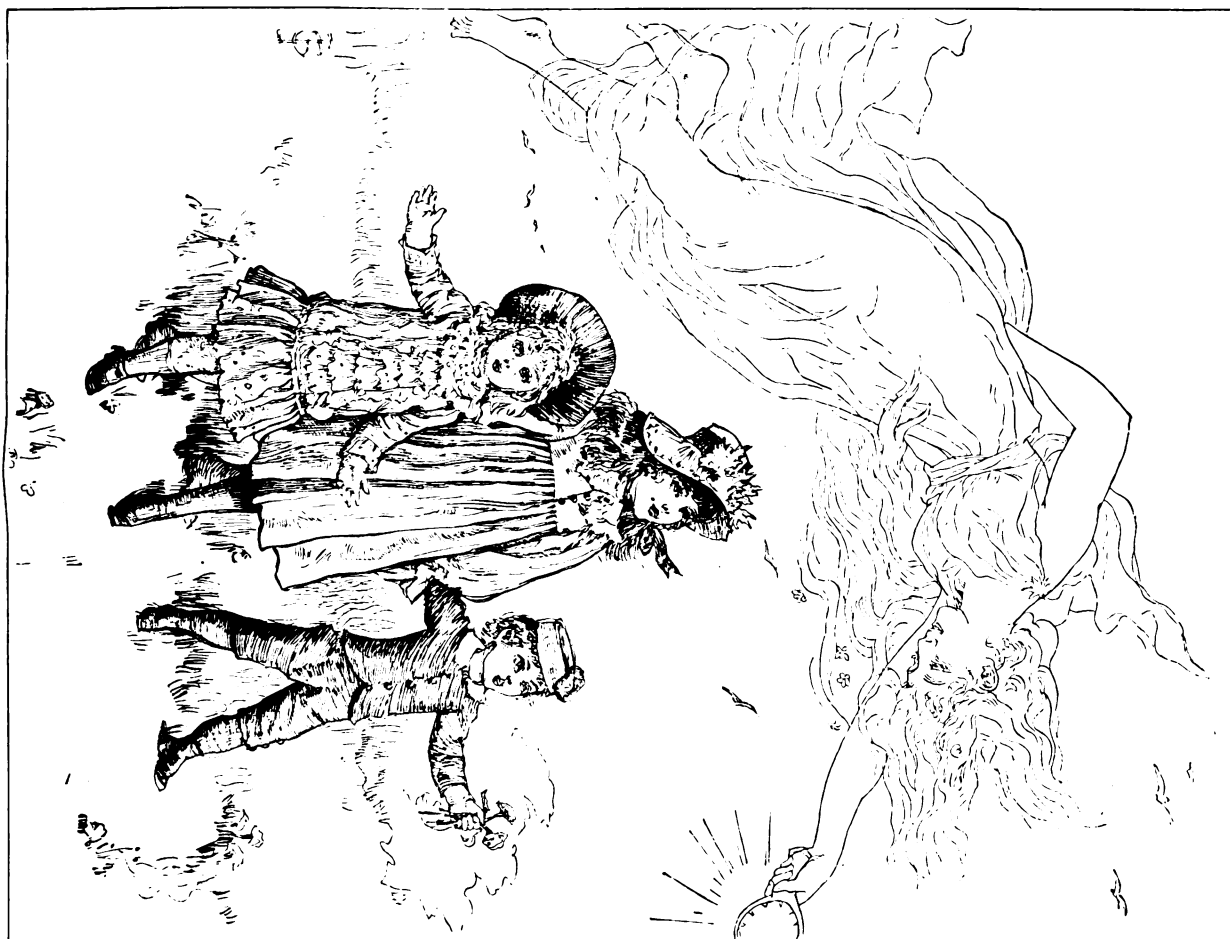
The master comes up to discover the plight  
Of his four-footed friends who have vanished from sight,  
Still whistling a song, and expecting that they  
To some leafy covert have driven their prey.

Imagine his wonder and grief when he found  
That all the three dogs in an old well were drowned  
That stood in the field, and was hidden from view  
By the weeds and the bushes that over it grew!

This rhyme has a moral that here nicely fits:  
'Tis true that necessity sharpens our wits,  
And no one will e'er be considered a dunce  
Who gets rid, as the hare did, of three foes at once.

\* This curious occurrence took place on the ranch of James Martin, California. Three valuable dogs, a bird dog, greyhound, and shepherd dog, accompanied Will Martin on a hunting expedition, and starting up a hare, all gave chase. They were close together and in hot pursuit, when the hare suddenly jumped to one side; and the dogs, unable to check their speed, ran a few feet further on, and disappeared, one after the other. When Mr. Martin came to where the dogs had gone out of sight, he found that they had all fallen into an old well that was hidden by brush and weeds, the water in which was at least twenty feet from the surface. It being impossible to secure ropes, boards, or anything with which to rescue them, all the dogs were drowned.





APRIL 1, 1884. — BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.



## "PUFFING BILLY."

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ONE bright day in June, 1781, a group of miners who had just finished their work were standing around Wylam Pit, near Newcastle, England.

Word was passed from one to another that a baby boy had been born in old Bob's cabin. Old Bob, the engine-man at the pit, had a houseful of children already, but he and his wife had plenty of love for the new-comer, whom they called Geordie.

Wee Geordie Stephenson was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father's house was a rough hut, with unplastered walls and a floor of clay.

Geordie began to work when he was less than seven years old, at twopence per day. A lady paid him this sum for looking after her cows. When a little older, he was taken on at the colliery as a "picker," receiving sixpence a day, and at fourteen he became his father's assistant at a shilling a day. A year or two later he was given the charge of an engine of his own. It became his pet, and never had engine better care.

At eighteen years of age George Stephenson could not read. He was wide awake, and had a great longing for knowledge, but did not understand the alphabet. This could not be borne.

He went to a night school, and paid threepence a week to be taught spelling, reading, and writing, and soon a Scotch minister who knew him undertook to teach him figures. He worked very hard, and made great progress.

In his leisure hours, when he was not busy with his engine or studying, he made and mended shoes. Bit by bit he saved a little money, and by-and-by was able to marry.

I suppose you are wondering what all this has to do with Puffing Billy. Have patience; I am coming to that part of my story.

Though James Watt had invented the working steam-engine, as yet there was no travelling steam-engine. It was George Stephenson who first laid rails, found out what the locomotive could do when attached to cars, and sent the iron horse spinning along the line. His first locomotive was called Puffing Billy.

If you were to peep into some of the public journals of the England of 1825 you would laugh at the fright the people felt at this monster, which fed on coals and water, and flew over the road at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Some thought it was like witchcraft. Others gravely said that one might as well be shot off by a rocket at once as put themselves at the mercy of such a machine as this.

George Stephenson kept quietly on, plodding at everything he attempted, until he had found out its secrets. Whatever he did he did with all his might. When men opposed him he did not lose his temper, but only said, "Wait a while and you will see."

"Suppose, Mr. Stephenson," said a grumbling somebody, thinking he was advancing a terrible objection to the new iron horse—"suppose a cow should happen to be on your line?"

"Well," replied Stephenson, very coolly, "it would be a bad job for the *coo*."

So it is all through life, boys. When a brave, wise man has a new and brilliant thought, it will never be put a stop to by any "*coo*."

## THE QUEEN'S GRANDCHILDREN.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "NAN," "MILDRED'S BARGAIN," ETC.

MY first remembrance of seeing any of these famous young people was a summer day ten years ago. That most exacting and magnificent creature the Shah of Persia was visiting England, and the Princess of Wales gave a garden party for him at her country house in Chis-

wick.\* The little royalties were allowed to attend it, and it so chanced that walking down the High Street of Kensington I saw the children of the Princess of Wales returning from the party. The family at that time were "in residence," as it is called, at their town house, known as the "Marlborough House."

I think I can see the old-fashioned street just as it looked then, flushed with a June sunset, gay with decorations for the drive to and from Chiswick. After a string of carriages had gone by, flashing the splendors of the Eastern monarch and his suite upon us, there came a large victoria, and on one seat crowded together three little girls, and on the other a lady and gentleman. The little girls were rather sleepy and tired-looking (I was told afterward that they had played very hard in the gardens and eaten a great many strawberries); but they were pretty, fair little maidens, dressed very simply in white muslins with blue sashes and straw bonnets; and one of them had a face which since then has grown very handsome.

The names of these little girls are Louise, the eldest, born in 1867, Victoria, born in 1868, and Maude, in 1869. So you see there is only a year between their ages, and in 1873, when I first saw them, they were all three tiny. I suppose they went home that night tired and happy, and were put very early to bed, for the Princess of Wales is a most careful mother.

Naturally her children rank first among the Queen's grandchildren, and are more especially noticeable as belonging to the English court. There are two sons, besides, Albert and George, though in the family the former is usually called "Eddie," for his second name, Edward.

It seems odd to say "in the family," talking about royalty, does it not? But nowhere is there to be found a more complete family circle than among these people. The Princess of Wales watches over her nurseries and school-rooms, although of course there are ladies appointed for the purpose officially; and just now she is very well pleased because her eldest daughter, Louise, has shown a wonderful talent for music, which is the Princess's own beloved art.

When the little folk were very young the nurses always wore white in the house, so that perfect cleanliness could be maintained, and now that Louise has grown to the dignity of sixteen years, she has, instead of a nurse, a more exalted attendant called a *dresser*, and is an important "school-room" young lady. A little English girl who used to go very often to play with the Marlborough House children told me that it was not particularly good fun, because her royal companions did not care much for dolls, and always "wanted to look out of the window." One can fancy their anxiety to see something of the world outside, something of street Arab life, perhaps, which they might see from afar off, but which could never come any nearer.

I think the young people enjoy themselves most at Sandringham Park, the Prince of Wales's large estate in Norfolk. There they are allowed a great deal of freedom, and have all kinds of out-door sports, and the guests who visit them are frequently invited to bring their children with them. A great deal of courtesy is exacted on such occasions toward the visitors, one of whom told me that on a certain occasion the Prince George was not allowed tart for his luncheon because he had spoken rudely to one of his companions. After all, a little royal appetite is just the same as a little American one.

Christmas is a great day at Sandringham. It is made a thorough home celebration of the great and universal children's day for and with the children. There are always Christmas-tree parties and dances and theatricals, at some of which little friends of mine are accustomed to meet the three young princesses.

\* Chiswick is a suburb of London.



"And what do they say to you?" I asked.

"Oh, they just ask the same questions as other children do, only more of them. They want to know what we do at school, what lessons we learn, what we have to eat, and all that sort of thing, you know. But they seem most curious about school, because they can not quite imagine what it is like."

Children are pretty much the same all the world over, whether born in a royal palace or in a cottage. But when night settles down over the great heath which lies round about Sandringham, and darkness clouds the distant sea; when there is an icy edge to the keen air, and the stars shine out with extra brightness; when there is warmth on every hearth in all the model cottages, and only the churches stand dark and still in the cold winter night—how redly the lights gleam behind all the windows of the hall! Every one has been cared for outside, many a happy Christmas has been made secure, and now the Prince and Princess keep theirs with their children and guests.

The two tall striplings—for they are almost young men now—Prince Eddy and Prince George, rush forward in friendly rivalry to secure the honor of conducting their mother to dinner. They are almost like lovers, those two tall youths, so devoted are they to the beautiful young-looking "sea-king's daughter from over the sea." Neither being first, and neither being preferred, the Princess goes gayly to the dining-hall between them. And after them comes the Prince with his bonnie group of daughters.

The grand distribution of gifts has taken place at the breakfast-table in the morning. After dinner comes the frolic. Snap-dragon is a favorite sport, but so serious did it like to prove one year that I can not say whether it still continues in favor. Some of the burning spirit fell on the dress of the Princess, who might have been badly burned but for the presence of mind of Sir Dykin Probyn, who promptly extinguished it. So the Christ-mases pass, one by one. I fancy that they hope many more may pass in the same pleasant fashion before they will be called upon to give up their pretty home at Sandringham to enter upon the splendor of the throne.

It would tire many young people, I am afraid, to hear of the numerous studies these royal children go through with; but then it must be remembered that learning the modern languages is a necessity to young people whose lives, when they marry, may be passed in any foreign country. History is also all-important for those who may have to govern nations, while it is also well that navigation, politics, and science should be studied. Everything in the school-room is so perfectly disciplined and arranged that it is an easier matter to study and work there than in many households; and the governesses and tutors are very fond of their pupils, with whom they are on terms of affectionate intimacy. On one occasion a death occurred in the family of one of the governesses, and the little girls wrote her the most touching simple words of condolence; the youngest, not knowing what would be most soothing, gravely presented Miss — with one of her best dolls.

You know that the boys of the house are called the "sailor Princes" because of their yachting life, but I scarcely think either of them will take to it as a profession. They are all very fond of out-of-door sports.

## MR. THOMPSON AND HIS NAMESAKE.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

MR. THOMPSON was sitting before his fire musing—so he said. A young man who boarded in the same house said that it should be spelled with a *d* and pronounced "dozing." Be that as it may, he was sitting before his fire, when his namesake came into the room, and stretched himself at Mr. Thompson's feet.

This may seem a very undignified proceeding for Mr. Thompson's namesake, and forces me to make another ex-

planation. Mr. Thompson's namesake was the landlady's big Maltese cat. The boarders had called him Mr. Thompson on account of his air of gravity and great wisdom. This name they had shortened to Tom, and it is with Mr. Thompson dozing—I mean musing—before the fire, and Tom on the rug at his feet, that my story has to deal.

Mr. Thompson sat for a while unconscious of Tom's presence. At last he glanced down, and, perceiving him, said, pleasantly:

"Ah, so you are here, eh?" at the same time reaching down his hand caressingly.

"Where did you come from, Tom?" pursued Mr. Thompson, stroking the cat, which was arching his back and purring loudly.

"Do you mean just now, or in the beginning?" asked the cat.

"Eh!—what!" exclaimed Mr. Thompson, rubbing his eyes in surprise, for until this time Tom had only answered with purrs.

"I say, do you mean where did I just come from or where was I born?" repeated Tom, rather sharply.

"Why—er—bless me!" stammered Mr. Thompson. "Where did you just come from?"

"Oh, I've been down to singing school on the woodshed," replied Tom, carelessly.

"Yes; I heard you," commented Mr. Thompson, with a touch of pathos in his voice. "Where did you come from in the beginning?" he added, with a shudder at the recollection of the singing school.

Tom stretched himself lazily, and dug his claws reflectively into Mr. Thompson's pet Daghestan rug, then spoke as follows:

"You know I was born down on Long Island, away down on the east end. The first thing I remember was when I was dragged rudely from my warm nest in the hay by a boy, who shouted in delight, 'This one has its eyes open.' I don't know what you think of small boys, but I have a perfect horror of them." (Mr. Thompson thought he remembered having been one once, but just now he seemed to share Tom's horror.) "My life might have been sacrificed then and there if it had not been for a sweet little girl, who picked me and my brother up and carried us off in her apron. When that dreadful boy was gone she put us back beside our mother.

"The days passed by, and my brother and myself grew to be large, strong kittens. We soon found our way from the barn to the house, and were under everybody's feet, and in everybody's chair, just in time to be stepped upon or sat down on. At last the time came when the little girl left for her home in the city, and she took my brother and me with her in a nice basket. We made a great fuss on the train, and from time to time she would lift the cover of the basket, and say, 'Pretty kitty!' Then the young ladies in the car would come and peep in under the cover and say that we were 'just too cunning,' and 'as sweet as can be,' and Tom paused in his story to laugh contemptuously.

"At last we reached the city," he continued, "and were taken to our future home, which proved to be this boarding-house. For a long time we slept in the basket, and well I remember catching my first mouse. I was awakened by a slight noise on the floor, and I rose softly and peeped over the edge of the basket. There on the plate which had contained our supper were two mice. I roused my brother, and after watching them for a few seconds, we both sprang at the same moment, and each caught our mouse.

"I caught mine easily, for I had studied earnestly with my mother *The Art of Rat-catching in Easy Lessons*, and my mother was a famous hunter. My brother had never been so studious, and though he caught his first mouse at the same time that I did, he never did much in that direction afterward. At all events, in about a year





THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL.

my mistress gave him away to a lady who lived in another city, and I have not seen him since. I heard that he celebrated his entrance into her family circle by a performance which prejudiced some of the family against him. It seems that the lady had heard that if you rub a cat's paws in butter when you take him to a new home he will never try to run away.

"So immediately upon reaching her house she daubed my brother's paws with a plentiful supply of butter. He had no notion of running away, but being of an inquiring turn of mind, he started from the kitchen and made a tour of the whole house, ending by curling up to sleep on the blue satin sofa in the drawing-room. The lady's husband said that he could not have distributed that butter more thoroughly had he been a centipede, and had each foot dipped in grease. But that was only hearsay. I remained here and lived quietly, doing nothing to attract much attention." Tom paused as if he had finished, and Mr. Thompson remarked, for lack of anything else to say:

"Yes, you have an easy time of it."

"Humph!" sniffed Tom, with disdain. "Easy time enough, but nothing to the time we cats used to have in Egypt. You know they used to worship us there, and no one could kill us under pain of instant death, and the displeasure of the gods. A pretty mess it got them into, too. When Cambyzes went to fight the Egyptians he ordered every soldier to carry a live cat in his arms, and the Egyptians dared not run the risk of killing the cats, so they were conquered. Even now there is a state officer in Egypt whose duty it is to feed the cats every day in a building not far from Cairo."

"They do not like you in China," said Mr. Thompson.

"Except in stew," answered Tom, quickly. "I have heard a man who was in Paris during the siege say that cat stew tasted much like rabbit, and a Chinese cat is more like a rabbit, anyhow; its ears hang down, and it looks quite different from an American or English cat."

"Do cats differ much in different places?" queried Mr. Thompson.

"Well, not much, I guess," replied Tom, reflectively.

"You know, in the Isle of Man they have no tails, and in Siberia they are of a bright red gold-color. Other than that, cats are pretty much all alike."

"I suppose you have heard of Mohammed's cat Meuzia," continued Tom, "and how, when she went to sleep on his sleeve one day, he cut off his sleeve rather than disturb her? There have been a number of famous cats. Andrea Doria, one of the Doges of Venice, had a cat whose portrait he had painted for him, and hung in his palace, and when she died he had her skeleton preserved. And even the great Dr. Johnson, who made the dictionary, had a pet cat named Hodge, for which he used to go out to buy oysters. In fact," said Tom, in conclusion, "a cat is one of the most companionable of animals. We love to sit with our friends, and we love to be petted, which is one of the greatest recommendations for a pet, I take it."

"What do you do with yourself all the time?" asked Mr. Thompson, seeing that Tom had relapsed into silence.

"Oh, I hunt," answered Tom, "and sit around with the ladies, and in the evening I go to singing school or to meetings of various kinds. You should hear me sing. My teacher says that I have a fine voice. Just listen," and Tom rose and took a long breath.

"Me-ow-ow-ow-wow. Me-ow-ow—"

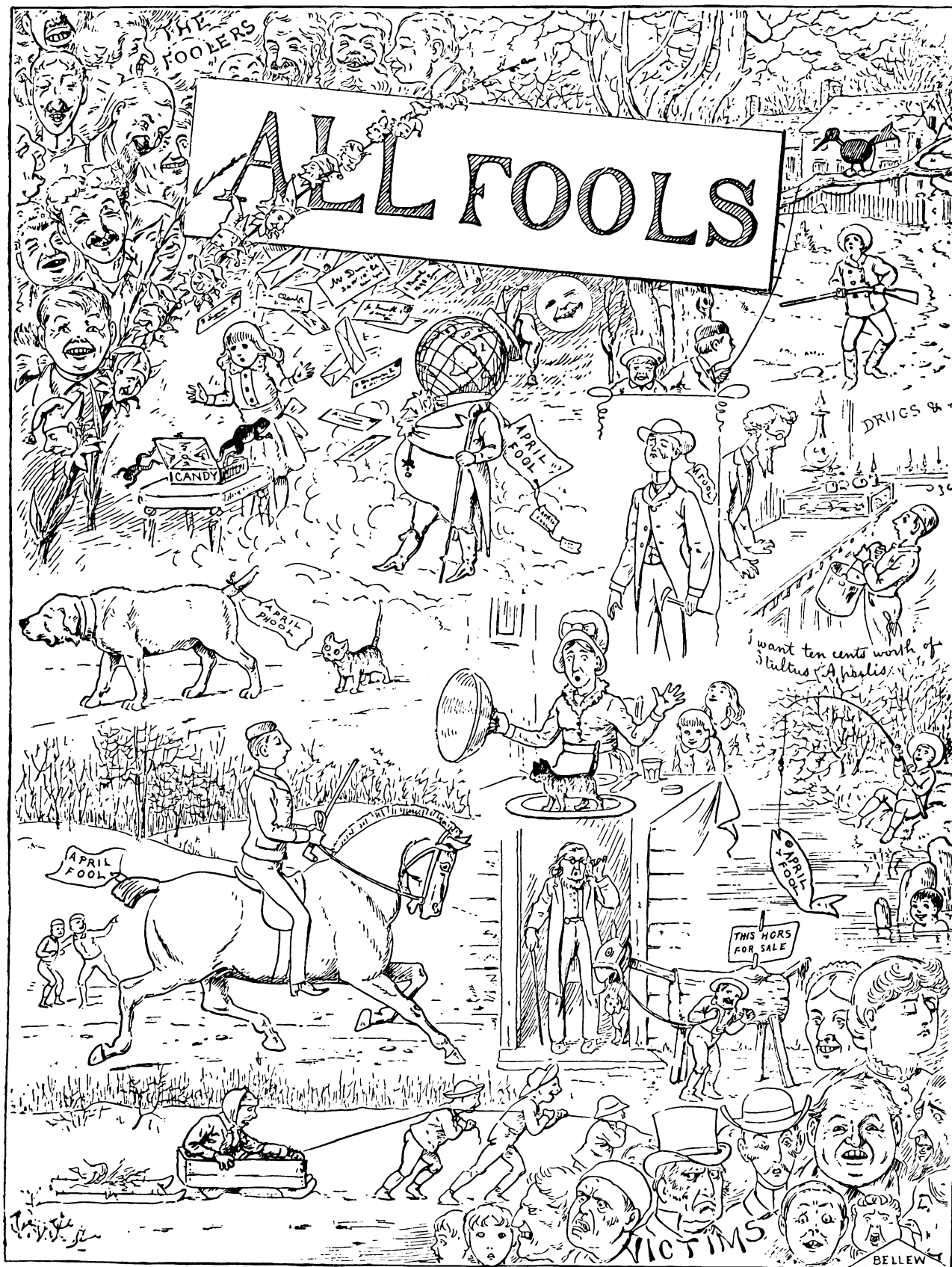
"Plaze, mum, I belave Tom's shut into Mister Thompson's room, mum. Will I be after lettin' him out, mum?" A moment more the door was opened, and as Tom dashed out, Bridget muttered, "Whisht, ye rascal! ye'd be disturbin' poor Mister Thompson, and him aslape in his chair through it all."

Mr. Thompson said nothing to the boarders about his talk with Tom, but not long after he greatly surprised a lady visitor who looked at Tom and said, "What a beautiful great cat," by remarking, absently, "Yes, and remarkably well informed, too," and the lady, not knowing the story, thought him crazy.



A PORTRAIT OF TOM AT HIS STUDIES.





“**A** **LITTLE** nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men”:  
Thus runs the ancient saw.  
But folly for the little folk,  
And many a harmless laugh and joke,  
Is surely Nature's law.

Then let us have our fill of fun,  
And into mischief we'll not run,  
Nor harm a single thing.  
But on one day of all the year  
Much mirthful frolic you shall hear,  
And Folly shall be King.





AN APRIL-FOOL.

Such a funny grimace  
On the odd-looking face!  
Such a queer paper cap on his  
head!

This dear April-Fool,  
Quite too little for school,  
It occurs to me, may be  
Our Fred.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

KURI BUSH, NEW ZEALAND.

We are two little girls who live in New Zealand. We take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and we like it very much, especially Jimmy Brown's stories. We have a horse that follows us all about the bush. There is a beach very near our house, and we bathe every fine day. A few days ago we were driving up a hill in a buggy, and the back seat fell out with us in it. We were not much hurt, and we are nearly quite well now. We hope, dear Postmistress, you will print this letter, as we do not know any of the little girls who write to you. VIOLET T. and MAY M.

It does not matter much whether a little girl lives on one part of the globe or another, her pleasures and studies are very much the same. I am ever so glad to present Violet and May to the thousands of children who read YOUNG PEOPLE.

EASTERN SHORE, VIRGINIA.

I live in the country, on the banks of a stream called Matawaman Creek. Many of our streams, islands, and villages have Indian names. Right on our coast is Cobb's Island, a watering-place. There is splendid bathing, and the children have nice times gathering the shells that are washed up on the shore. Good schools in our vicinity are very scarce. My younger sister and I have to cross the creek in a row-boat, and then have to walk about a mile before we get to our school. What is the meaning of those funny little pictures called Wiggles? I would like to correspond with a Western girl who is a subscriber to YOUNG PEOPLE. I have two sisters, and their names are Florrie and Aline. Which do you think is the prettiest name of the three? Aline has a pretty little dog, and it is named Dude. M. HELEN N.

An explanation of the pretty drawings called Wiggles has been asked for by several new subscribers besides yourself, so I repeat what has been explained several times before. Wiggles are lines forming parts of the outlines of pictures. The new Wiggle is always part of the outline of a picture already drawn by "our artist." You must try to draw a picture containing this line.

I remember Cobb's Island very well indeed, for I had a charming time there one summer a good while ago. Were you ever out sailing in its neighborhood, and did a thunder-storm come up very suddenly and fiercely, so that when your boat returned to the island its passengers were all drenched and dripping—so wet and shivery that they couldn't have enjoyed the rainbow which followed the shower even if the fabled pot of gold had been put into their hands. That happened to me once at Cobb's Island, but many much pleasanter things happened there too.

ARLINGTON, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have a little sister two years old, and she is just as cute and smart as she can be. I have another sister, Eunice, and a brother, Stanley. I go to school, and study reading, arithmetic, writing, geography, and spelling. We have a missionary society, to which little girls belong; they make aprons and dresses for needy children. Last year they made clothes for a little negro girl and boy in New Orleans, and this year they are making clothes for Indian children in the northern part of Minnesota. I would like to see the little Indians when they get their box of clothing. I have not commenced taking music lessons yet. My mother will give me lessons in music, and painting too, when I get older. IVA A. W.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. I am glad you and your friends are beginning to work for others.

FLINT, MICHIGAN.

We are cousins, ten years old. Our mothers, being invalids, have gone South for their health. We are staying with the nurse that took care of us when we were babies. We have a great many pets: two cats, four dogs—two very large ones, and two so small that you could put them in your pocket. We also have two ponies; we ride a great deal. Our governess has us study only in the morning, and reads our paper to us when it comes. We hope you will print this, so we can send it to our mothers.

FLORENCE W. and NELLIE H.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am a little boy nearly seven years old. I like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. I always receive it Tuesday, and am very anxious for mamma to read "The Ice Queen" the first thing, as I am very much pleased with it, and the letters are nice. I like them all. I had a kitten; she was black, with white feet, so I named her Kittie Lightfoot. I had another Maltese cat; his name was David Davis. I don't know what became of him; I am afraid some one took him. I have lots of books, but I like YOUNG PEOPLE best. I have a dog named Jowler; he lives in Danvers, Massachusetts, and I go to see him every summer. He is always glad to see me, and he and I have nice times playing. W. O. D.

I suppose you and Jowler are delighted when you meet every summer.

I have been reading some very interesting things about dogs lately. One was told by a gentleman who has been teaching his dog to read. He has succeeded so well that the intelligent fellow will pick out a card with the letters F-O-O-D from a dozen others, and bring it to his master.

In a New England city, one day last week, a large dog lay down quietly, at a word from his master, and kept perfectly still, without a cry or a motion, while a surgeon cut away a tumor which would have killed the dog had it not been removed.

SMITHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am now going to the public school, where there are one hundred and ten scholars. I have four pets—two cats, a Newfoundland dog, and a goat. I play with Kollo, my dog, and I ride on the goat's back sometimes, and I have a little sulky and harness to which I sometimes harness him. I have a little garden of my own in a corner of my grandfather's garden. I have some onions planted in it, some radishes, some garden-peas, and some lettuce. My mother has been dead about five years, and I am now staying with my grandfather in Smithville, and I like the place very much. I go fishing in the summer, and go in swimming, and can swim very well. I am now getting a collection of stamps, and have a Scott's International postage-stamp album with about 227 stamps in it. WILLIAM B. C.

I like to hear from little gardeners.

Although several of our little correspondents have written about the floods, we are very willing to give a place to this letter from Maud.

HOME CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You probably will be interested in the floods we have had. This is the first year we have lived here during the high water. The Ohio River is a great deal higher than it was last year; it was 71 feet and 4 inches. Papa said if the river were 85 feet it would probably be in our house. It was about a foot and a half below our board walk, but our house is quite a little way from the board walk. When the river was 70 feet, at school in the afternoon, about a dozen houses came floating down the river, and our kind teacher let us go to the window every time. Her name is Mrs. W. I am in the Fourth Reader, and I am ten years old. I had three rides in a skiff during the high water; once I went out upon the river. One of my boy friends was so kind as to take me out in a skiff. Once, during the high water, a house came floating down the river with a lady on top of it. Some

men came out to save her, but she said she would not be saved, as she had four children in the house, drowned, and she would go with them and be drowned herself. Phloxy's letter from Albion, New York, is from the place where my grandpa lives; his name is Dennis Densmore, and Byron Densmore and Robbie and Willie are my uncles. Do you know them, Phloxy? Robbie and Willie are in the High School, I believe. I hope Phloxy will write again, and tell whether she knows them or not. To-day I did not go to school, and ought not to have gone yesterday. On Sunday, when I got up, I had a sore throat and a cold. I have a little black kitty, and a sister three years old; she is playing with the kitty now. MAUD S. W.

I hope the poor lady was saved, even though she did not wish to be.

CANOJOHARIE, NEW YORK.

For a long time I have wanted to write you a letter, but thought you would not care to print it. I am a little boy eight years old. I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. My papa gave it to me for a New-Year's present. I go to school, and am in the Second Reader. It was just a year ago this winter since I broke my leg. I fell over a bank fifty feet high. An Italian picked me up, and took me to my papa's store. I lay on my bed two months, but now I am well, and ride on the sled that took me over the hill. I saw a robin two weeks ago, and heard it sing. CLARENCE V. K.

Dear little robins! How glad I am when they come back and sing so cheerily! I hope you will never have another such fall.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have a beautiful doll-house, with a colored waiter and a colored cook, also a maid to wait on the children, and two twin babies and two ladies and some children. My doll-house has four rooms—a bed-room, a parlor, a kitchen, and a dining-room. I have a big brother three years older than myself. I go to dancing school, and enjoy it very much, and I think that little picture of a dancing school in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is very funny. ETHEL C.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have four pets: two canaries and two little bantam chickens—a hen and a rooster. I do not go to school, but take my lessons at home. At the time of the flood here there was an old lady whose house was in the water. The relief boats came to take her out, but she would not come out unless they promised to take her four cats. They took her, but left the cats. MARY K. C.

Poor pussies! I presume their mistress carried one of them away in her arms, unless, indeed, they were all so dear that she could not tell which to choose.

I am a little boy eight years old. I live in a great big house all alone with my uncle. My mamma and papa are dead; they both died when I was a baby, and I have lived with my uncle ever since. He said I might write this letter. He lets me do a great many nice things. Last spring I had the measles. My cousin sent me a copy of your paper, and I liked it so much that I asked my uncle to get it for me. I have a lovely little pony; he shies sometimes, but he can't help it, for he is shy. I am very fond of writing letters. I have never been to school, but my nurse teaches me, and she sits by me when I write to see that I do it right. She tells me how to spell the words. I eat a great deal of candy, but it is Lent now, and I have made up my mind not to eat any. I like to write stories. I sit in the attic and make them up. My nurse says I must go to bed. Please publish this letter; it is the first I have written to send to a paper, and I want my uncle to read it. Good-night. WILLIE I. L. D.

LA CYGNE, KANSAS.

The winter has been very cold, but now the redbirds, robins, and bluebirds are in our yard every day. We have six pets—a cat, dog, bird, and three chickens. I go to school. I am in the Fifth Reader. I am eleven years of age.

EMMA J. C.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a boy nine years old, and I have a pet cat; his name is Major. His skin is marked very prettily. He comes up on my bed almost every morning. I made a snow man yesterday just as high as I am. To-day it is snowing, and he looks as though he were dressed in fur. I have a pet rooster, and his name is Jack; he will stand on my shoulder and crow. I have a little baby brother five months old. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much. I think "The Lost City" was a very nice story. MAURICE H. C.

The snows have all melted now, and you are, no doubt, spinning a top or flying a kite instead of making a snow man.



JOSEPH, OREGON, WALLOWA VALLEY.

I am a girl thirteen years old. I have only one pet, and that is a horse. She is so gentle and kind! In the summer we drive her to school. Her name is Nevada. I have three sisters younger than I am, Jessie, Mabel, and Rose. I live in Joseph; it was named after the chief Joseph. Our house is within one hundred yards of some of the Indians' graves. We live in Joseph in the winter, so that we can go to school, and in the summer we live on our ranch, which is three miles from here. We have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* four years. I like it very much. I live a mile from Silver Lake. It is four miles long and one mile wide. It has been frozen over this winter, and there has been good skating. I was up there three or four times. I go to school; I study reading, grammar, arithmetic, geography, history, and spelling.

MOLLIE I. C.

HUDSON, NEW YORK.

I am a girl fifteen years old, not strong enough to walk far. I have a dog which is a great pet; he is white, with brown eyes, ears, and nose, and is not very large. He goes with me when I walk or ride in my propeller; when I stop he lies down and waits until I am ready to go on. When I had whooping cough he did not want to leave me; he would try to get as near as he could. I had a hard coughing spell one night, and he came to me, then ran to mamma, and then back to the bed; he seemed to want her to attend to me. My brother brought me a gray and white kitten. I called it Thomas Gray. Watch made friends with the cat, and seemed to love him dearly. They would play together, and such loving times as they would have. Watch seemed to think the cat belonged to him. If Thomas Gray went out of the yard Watch would make him go in. About two weeks ago the cat began to sneeze, and he seemed to be sick. He grew thin, and did not eat as usual. Watch goes to the meat-market every morning. The butcher allows him to help himself from a basket of meat and bones. After kitty was sick Watch came with a piece of meat; he laid it down near him, and seemed to be pleased to see him eat it. After that he came two or three times, bringing meat for kitty. One day he came, but did not see him, so he laid the meat down and watched it awhile; then he cried for kitty, so mamma called him, and then Thomas Gray came and ate the meat. A few days after he died Watch had gone to market as usual. He came in, bringing the meat, but kitty did not need it. Watch cried, and so did I, and I am sure I shall never have another cat like Thomas Gray.

BEULAH P.

MONTICELLO, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old. I live on a farm on a high hill. We have horses, cows, calves, peacocks, turkeys, guineas, and chickens. We have a bird dog named Van, but he never troubles the little birds that come around the house. Now I will tell you how I get the birds to come: I scatter bird seed on the snow in front of the house, and the birds come to eat it, sometimes a dozen at a time. I take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and read the stories, and like them all, but I think Jimmy Brown is the best. I have each month's papers sewed in a book; I am going to save them for my two little brothers to read when they are old enough.

ROSCOE.

Friends of the birds are great favorites with me.

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK.

I have a brother who has a cloth elephant named Hannibal; he takes him out walking, and makes all the people laugh who see him. There is a little brook near our house where we sail a boat and have a water-wheel. There is a hill near, on which we go coasting, and a pond, also, on which we go sliding. I have a pet canary-bird named Sing Me; he seems to know when Sunday comes, because we let him out of his cage on that day. I went to a fair at a little girl's house, and had a very nice time.

MILLIE S.

PERU, ILLINOIS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—So many boys and girls are writing letters for your paper that we think it will be nice to see a letter in the Post-office Box from our school, so the teacher allowed us to elect some one to write, and I was elected. We have been using *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* as school readers since the first of the term, and we like it much better than our old readers, because the pieces are always new and interesting. When we are through with the papers we give them to the next lower grade, and they use them in the same manner. Our studies are arithmetic, grammar, writing, drawing, reading, and geography. Forty minutes of each day are devoted to sewing by the girls and to carpentry by the boys. Each girl made herself an apron, and we are now making the second; we also made a working apron for each of the boys. Some of the girls are patching clothes and darning stockings. The boys have learned to use the saw, the plane, the chisel, the compasses, the hammer, etc. They made a nail-box, a stool, and a sled, and are now painting them. While we are sewing, the superintendent is teaching them carpentry. Our room

is the sixth grade. The pupils in it average about twelve or thirteen years of age.

MINNIE C.

What a good thing it is that you are taught in your school to use your hands as well as your heads. I think *YOUNG PEOPLE* must be a very interesting substitute for a school reader.

ETNA, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl seven years old. I enjoy reading the letters very much. My pets are a canary-bird, a cat, and a pair of little bantams. The little rooster crows very loudly every morning, and tries to wake us up; the little hen is very cunning, and lays an egg every day. I have been to school now, but I go on with my studies at home. I have a sister twelve years old. We have over a thousand cards; we have two books filled, and another nearly full. Papa is a lawyer, and has an office in Ithaca. He has a nice little pony, and in summer he lets me ride her. The first time I rode her bareback; the second time I rode with the blanket on; the third time I rode her with the saddle on; the fourth time I rode her with saddle and reins.

ALLINE B. D.

NEW PROVIDENCE, GEORGIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have dark red curly hair. My father and mother are both dead. My father died in April, 1882, and mother died on the 24th of March, 1881, so now my little brother, Gilleflon and myself are living with our grandparents away far out in the country. Our former home was in the city of Augusta. A cousin of mine living there sends me *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have two sisters in college at Peekskill, New York. They will come home in vacation. I walk two miles and a half every morning to school. I like to go to school very much. School opens at 8:30 A.M. and closes at 4:30 P.M. I carry my dinner in a basket. I have just been with grandfather to look at his little pigs; he has twenty-one, just about a week old. We also have lambs, which are very cunning little creatures. My little brother has a dog named Jack that our uncle gave him. Jack is naturally stump-tailed, and his ears were cut off, so you know he is a funny-looking dog.

SARAH C. C.

WEST BADEN, INDIANA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have two sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is at Indianapolis. I think "The Ice Queen" is such a good story. The place where I go to school is one mile away. I have a pet kitten and two dolls. We have two canaries; one's name is Gertie and the other Bob. The latter is a very nice singer. Can you tell me what makes them eat the paper off the floor of the cage? I give them plenty to eat. My papa is in Washington Territory, at Walla Walla. I am giving my younger sister music lessons on the piano; she takes them on Tuesdays and Saturdays. I can sew on the machine and by hand also. We have an Indian pony named Pet. I can ride, but I can not ride her, for she is too wild for me. She has "glass eyes." How many readers of *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* know what kind of eyes they are? I have been reading one of Mark Twain's works, called *Tom Sawyer*. It was very funny, and I liked it very much. I have a very nice home here. The hotel is situated on a beautiful mound, covered with forest trees. In the summer time hundreds of people come here to drink the mineral water. There are seven mineral springs.

STELLA B.

Put gravel on the floor of your bird's cage, and remove the paper, which is not good for him.

SHELBYVILLE, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy nine years old, and have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number, and am always pleased with it, but this is my first letter. I have two sisters and no brother, but Max, a boy friend about my size, and I play together every day. I saw a letter in the Post-office Box from a boy in British Columbia, who, among other things, tells about his guinea-pig, and from his description it must be just like one I have. Mine is a great pet, and we call him Billy. He had a little mate named Betty, but at the beginning of cold weather she died, so we brought Billy into the house and gave him a willow basket to live in. You should see that basket now! He has eaten it so badly that we call the holes windows, for he sits and looks through them so contentedly. He does so many cunning little things it would be impossible to tell you of them all. One evening my sister Gertie was working problems on her slate, and Billy crept up to it and licked out part of her work. I have a pair of white guinea-pigs named Dan and Topsy; they have rosy hair and beautiful pink eyes. Dan is very jealous of Billy, and will chatter his teeth and show fight whenever they meet.

SIM G.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—Papa, mamma, Eddie, and I are in the sitting-room. I am a little boy eight years old. I go to school every day; I am next to head of my class; my schoolmate who is head has only three marks more than I. Brother Eddie has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number.

C. WAYNE S.

Love and thanks from the Postmistress to the following correspondents. She regrets that there is not room to publish their letters, though she has greatly enjoyed them herself: Alice M. W., Fannie M., Blanche Estelle K., Benjamin F. H., Georgie H., Susie S., Frank Van G., Jennie D. T., Bertie M., Annie K., Addie A. C., Marlan L., Elva B., Myron H. D., Sadie C., Ella C., Fannie B., Kittie M. M., David F., Joseph C., R. A. C., S. E. M., Margaret J. M., Putnam R., Charlie T., Clara E. H., Delia M. L., Eva G. L., Emanuel S., James J. D., Pearl A., Cecilia W., Ralph S. S., Lynn M. E., May G., J. E. J., Jun., Marie J., Hettie A. G., Harvie H. W., Alice E. A., Georgie S., S. C. L., L. M. S., Michael F. L., Robert Walter W., Ethel E., Laura E. A., Mabel J. B., Eddie R., Robert W. A., Mary D. H., George G. M., Ruth M. B., Carl B., Hattie Mary E. M., Laura B. M., Nellie K., C. L. E., Bessie G. M., John D., Edith B., and Bessie J. G.

Katie W. Jargo: Please send your full post-office address to me, so that you may receive the pattern of the Nautilus costume for your doll. I will tell Jimmy Brown what you say if I ever happen to meet him.

## PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

GEOGRAPHICAL DROP-LETTER PYRAMID.

1. A —, a town in Ohio. 2. A — a, a town in Alabama. 3. — a — a, a town in Massachusetts. 4. — a — a —, a town in Indiana. 5. — a — a — a, a town in Wisconsin. 6. A — a — a — a, a town in New York. 7. — a — a — a — a, a town in Michigan. 8. — a — a — a — a —, a town in New Jersey.

NELLIE E. E.

No. 2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Part of a door. 2. A contriver. 3. A fruit. 4. A fish. 5. To open wide.—Primals and finals spell the name of a great favorite with *Harper's Young People*.

NELLIE E. E.

No. 3.

A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FROM FOREST HILL.

1. A color and one of the seasons. 2. Dirty and a trade. 3. An animal product and a useful household article. 4. An animal and a false step. 5. Three letters of the alphabet. 6. A bird and something worn by a man. 7. A female name and an ore. 8. An adjective and a boy's name. 9. A fop and an animal. 10. A member of a religious order and an article of apparel. 11. A dangerous twilight. 12. A portion of time and part of the body. 13. A great king and an animal. 14. An hour of the day. 15. An adjective and a banner. 16. A number and part of the body.

E. H. L.

No. 4.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. What every one has. 2. A measurement of land. 3. A metal. 4. Tom.

MAURICE U. L.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 228.

No. 1.—1. Wolf. 2. Wallace. 3. White. 4. Gardiner. 5. French. 6. Culpepper. 7. Black. 8. Wolf. 9. Moose. 10. Wallace. 11. Little Rock. 12. Wolf. 13. Moose. 14. Rogue. 15. Wallace. 16. Gardiner. 17. Wolf. 18. French. 19. Wallace. 20. Wolf. 21. Mam. 22. Wallace. 23. Moose. 24. Otter. 25. Bear. 26. Snake. 27. Fox. 28. Bald Head.

No. 2.—

C	A	L	T	T	A	R	E
C	L	O	U	D	T	R	E
T	U	B			E	A	R
		D					D

S	T	H	E
S	H	O	R
E	R	A	
		E	

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from C. D. Potter, Gertie McConnell, A. M., Lillian and May Freeman, Emma J. Cooper, Maud O. Duling, Theodore E. Tenney, Maggie P. Coppen, Doty Adams, Grace E. D., Lottie Linton, R. B. Boltwood, E. W. F. Maud, S. Nickerson, Maud M. Gatchell, Minnie Belle, Edward W. Weiser, Maude H. Buckner, Louise M. Clark, Emil A. Potter, Willie Raston, S. M. Woodward, S. W. Van Etans, James H. Donnelly, H. F. Baker, Lyle B. Fanchon, Bessie Hart, Katie B. Mabel L. Patterson, Jack, Clara S. Riley, Flora I. Willard, Charles H. Weigle, Jun., Mamie Rehemann, Emma Hequemboer, Elsie Dana, Caroline Sprague, Milton Evans, Ben Tyler, Arthur Heins, Emerson Coles, and S. T. W.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





"THIS IS ALL-FOOLS' DAY, PONTO."  
"M-I-A-O-W! SO IT IS!"

### THE UNTOUCHED HAT.

A TRICK FOR ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

**P**LACE a hat over a glass of water on a table, and undertake to drink the water without touching the hat.

Put your head under the table, and make a noise as though you were swallowing a liquid.

Then ask one of the company to take up the hat and see if the water is not gone. As he does it, bring your head from under the table, take up the glass, and drink the water, saying, "I have drunk the water without touching the hat."

It often happens that the person who lifts the hat will put it

down again over the glass, possibly through suspicion of what is going to be done. In this case the laugh will be turned against the performer.

### THE SHEEP AND THE ROBBERS.

**T**AKE seven counters or coins of the same shape, size, and appearance. Place five of them on a table thus:

1 2 3 4 5  
○ ○ ○ ○ ○

and hold one in each hand.

The trick is to take the coins up one by one, with each hand, and to put them down again, and take them up again, in such a manner as to get five in one hand and two in the other.

When doing the trick, tell some story like the following:

"There were five sheep in a field" (point to the five counters on the table), "and two robbers" (open your hands, and show that there is one counter in each). "The robbers took the sheep away, one at a time." Having said this, take counter No. 1 in the left hand, No. 5 in the right hand, No. 2 in the left hand, No. 4 in the right hand, and No. 3 in the left hand. Then continue: "Just as they had got all the sheep out of the field, they saw the shepherd coming, so they put the sheep back again." Having said this, put down one counter from the right hand, then one from the left, then one from the right, one from the left, and one from the right. You will now have two counters in

the left hand and none in the right, but the audience will imagine you have one in each hand. Be careful, if you first take up with the left hand, first to put down with the right hand; and do not let the counters now in the left hand click, and keep the right hand closed. Then say: "As soon as the shepherd's back was turned, the robbers took away the sheep again." Having said this, take up the counters one by one, as before, beginning with the left hand. You will now have five counters in one hand, and two in the other. Go on: "But, being disturbed, the two robbers ran away" (open your right hand, and throw down the two counters), "leaving all the five sheep together in the lane" (open your left hand, and throw down the five counters).



**S**EVEN little frizzle tops all in a row:  
Now isn't that a pretty way for frizzle tops to go?

Each had a lunch in a little tin pail,  
And each had a kitten, with a string to its tail.



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 232.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 8, 1884.

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\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.

### ANGELO: A STORY OF SICILY.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

ON the fertile slopes of Mount *Ætna* there was once a little cottage in which lived a poor but industrious fisherman named Marco, and his son, Angelo. Marco had lost his wife by death during Angelo's infancy. Therefore, so far as he was able, the poor fisherman was both father and mother to his boy.

As the huge mountain slopes on one side almost directly to the sea, they were able to combine two different kinds of work. Along with their hut on the mountain-side they had a little patch of ground planted with vines. Its cultivation made a pleasant change of labor for them, while its nearness to the sea allowed them to pursue their own proper occupation of fishing.

Their earnings from both pursuits were small, indeed, but enough for all their wants. As for troubling themselves about the thin wreath of smoke constantly issuing from the crater's mouth, they never thought about it. They never remembered it otherwise. Even in Marco's time no volcanic eruption had been known to take place. Thus they lived on from year to year with no dread of danger to come.

One morning, while Angelo was still a boy, he went into the garden, where Marco was busy trimming the vines. "Father," he said, "would not this be a good day for fishing? It seems a pity to lose it over the vines, when we have no fish in the house, does it not?"

"I have put off trimming them too long already," replied the father. "We shall have no good grapes this vintage if they are not seen to at once. You must be content with polenta again for supper, my boy."

"It was not of myself I was thinking, father," said Angelo. "You know I don't mind if I eat nothing but polenta every day."

"Of what, then?" asked Marco.

"I met Signor Bartolo's cook in Catania yesterday. She told me her master was having a large party to-morrow, and would give a good price for a basket of fish. She says you have always the best in the market."



"HORROR! THE LAVA STREAM WAS GAINING ON THEM."



"That comes of having them always fresh and good," laughed Marco. "But, for all that, she must get them from somebody else, for I can not go to-day."

"Let me go, father," said Angelo, with sparkling eyes. "You know you have often promised to let me try my fortune some day by myself."

"You?" Marco looked at the boy; then he looked at the sky. The result seemed favorable. "Well, since you wish it so much, you may try it for once," he said. "You can row as well as I, and fish too, for that matter. Keep well under the shelter of the cliffs yonder, and be sure not to go too near the Three-point Rock. The current might be too strong for you there."

Angelo promised to be careful, and hurried away to the boat. Boy-like, he was eager to prove his manhood by going out alone. How pleased his father would be, he thought, to find him coming home in the evening laden with a good basketful of fish! So he rowed out in great spirits, taking the direction Marco had told him, and soon succeeded in his object. When he had caught what he thought was enough, he began to think of returning.

A pretty stiff breeze, however, had sprung up in the mean time. Wind and tide were both against him. His boat was old and frail. To his horror he found his strength unable to cope with the fierce current that opposed his return. He now saw, when it was too late, that in the eagerness of work he had ventured too near the Three-point Rock, the very spot his father had warned him against. Straight ahead he saw it jutting up black in the midst of a whirlpool of seething waves. After a prolonged though vain struggle the boat was drawn into the vortex and shattered. He was fortunately able to scramble on to the rock, but he could scarcely expect to keep his footing long. Night was coming on. He thought of his dear father, and of his grief when his son should come home to him no more. A sense of hopelessness came over him.

Marco, meanwhile, as night drew near, became anxious about his boy. He went down to the shore, calling Angelo by name at the very top of his voice. Soon he heard a voice, which seemed to be that of his son, hallooing in reply. Following the sound, he came to a spot from which he could see by the light of the moon, luckily at the full that night, his poor boy hanging on to a point of rock nearly swallowed up by the foaming waters. Not a boat was to be seen in which he could put off to his assistance.

With a short but fervent prayer for strength, Marco plunged into the sea. Keeping down with an iron will the dread that nearly paralyzed him, lest the boy's strength should give way before he was able to reach him, Marco's strong arm cleft the waves. This fear was only too well founded. Numb and exhausted by his long exposure, the poor boy could hold on no longer. Just as his father was nearing the rock he let go, and sunk among the breakers.

Marco uttered a cry of despair, but the boy rose to the surface again as his father reached the spot. Clutching him by the hair, Marco raised him from the water a moment. Then, taking him firmly round the waist with one arm, he swam with the other slowly to shore. Angelo seemed quite without life on being brought to land, but his father had soon the delight of seeing him open his eyes again, and smile his thanks for having been rescued from almost certain death.

"Was there ever a father like mine, I wonder?" he said, pressing Marco's horny hand to his lips. "To think of your venturing your life to save mine, and I so careless of what you told me! I deserved to be drowned, and I should have been but for you."

"Thank God, my boy, that you are safe!" said Marco, solemnly. "And thank Him, too, who gave me the strength to reach you in time. Without His help I could have done nothing."

"Father," said Angelo, "I will try to be a better boy than I have yet been. I will never be undutiful again."

"You never were undutiful, my son, only a little careless. But hush, now, and go to sleep. God keep you always as good as you are now!"

After such an adventure, as was natural, the love between the lonely pair grew stronger than ever. They did everything together, and never were apart for more than an hour or two at most. Angelo made it his especial delight to wait upon and assist his father in every possible way. This was the more necessary as Marco was getting old and very feeble, worn out by hard toil. He never went out to fish now, but attended to the vineyard, in the cultivation of which he took great delight.

About this time the gigantic mountain on whose mighty side their beloved cottage was situated began to show some strange and unusual ways. Often they would hear a hollow rumbling noise coming, as it were, out of the very bowels of the earth. Then the smoke from the great crater, instead of a thin wreath, went up now in a thick volume, accompanied at times by spurts of fire and showers of red-hot stones. Still they were not alarmed. As dwellers from their infancy on a place beneath the surface of which they knew a hidden fire was always smouldering, they had got so accustomed to it that its increased action seemed of very little importance to them. They were soon, however, to get a terrible awakening from this state of child-like security.

One evening, as Angelo was returning from his fishing, he saw a little girl sitting on a heap of stones by the road-side, and sobbing bitterly. Being naturally of a kind disposition, he was fond of children, and never could bear to see them cry. He stopped at once.

"What is the matter, my child?" he said, kindly.

The little one looked up. It was Nanna Pepi, a fatherless and motherless child, who lived farther up the mountain with some distant relatives. They were Marco and Angelo's nearest neighbors, and suspected of not being particularly kind to their poor little orphan cousin. She was a lovely child, with the golden brown hair one sees so often among Italian children. The violet-colored eyes were turned beseechingly on her questioner. "Is it you, Nanna?" he said. "What are you doing here, so far from home, little one?"

"Beppo and Susa have gone away," she sobbed, "and I was frightened, and came down here."

"But they will be back to-night, surely?" said Angelo.

"No. They are going to send for their things to-morrow. They did not like leaving them in the house without somebody to take care of them. So they left me."

"Left you there alone!" exclaimed Angelo, indignantly. "But why have they gone away so suddenly?"

"I don't know, unless it were something about the mountain. I heard Beppo telling Susa yesterday that it was tempting Providence to stay here longer."

"He was evidently not afraid to tempt Providence in your case," muttered Angelo. "And so you were afraid to stay in the house all by yourself?" he added.

"Yes; I heard such awful rumblings and thunderings under the ground that I got frightened, and thought I would come down and see if you would not let me stay with you to-night. Was it very wrong of me to leave the house, do you think?"

"Wrong, my poor child! I should think not. Selfish wretches!" he said, between his teeth, "I only wish they were here that I might tell them what I think of their leaving a child like that alone in a solitary house when they were afraid to stay in it themselves! Come along, Nanna!" he cried aloud. "You shall sleep in our cottage to-night, and welcome."

The little creature slipped her hand confidently into his, and they reached the hut together.

Marco, as was to be expected, welcomed the poor orphan



kindly. They gave her the best they had to eat, and Angelo made up a little bed for her of dried moss, in a corner of the room that served them for kitchen and parlor both. Her last words, as Angelo bade her good-night, were:

"Oh, Angelo, I wish I had not to go back to Beppo and Susa. It is ever so much nicer here with you and Marco."

"You shall stay with us as long as ever you like, Nanna," said Angelo. "I don't think either Beppo or Susa would care if you never went back. You can take care of father while I am away fishing. But now good-night."

Then they went to rest.

The next morning Angelo and his father got up early to prepare for their daily labor. Suddenly they felt the ground heaving beneath them. The movement was so violent that it threw them down. It was accompanied by a hollow, roaring sound, like thunder, coming as it were from under their very feet.

Angelo rushed to the door as soon as he could stand upright. Here an awful spectacle met his eye, and made only too clear what had happened. One of the terrible eruptions that had so often in former times destroyed these lovely regions was taking place at that very moment. He had heard of them, although he had never seen one till now, in many an old story and legend told by fishermen on the shore on the calm summer evenings. And now the unspeakable, in all its terrors, had come upon them.

Instead of the usual thin wreath, the crater was pouring out an immense volume of thick black smoke, darkening all the sky, and accompanied by fierce raging flames, showers of burning stones, and brilliant forked lightnings darting hither and thither amid the murky vapor. The sulphurous stench that issued from it was almost suffocating. The constant bellow of the mountain, as it rocked and heaved and vomited from its fiery depths, was deafening.

But the most terrible sight of all, and one that made Angelo turn white with terror at the thought of his father, was a great stream of red-hot lava that was pouring from the volcano's mouth. It seemed to be descending with frightful rapidity straight in the very direction of their cottage. Angelo hurried back to warn his father of the danger, and try to rescue him. He found him only too well aware of it already. Nanna too was awake and dressed.

They lost no time in collecting the trifling articles of value they possessed that could be carried on their persons. Then Angelo, taking his father on his shoulders, like a second Æneas, began to hurry down the slope as fast as his feet would carry him. Nanna behaved like a little heroine. She never uttered sob or cry, but trotted on bravely by Angelo's side, carrying the little bundle that had been intrusted to her care.

At first Angelo thought that it would not be hard to save all three—his father, Nanna, and himself. He soon discovered his error. It was utterly impossible to run down-hill with such a heavy burden on his back as was the helpless and feeble old man. The smoke and the stench of the sulphur nearly suffocated him besides. The ground rocked and reeled beneath him until he was scarcely able to keep his footing. His knees began to tremble beneath him, and a sudden faintness came over him. In an agony of terror lest his strength should give way utterly, he lowered his father to the ground, and turned to look up at the crater. Horror! the lava stream was gaining on them, and spreading itself out in all directions. At that instant a violent shock caused him to stumble. He fell powerless to the ground.

Marco was the first to recover himself. He too looked back, in his turn, and seeing their almost hopeless condition, urged his son to leave him to his fate.

"Run! run!" he cried to Angelo, who was panting on the ground to recover breath. "Save yourself and the child, and never mind me."

"Father," said Angelo, brokenly, "I will—never—leave—you. Let—me—breathe—a moment—"

"My son, my son," pleaded the old man, "why should we both die? Why should you lose your life, and the child's too, in the vain attempt to save one that can not in any case be far from its end? Leave me, and save yourselves. It is the last command I shall ever lay upon you, and you have never disobeyed me yet."

But Angelo would not listen. "When I was perishing on the reef," he cried, "did you hesitate to risk your life for mine? And you ask me to leave you to a horrible death here. No, father, I shall either save you now, or we shall all perish together."

"God help us, then!" said Marco. "He only can save us now."

They were close at this moment to one of the tiny wayside chapels so common in Italy and Sicily. Turning his eyes in its direction, Angelo perceived Nanna's innocent lips moving with a silent prayer. He too uttered a hurried prayer to God to assist his fainting steps. Then taking his father once more in his arms, and calling to Nanna to follow, he attempted to go forward. At the first step in the downward direction, a roar more terrible than the fiercest thunder was heard. The earth rocked and heaved beneath them like a ship in a storm. A yawning fissure appeared; they felt themselves dashed violently to some distance, and all became a blank to them for a time.

When Angelo recovered his senses his first thought was his father. He was still locked in his arms, and quite unhurt. Looking round, he saw that the height on which they stood at the moment of the last violent shock had been rent in two. The stream of lava was taking its terrible course at the bottom of the rift right down toward the sea. They were saved! With a low, deep cry of heart-felt thankfulness for what seemed their almost miraculous escape, he turned to look for Nanna. She was lying, stunned and bleeding, at a little distance from him and his father. She was not much hurt fortunately—only a little cut about the face—and soon came to herself again. When she was able to walk, Angelo took up his burden again. With some difficulty they arrived at a place of safety, where they were well cared for until all danger from the eruption was past.

The Syndic of Catania, hearing of the gallant way in which this good son had saved his father's life, together with that of the forsaken little orphan, interested himself in Angelo's future welfare. Knowing that Marco and he had lost all their little property in the terrible visitation that had ruined so many others, he bestowed on them a new patch of ground for a vineyard, but in a safer spot than the former one. With the help of kind neighbors a comfortable cottage was soon built upon it. On the day on which they took formal possession of it Marco solemnly blessed his son, and prayed that on him might be fulfilled the promise attached to the due keeping of the Fifth Commandment.

The good old man lived to see his son honored and looked up to. Beppo and Susa's cruel selfishness in leaving their poor little orphan cousin alone on the mountain, on a night when they had evidently feared the terrible event that actually happened, made them despised by every one. They tried to brazen it out, but had finally to leave the place. Nanna continued to live with her kind protectors.

Very helpful she became to poor Marco, who grew daily more infirm, and unable to care for himself. To Angelo she was a sweet sister. Many a night, when the mountain was covered by a light fall of snow and the wind whistled through the little cottage, they would sit hand in hand, and talk of the night when Ætna sent forth its torrents of liquid fire, and only Angelo's bravery saved them from a most terrible death.



### THE BABY'S BED-TIME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THIS is the baby's bed-time;  
Dimplechin climbs on my knee,  
With "Mamma, I's dest as s'cepy  
An' tired as I tan be."  
So I take up the little darling,  
And undress the weary feet  
That have been making since daylight  
A music busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pitty 'tory,"  
She pleads, in a sleepy way.  
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,  
"What shall I tell you, pray?"  
"Tell me"—and then she pauses  
To rub each sleepy eye—  
"How ze big pid does to martet,  
An' ze 'little pids all c'y."

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles  
Ever at war with the comb;  
How the big pig went to market,  
And the wee ones staid at home;  
And I count on the rosy fingers  
Each little pig once more,  
And she laughs at the "pitty 'tory,"  
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together  
Upon her breast, and she,  
In her lisping, sleepy fashion,  
Repeats her prayer with me.  
Before it is ended, the blossoms  
Of her eyes in slumber close,  
But the words that are left unuttered  
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow,  
With a lingering good-night kiss,  
Thinking how much God loved me  
To give me a child like this.  
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,  
He will help me guide aright  
The feet of the little darling  
I leave in His care to-night.

### BUILDING THE TOWER OF BABEL.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

HOW many of you young people who read this article ever think about the comfortable way in which you live, and how much better off you are than the children born long, long ago, in the early ages that the Bible tells about?

Now just look at the picture on the opposite page and see for yourselves. I do not doubt at all that it shows you correctly what you might have seen and perhaps, if you had been a young slave or captive, borne any day in those cruel old times.

Look at that wretch on the cart. How would you like to have that whip come down on your arms, head, back, or shoulders? No matter where it struck, he would not care, only the worse it hurt you the better.

The picture shows just the way in which the ancient buildings in the lands of Chaldæa and Babylonia and Assyria, on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, were erected. Long slopes of earth and stone were made by the sides of the huge temples, pyramids, etc., and up these slopes the materials for the work were dragged; and when the work was ended, the slopes were all cleared away, and there the building stood. But they ought to have been painted red, every one of them, for blood enough had been wasted to stain them all over.

What dragged up the carts loaded with stone, do you suppose? Look for yourselves and see. Men did it, and women did it, and they did it at the risk and the cost of their lives. If the load was so heavy that they could scarcely pull it, down came that terrible whip, and you can see just how it would cut. If one dropped down because he or she could go no further, the body was pitched to one side, or over the side if easier, and left to die. The kings and rulers then cared nothing for the comfort of their subjects, and their splendid works must be finished, no matter how much misery they cost.

The drawing is meant to represent the building of the Tower of Babel. Of course the artist could know nothing about that particular structure, but he has represented very correctly what was almost sure to have been seen then, as it would be at every great temple or palace or wall when building.

In the first ten verses of the eleventh chapter of Genesis you will find all that we know about the scene to which this picture refers. Read it carefully, and get your mother or your teacher to tell you about it, and I am going to add here some things which perhaps they might not mention.

In the first place, if the same names had been used all the way through our English Bible, the Tower of Babel would have been called the Tower of Babylon, or Babel would have been the name alike of the tower and the city, for in the original Babel is the word used for both.

Now in the language of the Chaldæans this word was probably *Bab-Il*, meaning the Gate of God. But in the Hebrew we have the word *bilbel*, to confound. "There is a perfect Babel here," I dare say you have had said to you some time when you children have made more noise than the older people liked to hear. Babel, according to certain writers, comes, therefore, from this verb "to confound," and means "confusion." You all know the story, and how "the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth." What a time there must have been among all the workmen and their directors when none could understand what the other said, and how quickly the work must have stopped!

That is the first thing. In the second place, I must tell you that we do not know exactly where the Tower of Babel was built. We know from the Bible account that it was in Chaldæa, and we know that that was the country around and above the head of the Persian





SCULPTURED SLAB FROM ANCIENT ASSYRIAN TEMPLE.

Gulf. Look on your map, and you will find the two great rivers Euphrates and Tigris there, coming down close together. The region for a long distance up the rivers is low and marshy, and it is very difficult to explore it carefully and thoroughly. In and along the marshes are great mounds or hills here and there, which look as rounded hills look in other places. But when travellers have dug into the sides of these, it has been found that they are not hills at all, but that long, very long ago there was a huge building at the place, that the building was partly destroyed, that it has become covered with earth, and plants have grown over it, and so it seems like a hill.

There are many such, and several of them have at different times been supposed by various travellers to be, each of them, the one which now covers all that is left of the Tower of Babel. One in particular, about three hundred miles up the Euphrates, has been so often described that very possibly you may find it in some of your books; I should not wonder if you have a picture of it in your geography. The natives of the region call it the Birs Nimroud, and it is very near the spot where the old city of Babylon stood. But Sir Henry Rawlinson found an inscription, made when the building was constructed, which tells us that it was begun only about 1100 B.C. This was long after the children of Israel had come up out of Egypt into the Land of Canaan; of course that could not be the Tower of Babel. And I think it is certain that as yet we do not know the precise place where it was built.

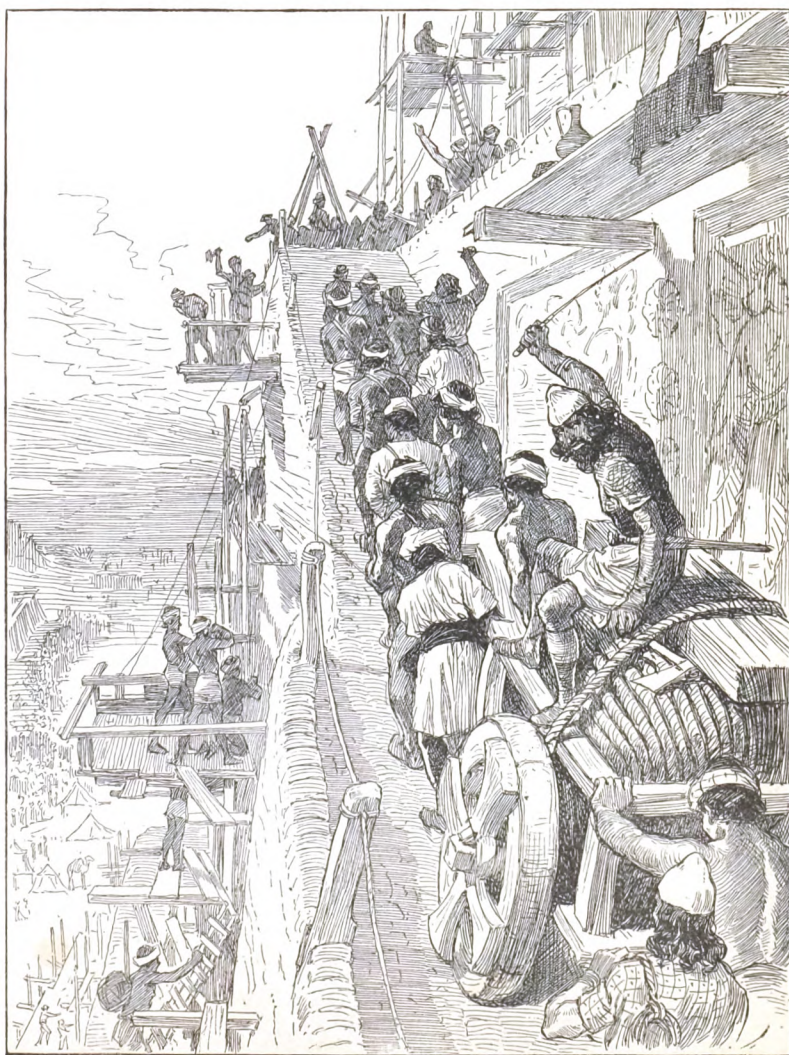
But we can tell pretty nearly what it must have been, from what we find others to have been. Many of those great earth mounds have been opened, and the palaces, etc., have been brought to light. When you get a little older, and can study the books of Layard, and Rich, and Smith, and others, you will find beautiful drawings, and then, perhaps, you will look back to this number of your YOUNG PEOPLE, and you will see that the artist here has shown you something of how these ancient buildings looked.

They were doubtless *very large*, for all such works were of immense size. We do not build so now; but what did

it matter in those days? The people were ordered to do the work, and it was done. How many lives and how much suffering it cost, look and judge for yourself. The famous Tower of Babel was a tower growing smaller and smaller as it rose, and probably made in terraces, each one being less than the one below it. It was built of sun-dried bricks, because they could be had easier than stone; but when the bricks had been put in place, they were covered everywhere with sculptured slabs of kiln-baked brick. These sculptures frequently represented events in the history of the nation which erected the building.

The illustration shows you one of these slabs that was discovered in the famous mound of Kouyunjik, and represents a number of Assyrians cutting down palm-trees. The Assyrians were the conquerors of Chaldaea, or Babylonia, of which Babel was the capital. This conquest took place about 1270 years before Christ. Just think how long ago that was!

Such a palace or temple must have been magnificent, though it would look to us strange, for the figures of the men had many of them heads of eagles or of lions; there is one of them, partly shown, just above the back of that brute with the whip. Many of these sculptured slabs have been brought to this country, and I hope you may be able to see them. There are some in almost every city. Look for them in any museum or library. That is doubtless what the Tower of Babel was.





## CATCHING A "PUFFING PIG."

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

I HAD been out some three days after rare and curious fish for the museum, and was beginning to feel discouraged over my prospects, when the news was brought to me that a live "puffing pig" was stranded on a reef at Coney Island. Never having heard of a fish that bore so curious a name, I was anxious to find out what kind of a marine animal a puffing pig might be, but concluded that it must be a large fish from the fact of its being stranded.

The fisherman who discovered the puffing pig was a negro, known by the name of Bill Poppaw, of whom I had a very high opinion, as he was by far the most reliable and intelligent of all the negro fishermen on the bay. After inquiring as to the condition of the pig, and judging that it had not been wounded, but was only greatly exhausted from being out of the water too long, we proceeded over to the island to secure this mysterious and oddly named fish.

On reaching the reef, there, sure enough, was a splendid specimen of a puffing pig, squealing and puffing out his breath through his blow-hole as if in great distress. In length he was about five feet, and his round and plump body glistened in the sun, as he lay struggling on the sand, vainly trying to reach the water. "Poor Mr. Puffing Pig! so you ventured too far in-shore after your favorite food, the eel, and the rapidly receding tide left you stranded high and dry on the sand-bar."

Tying a light and long rope fast to his tail, and taking off all our clothing except our fishing trousers, we rolled him into the water, in order to refresh him a little. Well, wasn't he a happy puffing pig! and how hard he tried to swim out to deep water and make his escape! Feeling that I had him securely in my possession by means of the rope, I humored him a little, and allowed him to swim out further and further, as I knew we could easily pull him in again. Suddenly he made one terrific plunge, and both of us were off our feet, sprawling in the water after the line. Before we could recover ourselves the puffing pig had drawn it well into deep water.

We both struck out to obtain possession of the line, and bring it in-shore. But the moment we reached it the puffing pig suddenly appeared on the surface, and made one of those short tumbling dives so peculiar to all porpoises. Bill had hold of the line some distance ahead of me, and I now felt almost positive that the fish had us at a disadvantage, for every moment he seemed to gain strength, and we were being rapidly carried toward Fort Hamilton.

The porpoise again came to the surface to take in a fresh supply of air, when I shouted to Bill to hold on. Suddenly and without the least warning we were both drawn head first beneath the water. Down, down, we went, and I began to wonder how much deeper Mr. Puffing Pig was going before we could have a chance to reach the surface for a fresh supply of air, and whether Bill was as long-winded under water as myself. Presently I felt the line slacken, and I knew the porpoise was either on his upward course or was turning back.

By this time the air in my lungs had entirely lost its life-sustaining qualities, and a peculiar smothering sensation was increasing every instant. Just at this critical moment I reached the surface, and took in one immense gulp of new air, but was instantly taken under the water again.

This time we seemed to be going down much deeper than before, for I could feel the increased pressure of the water on my ears, and I thought to myself, Should I be carried down so great a distance that I can't reach the surface of the water again in time for a fresh supply of air, there's going to be trouble. What's the use of

holding on to the line any longer? The puffing pig has got away from us, that's certain; and, for all I know, when I do reach the surface, it will cost me a great effort to get to the shore, though I am an expert in the water. As for Bill, he won't let go until I do, for he is much stronger than I am, and can stand it longer. I think we are both acting very unwisely in trying to see which can hold out the longer.

Just as I had reached this conclusion there was a fresh pull on the line, and William Poppaw was climbing through the water as fast and hard as he could strike and kick with his hands and feet. My opinion of Bill at that moment was that he was a very wise colored man, and I let go my hold on the line, and followed his example.

It seemed to me as though I would never reach the surface; every instant was an age. But at last my head shot through the water, and I knew I was safe. Turning on my back, I leisurely floated toward the shore. How beautiful the clear blue sky looked! and how steadily and rapidly I breathed in the pure and bracing atmosphere! for I was indeed more exhausted than I knew. Presently I heard Bill's long and steady pull as he drew nearer and nearer to me, and I heard him shout,

"Well, what do you think of puffing pigs?"

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE WILD DOGS AGAIN.

A LECK'S hand alone was shown; and though he held both of his arms as high as he could, the other side had the majority, and would not accept his resignation.

"Suppose we see just exactly what we have in the way of provisions," said Katy. "It won't take long to make out the list," she added, with a smile.

They began at once, and the little housewife made out the list as fast as the stores were examined, guessing at the weights. There were about eleven pounds of dried beef; bacon, about one "side"; flour, about six pounds; cornmeal, ten pounds; beans, three pounds; coffee, two pounds; tea, a quarter of a pound; chocolate, half a cake; sugar, three pounds; small quantities of salt, pepper, soda, and so on; some crumbs of crackers and cookies in the bottom of a bag; a small piece of dried yeast; and a few swallows of the brandy that had been so useful at the time of Aleck's accident on the drifting ice.

They had nearly all the bedding, cooking utensils, and tools with which they had started three weeks before; but the oil for their lantern and their matches were nearly used up or lost; their powder was low, for part of it had been spoiled by water; their clothes were badly worn; and their only canvas, since the loss of their tent, was the small "spare piece."

"It's plain," said Aleck, as this overhauling was finished, "that we must put ourselves upon a regular allowance. The provisions won't last us a week unless we save them carefully."

"And it's plain that we must raise some more, so I reckon I'd better get to work at some traps."

"Yes, the sooner the better. As for me, I want to learn all I can about the island. There may be something of use to us at the other end, so I shall take a long walk, and see what I can find."

"Mayn't I go with you?" Jim asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Youngster, if you think you can stand it."

"No trouble about that," replied the little fellow, cou-



rageously. He had grown very manly during the past month.

The brothers started off, taking the gun with them, and saying that they would be back about three o'clock.

As soon as they had gone Tug set about his traps in one corner of the cabin behind the stove, while Katy went to work to make the hut a little more home-like.

The cabin was about twelve feet square, and one side was the smooth face of a great rock, against which was heaped the rude chimney of mud and stones. In front of this the stove was placed, and behind it, on the side of the room farthest from the door, the fisherman had built a bunk.

"You must call that your bedroom," Tug said, and he helped Katy to set up in front of it poles and a curtain made of a shawl.

"Now," said the lad, when this had been arranged, "you must have a mattress."

So, taking the axe, he went out, and soon came back with a great armful of hemlock boughs, and then a second one, with which he heaped the bunk, laying them all very smoothly, and making a delightful bed.

"I'm thinkin' we'll have to fix some more bunks for ourselves," said the boy, as he tried this springy couch. "That's a heap better'n the soft side of a plank."

Then with a hemlock broom Katy swept the floor, and spread down the canvas as a carpet. Finding in her little trunk some clothing wrapped in an old HARPER'S WEEKLY, she cut out the pictures and tacked them up, and finally she washed the grimy window to let more light in, so that the rough little house soon came to look quite warm and cozy.

Meanwhile Tug, getting out his few tools, had made the triggers of half a dozen such box-traps as they had caught snow-birds with when living on the ice, and one other queer little arrangement. To this, as he told his companion, a set line was to be fastened, which would show by the fluttering of a small flag that a fish had been caught.

"I'm going to set these," he said at length, pulling on his overcoat, "and to look for a good place for fishing."

He was gone nearly an hour, during which Katy busied herself in mending her sadly torn dress, and in thinking. But the last was by no means a pleasant occupation, and she was glad to see Tug come in, rubbing his ears, for the day was a cold one.

"I think I have found a real likely place for fishing," he told her. "There is a little cove the other side of this thicket, with a marsh around it, and a pretty narrow entrance. I reckon the water's deep enough in there for fish to be skulking, and I dropped my line right in the middle. I set up the traps right out near here, but I didn't see any birds about."

"Do you think—" Katy stopped suddenly, laying one hand on Tug's arm, and holding up the other warningly, while her face grew pale. Rex, who had been lying by the stove quietly licking his injured paw, rose up and growled deeply.

"There! Did you not hear it?"

"I did. It's them pesky dogs," cried Tug, and hurried to the window, while Rex began to bark furiously. "There are the boys on the hill backing down, and two—no, three dogs—following them. Where's that axe? I'll fix 'em."

And before Katy could quite understand what the matter was, the boy had burst out, and was tearing up the hill to the support of his friends. Rex wanted to go too, but Katy held him fast, as she stood watching the boys flourishing their weapons, and frightening the dogs back, while they slowly retreated. As they came nearer to the house the animals stopped, and relieved their disappointment by savage barks and prolonged howls.

"Well," exclaimed Tug, in the country speech he always used when excited, "I allow them curs is the most ornery critters I ever see!"

"They followed us all the way from the other side of the neck," said Jim, dropping limp into a broken-legged chair, which tumbled him over backward.

"Where did you go, and what did you see?" was Katy's anxious question.

Aleck then told them that from the highest point of the hill he could see the whole island, which was everywhere surrounded by ice, and that eastward he could see what he thought was another island several miles away; but that to the southward it was too misty to see any distance. Going down the hill, they crossed a neck or isthmus of sand and rocks between two marshy bays, and entered the woods, which seemed to cover pretty much all the rest of the island. Pushing through this, and gathering a good many dried grapes, which were worth a hungry man's attention if he had plenty of time, they reached the shore somewhere near the farther end of the island without finding any signs that anybody had ever been there before. On the shore, however, by a cove, they found a tumbled-down shanty, and a little clearing where there had once been a camp. They were going on further, when suddenly they were attacked by the three dogs, and thought it best to retreat. The dogs followed, and they had to fight them off all the way.

"One of them was a giant of a mastiff," said Aleck, "and we were more afraid of him than of the smaller ones, which seemed to be two well-grown pups."

"Did one of 'em look as if he'd been shot?" Tug asked.

"No; I guess you finished that fellow. I think these dogs must have been left here last summer by somebody, but how they have managed to live beats me. I don't see anything for them to eat. I wish you had some bullets, Tug. We never can hurt 'em much with this small shot."

"They'll steal everything from the traps, too," Jim piped in. "By-the-way, Tug, have you set any yet?"

Then Tug told what he had been doing, and said he must go before it became dark and see if anything had been taken. So, wrapping himself up, he took the gun and went off, while Aleck and Jim gathered a supply of wood for the night, and Katy began to get supper. By the time this was ready, and the red glare of a threatening sunset had tinged the snow and suffused the clouds with crimson, Tug came back, bringing nothing at all. It was not a very merry party, therefore, that sat around the table that evening listening to the doleful cries of the outcast dogs, which still kept watch on the hill-side.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### • THE PERILS OF A MIDNIGHT SEARCH.

THE next morning snow was falling, and the wind was blowing furiously.

"This ought to bring us some small birds, and maybe an owl or two," said Tug, as he watched the dense clouds of snow hurled along from the northern waste of ice.

"Do you think you would dare to go out to the traps, or could find them in this gale?" Aleck asked.

"I reckon so; and while I'm gone you take the gun and see if you can't find snow-birds among the hemlocks."

"What'll you do if those dogs get after you? They're perfectly savage with hunger. It don't take much wildness or long famine to turn a dog back to a wolf, and we've got to look out for these curs as if they were wild beasts."

"You're right," Tug assented. "But I hardly think they'll be out on the ice in this storm; you are more likely to meet them in the woods. Anyhow, we all must have something to eat, and it's my business to tend those traps, wolves or no wolves. If I go under, why, there's one less mouth to feed."



"IT'S THEM PESKY DOGS," CRIED TUG."

So Tug and Aleck went away into the storm, one out upon the wide white desert, the other wading up the drifted slopes to the woods.

Katy and Jim staid at home, sitting comfortably in the house. She was reading aloud from an old newspaper they had found lying in a corner, when there came plainly to her ears the twittering of small birds.

"Listen, Jimkin. Did you hear that?"

"Snow-birds!" the boy exclaimed. "Right on the roof, too, and nary a trap!"

"Let us go out," said Katy, eagerly. "Perhaps we could catch one or two somehow."

So they crept out, and saw that the thick hemlock growing beside the big rock was covered with small birds.

Some were hiding away from the "cauld blast" in the nooks between the dense branches; some were hanging upon the little cones, swinging and clinging like acrobats; some were taking short flights through the smoke to warm their toes, or sitting on the bare rock near the top of the chimney. They were of two kinds, but all equally happy and unconcerned.

"If I only had the gun I could knock over about twenty at once," Jim whispered. "I could kill a lot with my pea-shooter."

"Could you? Well, Jimkin, I've got some strong rubber cord in my trunk, and you might make one of those horrid forked-stick things."

"That's a splendid idea, Katy. Get your rubber, and I'll cut a stick. Hurry up!"

Ten minutes afterward the weapon was ready. But now it occurred to Jim that he had no "peas" for his "shooter." So he and Katy both hurried down to where they knew there was a bit of beach not covered by ice. They scraped away the new snow, and raked up double handfuls of small pebbles.

Jim's hands grew so cold during this operation that he had to go in and warm them before he could handle his "rubber gun." But the birds still staid in their trees, as is their custom when a heavy snow-storm is raging, and



the excited young hunter waited only long enough to get the stiffest of his fingers into decent shape.

Creeping slowly around to the rear side of the rock, he climbed slowly up until he could just peer over the edge, and was not more than a dozen feet away from the little feathered group sitting by the chimney-top. Taking the

best of aim, and pulling the rubber as far back as it would go, he let fly, and one of the largest of the birds tumbled over the edge. The boy had hard work to refrain from shouting with pride at this early success, though he wasn't sure he had killed the bird.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





## WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

THE wind has tied his airy steed  
To a silver-poplar tree;  
A mist is tangling the slender reeds:  
The stars can scarcely see—  
When out of the deepening shadows flits  
A fairy who has lost his wits,  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

His love eloped long years ago  
With the old man in the moon,  
And the primroses saw them go,  
In a gold and red balloon,  
Up, up, in the misty evening light,  
Until in a cloud they were out of sight.  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

But still, when the day is growing dim,  
And a hush is in the air,  
He hastes his twinkling light to trim,  
And seeks her everywhere—  
Over the meadows and round the hill,  
Through the lane by the ruined mill.  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

Down where the pine-tree stands in the shade  
Like a monk in his dark cowl,  
Under the bridge where the lilies wade;  
And never he heeds the owl,  
Who scolds aloud from his lofty perch,  
And bids him to cease his fruitless search.  
Poor Will-o'-the-Wisp!

"Tu-whit!" says this wise old bird of night—  
"Tu-whit, tu-whoo, tu-wheel!  
Such a waste of time and candle-light  
It is sorrowful to see.  
But many folk in the world, I know,  
Do naught but chase shadows to and fro  
Like poor Will-o'-the-Wisp."

## A PRISON WITHIN A PRISON.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

ONE of the strangest stories in history is that of the Man in the Iron Mask, who was imprisoned in France, nearly two hundred years ago, by the order of King Louis XIV. He died in the Bastille in 1703, and from that day to this it has never been found out who he really was.

All sorts of stories have been told about the unfortunate man, who not only spent so many dreary years in prison, but was compelled to have his face always covered with a mask. But no one saw him in an *iron* one, which would have been too horrible. Yet the prisoner probably found his black velvet covering, fastened with steel springs, intolerable enough. It was never removed. Sleeping or waking, in hot weather or cold, sick or well, the suffocating thing had to be worn, and it seems a wonder that it did not drive him insane.

For a long time this mysterious prisoner was confined in different prisons on some islands in the Mediterranean, known as the Marguerite Islands. He was removed from thence when M. De Saint Mars, the Governor of the state-prison there, accepted the governorship of the Bastille, the great prison of Paris. He was carried in a closed litter, accompanied by the Governor, M. De Saint Mars, and several armed men on horseback. When they stopped for meals, the prisoner always sat with his back to the windows, and the Governor had pistols beside his plate. They were attended by a single valet, Antoine Ru. The servant who waited on them did not come into the dining-room, but the dishes were taken from him and returned in an antechamber after the dining-room door had been carefully closed.

Poor man! he was closely watched, and he was said to have been richly dressed, and served by the Governor himself on bended knee with dainty food on rich silver plate. But what a mockery all this outward show of respect must have seemed to a prisoner who was threatened

with death if he removed his stifling mask for a moment, or attempted to speak to any one except those who had charge of him!

In spite, however, of the dreadful risk he ran, he did try, when in the fortress of Pignerol, the gloomiest of all gloomy places, with the rough sea dashing up against its rocky wall, to make his hard fate known to the outer world. He engraved some words on a silver plate, which he threw from the window of his dungeon to the narrow beach below. A fisherman who was passing in a boat saw the glitter of the metal, and landed to pick it up. Not being able to read the words which the poor despairing man in the mask had written, and thinking it might be a lost article of great value, the honest fisherman gave up his prize to the keeper of the prison.

Far from receiving any reward, he was closely questioned, and escaped being put to death only because he could not read a word; but he was obliged to leave the neighborhood as quickly as possible. Two other persons who found a linen shirt with words marked on it, and who were not so ignorant as the fisherman, were said to have died very soon afterward without any apparent cause.

The Man in the Iron Mask spent five years in the famous state-prison of the Bastille, which was destroyed by the mob in the beginning of the French Revolution. For over four hundred years this strongest and most hopeless of prisons had held men and women of all ranks, many of whom languished there without the ordinary comforts of life, for no crime whatever, but merely to gratify the malice of some powerful rival. It has been thought that the masked prisoner was a twin brother of Louis XIV., whose birth was carefully concealed from every one outside of the royal family, and that he was disposed of in this way to prevent the trouble that would arise from two heirs to the throne. His life was spared, because if the acknowledged heir died it would be desirable to produce him as his lawful successor.

He was said to resemble Louis XIV. so strongly that it would be dangerous to have his features seen by any one, and this led to the uncomfortable mask. A picture of him looking through the grated window of his cell in the Bastille, with two armed soldiers watching his slightest movement, is very sad: he could see so little, between his mask and the prison bars, and the guards had orders to fire upon him if he made the slightest attempt to attract notice outside.

Many persons who did not believe that the Man in the Iron Mask was a brother of Louis XIV. have tried to prove that he was a Count de Matthioli, an agent of the Duke of Mantua, who employed him in some negotiations with the King of France. The Count was accused by the French of having betrayed one of their state secrets; and the angry monarch imprisoned him for life in a way that effectually prevented him from telling anything more.

But the real truth about this most unfortunate of prisoners has never yet come to light. All we know of his death is the following entry taken from the journal of Dajunea, the chief turnkey of the Bastille. He writes: "On Monday, the 19th of November, 1703, the unknown prisoner who had continually worn a black velvet mask, and whom Saint Mars had brought with him from the island of Sainte Marguerite, died to-day, about ten o'clock in the evening, having been yesterday taken slightly ill. He had been a long time in M. De Saint Mars's hands, and his illness was exceedingly trifling."

When he died in the Bastille every article of clothing and furniture that had been used by him was destroyed; and even the walls were scraped for fear that he might have scratched something on them that would tell the reader who he was.

How it came that the mask was supposed to be iron no one knows. Some one who saw him at a distance wearing the black thing may have fancied that it was an in-



strument of torture made of iron, and have so described it. It would be very interesting even at this late day to find out who the poor victim of such inhuman cruelty was, but it does not seem likely, after all these years, that the world will ever know him by any other name than that of the "Man in the Iron Mask."

### THE PHANTOM DOG.

HAL ROWLAND'S STORY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

IT'S my turn, is it? Well, I don't know what kind of a yarn to spin, as my sailor uncle would say, unless you'd like to hear about the phantom dog of Rowland Farm. You would, hey? Well, here goes.

Our family, you know, have owned Rowland Farm more'n a hundred years, and part of it is just as it was when they first owned it. The kitchen is. And it's large enough for a dozen New York city kitchens—flat kitchens, I mean—with a great big fire-place, smoky old raffers, brick floor, and enormous closets. Our folks don't use it 'cept in summer, 'cause it's too cold there at other times, and there isn't any way to warm it unless we spent a fortune on fire-wood. They use the new kitchen on the other side of the house, which isn't as picturesque, but *is* a good deal more comfortable.

And the rooms over the old kitchen are just as *they* were first built too, with little high-up windows and low ceilings. One of them is my den, and the other is a spare room for boys. And there's a long passageway lighted by a skylight leading from these rooms to the new part of the house. I chose that room soon's I got old enough to have a room to myself, 'cause I could stamp 'round and whistle and sing as much as I had a mind to there without somebody calling out every minute, "Oh, Hal! for mercy's sake *do* stop that noise!" And I wasn't a bit afraid to sleep there, though lots of old people down in the village said that in old times the long passageway used to be haunted every night from eleven till twelve o'clock by a phantom dog. It seems one of my great-grandfathers was a very bad-tempered man, and very cruel to animals, and one night a poor half-starved dog got into the house, and whined and howled and made a row generally outside of his bedroom door.

Well, my amiable g.-g.-g. got up, dragged the wretched beast down-stairs, through the kitchen, and out into the back yard, and there he shot him. And ever after that until my g.-g.-g. died—so the story goes—the ghost of that dog came every night, at the hour it had been shot, and howled at my g.-g.-g.'s door. And that isn't all. Some of the village venerables declare that it has been seen several times since my g.-g.-g. died.

I never took much stock in the story myself, 'cause I don't believe in such things, neither does my mother; but, to tell the up-and-down truth, I did feel a little queer on two or three very dark nights when I was wakened out of a sound sleep by a big strange bark. Well, as I was saying, the phantom-dog story didn't scare me much, but one night I pretended it did. 'Twas one night in the last part of May, when my second cousin, Hobe Horton, was visiting us.

Hobe had lived 'way off West ever since he was a baby, and I'd never seen him before this visit. He's a slim chap, with enormous gray eyes and curly light hair, and he speaks soft as a girl—softer than lots of girls, 'cause there's no denying most girls yell as though you were deaf, unless they're whispering secrets. I thought when they told me he was coming that I was a-going to see a regular out-and-out backwoodsman, chock-full of fun and stories 'bout bears and buffaloes and Injuns.

But Hobe said his mamma hadn't let him hunt bears and buffaloes and Injuns much. And oh! wasn't he good?

He was too good for anything. And my mother and my grandmother and my aunts—I've got five—kept a-saying: "Take pattern by your cousin, Hal. He never talks slang, nor shins up a tree and tears his trousers, nor blacks a friend's eye, nor puts mice in the company's hat, nor spills 'lasses on the door mat. And he always says 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir,' and 'yes, ma'am' and 'no, ma'am,' instead of 'yep' and 'nope,' and it's plain to be seen that *he* would act like a perfect gentleman under any circumstances, and never go yelling round, as you do sometimes, even if the house were afire."

Well, you know that sort of talk to a fellow 'bout another fellow nearly sets a fellow wild, and I got to almost hating that Hobe, I did, and I made up my mind that I'd try to make him yell once, and that without setting the house afire either. And so one night I went to Hobe's room—it was the room opposite to mine—and I began talking about the phantom dog.

"And do you know any one that has really seen it?" said Hobe.

"Two of our servants who used to sleep in this part of the house say they saw something strange around here once, and they were so frightened that my mother had to give them a room near her," said I.

"Did you ever see it?" said he.

"No," said I, "I can't exactly say that I have, but I've heard a queer howling and barking several times in the middle of the night that didn't belong to this neighborhood."

Then I said "Good-night," and went to my own room. (Oh, I must tell you that neither of our doors could be locked, 'cause I'd lost both the keys.) It was near twelve o'clock, and I was sure Hobe was a little scared, for, to tell the up-and-down truth, I was myself. 'Cause no matter how much you don't believe in such things, if you talk about them at night, with no light but moonlight, and everything solemn still, you get a sort of chilly creep in spite of yourself, 'specially down your back.

But all the same, soon's I got into my own room I began to turn myself into a phantom dog.

I took our bath-room rug—it's one of those big white shaggy-haired rugs—and I tied it around me with a fish-line, and then I put on a mask like a dog's face that my brother Will bought to wear to a masquerade party, and my sister's long seal-skin mittens (didn't she raise a jolly row when she found 'em in my room next day), and then I went down on all fours, and made for Hobe's door with a fearful bark.

But the very moment I barked something gave a tremendous howl, and there in the passageway, glancing at me with fiery eyes, stood a creature that looked as though it had just escaped from Barnum's show. I saw by the light of the moon, that fell through the skylight right on it, that its head was enormous, and that its body was yellow, with black spots and rings all over it.

I didn't wait to see any more, but backed into my room quicker'n lightning, and bolted the door with my trunk. And it was about half an hour before I got my senses back far enough to know that Hobe had contrived to beat me at my own game.

But he never said a word about it—neither did I—till the day he was going away. Then, when he was packing up, he asked me, in that sweet voice which girls ought to have, "Cousin Hal, did you ever see a jaguar skin? I have one here in my chest that I am taking to my uncle in New York. My father shot the beast it belonged to." And he pulled out a yellow skin, head and all, spotted all over with black rings and rosettes. "And I've got a phosphoric preparation," said he, "that you can rub on the inside of the glass eyes and make them look just like fire."

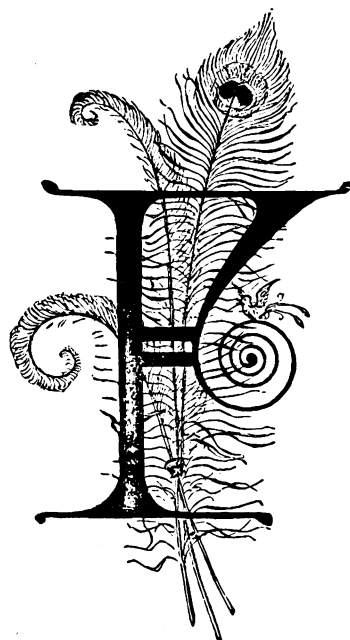
"That's enough, Hobe," said I. "But all the same I *did* make you howl and forget to behave like a 'perfect

gentleman,' as my aunts say, for once, and that's what I set out to do. 'Cause, whatever else it may be, it isn't perfectly *gentlemanly* to go prancing round on all fours making believe you're a jaguar."

"Well, I don't suppose it is; but 'twas fun," said Hobe. Then he burst out laughing, and I liked him better than I ever liked him before.

## EMBROIDERY FOR GIRLS.

BY SUSAN HAYES WARD.



"If needle, scissors, knife, or pin  
Should wound the finger,  
cheek, or chin,  
Apply to me, your healing  
plaster,  
And soon I'll cure your sad  
disaster."

FROM among the treasures kept in an old dressing-case used by my mother nearly fifty years ago I have just selected a little pink card-board case bound with tinsel paper, on which this verse is written, as suggesting a useful present which can easily be made by any young girl who is neat and deft with her needle.

A court-plastercase such as this any one would be glad to have always ready to hand. To make it, a piece of pasteboard is needed about four and a half

inches long and three and a quarter wide, so that, when doubled, it will form a little pocket about the size of Fig. 1. Before folding, however, it is to be covered with plain silk, satin, or smooth twilled linen. A spray of forget-me-nots can be embroidered on this to ornament one side of the case (see A), and a tiny flower (B) or initial letters (as C) can be worked to correspond with A on the opposite side. If silk or satin is used, it should be of some quiet color, that will show off the embroidery well, like olive, old gold, or a yellowish-gray.

When the outside is ready, stretch it tightly and neatly over the pasteboard, sewing it back and forth on the wrong side, just as a cloth cover is sometimes sewed upon

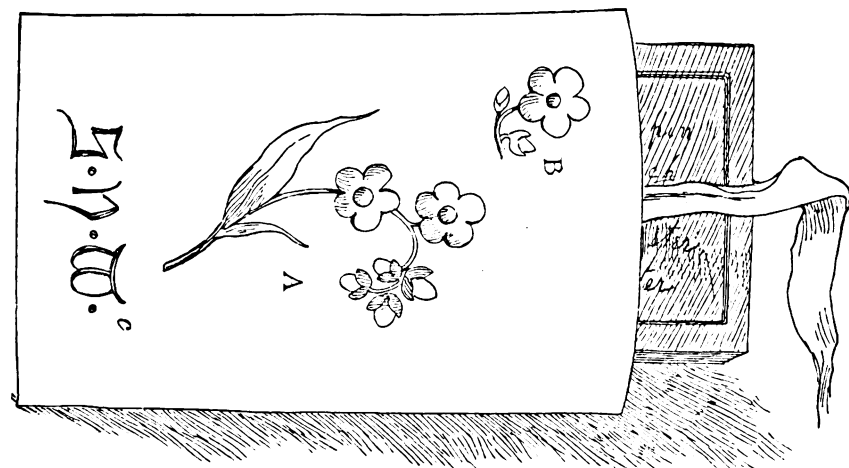


Fig. 1.—COURT-PLASTER CASE.

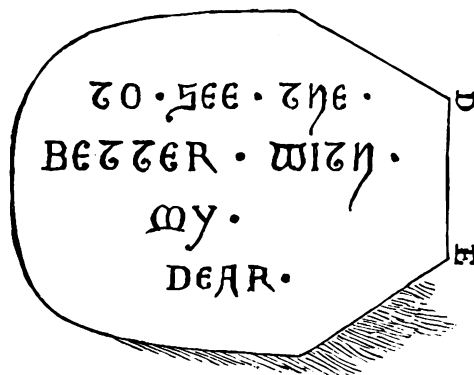


Fig. 2.—SPECTACLE "WIPER."

school-books. Next, a soft silk lining must be sewed in of some pretty, harmonious color. This must be drawn somewhat tight, so as not to wrinkle when the pasteboard is doubled, and at the top it should be so carefully turned away and blind-stitched down as not to show at the edge. Last of all, the covered pasteboard is to be doubled together, and over-handed (sewed over and over) on the bottom and side, taking care that the lining is held fast, so that it will neither wrinkle nor pull away.

When this part of the work is done, cut a piece of colored card or paste board of such a size that, when folded, it will slip easily in and out of the case, and to this, as a cover, fasten your leaves of court-plaster, pink, white, and black, one or more of each color, like leaves in a book. This cover can have any suitable motto written or printed upon it, and a loop attached by which to pull it out. A narrow ribbon, eight inches long, the same color as the lining, can be fastened to the top of the case; slip it under the little book, and bring it up on the other side, and it will work as a sort of pulley, and lift the book up.

A very pretty way for those who do not know how to embroider is to have the name of the owner written diagonally across the case with a very sharp soft lead-pencil, and then to back-stitch the pencilled letters, using fine silk or very fine marking-cotton (red or blue) and a cambric needle. If the stitches are taken evenly and fine, and the lines followed carefully, this is one of the prettiest ways of marking, particularly for handkerchiefs. Any father or elder brother might be proud to receive as a gift a handkerchief hem-stitched and marked in this graceful fashion by a little daughter or sister.

Fig. 2 is meant to represent a spectacle "wiper." It can be made of two pieces of bronze morocco, bound with galloon, and lined with soft chamois leather, and sewed together from D to E, or of two pieces of pasteboard carefully covered, with a flower, or initials, or an appropriate motto embroidered or stitched upon it. The chamois-skin lining should be cut a little smaller than the pasteboard, and carefully blind-stitched or felled down with yellow sewing silk, and the two halves sewed together as before. I remember a dear old gentleman who always carried one of these little implements in his waistcoat pocket, and who took rare satisfaction in whipping it out and polishing up his glasses whenever an occasion offered. My motto I have taken from the story of "Red Riding-Hood," but you will find it great fun to compose or select mottoes for yourselves.





## I

You may bring to mind I've sung you a song,  
Of a man of Haarlem town.  
I'll sing of another;— 't will not take long;  
Of equally great renown.

## 2

"I've read," said he, "there's a land afar,  
O'er the boundless rolling sea,  
Where fat little pigs ready roasted are;  
Now, that is the land for me.

## 3

Where tarts may be plucked from the wild tart tree,  
And puddings like pumpkins grow,  
Where candies, like pebbles, lie by the sea,—  
Now, thither I'll straight way go."

## 4

Now, what do you think I've heard it said  
Was his boat, his oar, his sail?  
A tub, a spoon, and a handkerchief red,  
For to breast both calm and gale.

## 5

So he sailed away, for a livelong day;  
And the sun was warm and mild,  
And the small waves laughed as they seemed  
And the sea-gulls clamored wild to play,

## 6

So he sailed away, for a livelong day;  
Till the wind began to roar,  
And the waves rose high, and, to briefly say,  
He never was heard of more.

HPYLE.





LOUIE.

HERE'S Louie, our pride,  
In a picture, you see,  
With roses and posies  
And vines trailing free.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

ALGIERS, ALGERIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—When I last wrote to you we were living in a city called Oran, a day's ride west of Algiers, where we now live. The journey from Oran to Algiers is most beautiful. For miles and miles we had on either side of us the Atlas range of mountains; sometimes the tops of these were blue as the sky, while their banks were variegated with light and dark patches of green vegetation. Sometimes we would pass by a quiet little village, where the trees were all yellow with ripe oranges; then again we found ourselves whirled over spaces almost as naked as prairie land. We entered Algiers at 10 P.M., tired and sleepy enough to rest, but not too tired to take a walk through the city the following morning.

Algiers is built on the sloping sides of two mountains. There are whole streets of winding stairs, and the houses are built six or seven stories high. Sometimes trees are seen growing on the tops of these buildings.

The climate here all the year round is as mild and soft as an American spring. A wood fire is all that is ever necessary. YOUNG PEOPLE is the delight of my heart. PERCY H. M.

Turn to your maps, little students, and point out Algiers. Now are you not pleased that Percy has told you so much about it? You would like to scamper up and down those winding stairs of streets, and see the houses with trees growing on their tops, would you not? And the very next best thing is seeing them through a boy's bright eyes, is it not?

MANCHIONEAL, JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

I have not seen a letter in the Post-office Box from this island, so I thought one might be acceptable. I am a little girl nine years old, and like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE very much. In No. 203, you gave us a description of the Jamaica man-of-war birds in Kingston Harbor, which pleased us very much, because we know the place and have seen the birds. We don't live in Kingston, though; we live in the country sixty miles away, and my papa raises bananas and coconuts to send to New York and Philadelphia. I haven't any pets just now, but I've a horse of my own, and can ride him anywhere. Once I rode twenty miles in one day; we had to start in the early morning and come back in the evening, to escape the sun. My brother Syd and I enjoy "The Ice Queen" very much, but don't understand how people could travel over the surface of a lake in that manner, for we have never seen snow or ice except the little pieces we sometimes get in our lemonade, and which are brought from America. However, although we have no ice or snow, we have got some wonderful things in this country. MARY E. S.

Suppose you write again, dear, and tell us about them. Do you ever see people carrying burdens on their heads? Have you ever felt the least bit of an earthquake? How do bananas taste when you pick them yourself? The children who do not live in the tropics will be glad to hear your answers.

BRANDON, MANITOBA.

I am a little girl ten years old, and I enjoy reading the letters so much that I thought I would write one too. We have taken the paper for two

years, and I think it is the best paper I ever saw. As every one tells about his or her pets, I will tell you about ours. We have a dear little baby sister, a gray Shagunappi pony, and a little brown dog. The pony is as small as a Shetland pony, and the picture of them in the November number pleased my little brother Leon so much that he has quite worn out the page looking at it. Manitoba is a very cold country, but we enjoy ourselves so very much skating, snow-shoeing and tobogganing, and riding on horseback in the summer, that we like living here very much. We have not lived here two years yet. Last winter was so very severe that I did not go to school. Mamma wanted me to stay home this winter, but I was so anxious to get into the Third Book that I coaxed her to let me go. The other day I came home with my face frozen; but we don't mind frozen ears and noses in this great Northwest. MABEL H.

From Jamaica to Manitoba is quite a step, but we take it easily in the Post-office Box. Here is a child who gets her face frozen going to school, and does not mind it much, and there is one who never sees a snow-bank or feels a shiver in the air. Write again, girly.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy seven and a half years old. I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but mamma always says, "Wait till you can write better." I have waited so long, and now mamma is going to copy it for me. I have no brothers and sisters. I live with my little cousin Joscelyn, and we are just like brothers. He is six years old, and can not read as well as I can, so grandmamma reads to him while I am at school. I take YOUNG PEOPLE and St. Nicholas, and Joscelyn takes *Wide Awake*, but we both like YOUNG PEOPLE best, maybe because it comes oftener; it comes on Wednesday, and we always watch for it. We think the number we have just read was extra good, for the Indian story and the wolf story were so good. I wish I could be as brave as Robert Woods. Mamma says she likes to read the YOUNG PEOPLE as well as we do. She always reads us the letters from the little folks, and we think you must have a very big pile to read every week. Most of your boy and girl friends have pets; we have only a cat, but when we are bigger, and able to take care of them, we are going to have rabbits and birds and dogs. I like the letters from out West the best. I was out in Kansas last winter. I have two little cousins out there, Fred and Lute. Lute has red hair, and so has Joscelyn, but *we* think red hair is pretty. Joscelyn and I play "battle." I am American, because my papa is. Joscelyn is English, because he likes to be like his mamma, and he says English is the fiercest. We fight, but only in play; sometimes the English beat and sometimes the American. Please print this letter, and Joscelyn says he would like to have his name in too, so we will sign ourselves your two little friends, EUGENE and JOSCELYN.

I think red hair is beautiful. Don't let the fighting slip out of play into earnest, little soldiers. There are foes for both American and English boys to fight and conquer, and I would not wonder if mamma or grandmamma, in a bed-time talk, will tell you what their names are. Some of these foes are pretty strong, and only brave fellows get the victory over them. Please thank mamma for her dear little letter which came with yours.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. This is the second year I have had YOUNG PEOPLE; my aunt gives it to me, and I am always glad when it comes. I have no pets except a dear little brother nearly two years old, and he is as sweet as he can be. I am going to Europe in June with my mamma, papa, little brother, aunt, uncle, and three cousins, and perhaps my grandma. I hope you will print this, for I want my cousins in Louisville to see it. KATE HARRIS T.

You will have a charming family party, and will no doubt enjoy your trip. Perhaps you will write to the Post-office Box from Europe, and describe something which you find interesting.

KNOWLTON, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I live on a farm about half a mile from Brone Lake, where there are two islands. We went to one of them on my birthday and had a picnic. I like YOUNG PEOPLE very much, especially the Post-office Box, which I read the first thing after "The Ice Queen." I have three sisters, Connie, Bessie, and Sarah. I very much like to draw, and I copy many of the pictures in YOUNG PEOPLE. I like "Nan," "Mildred's Bargain," and "Phil's Fairies" best of all the stories. I have no pets except a little baby brother named Richard.

A year ago last Christmas we had a tree, and after Christmas it was set on the veranda just outside the door. One day early in spring we were looking out of the dining-room window, and we saw a robin come to the tree several times, bringing bits of straw and hay and other

things. The next day we found that the robins were building a nest in the tree. It wasn't a very good place, because every time any one opened the door the birds would fly away. When it got warm enough for us to sit on the veranda, the birds were afraid to come, so papa moved the tree down by the garden fence. While we were at dinner that day we heard a great chirping and noise out-of-doors, and when we went to the window we saw that the old birds had come back, and could not find the nest. But they discovered it at last, and were very glad, I suppose. There were soon some little birds, and we did not think they were very pretty at first, but they were afterward, as they grew older. Every day we would look at them, until one morning, when we went, they had disappeared. We had a tree last Christmas, and set it on the veranda, hoping that the birds will build again.

I do not go to school, but have lessons at home. I study grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, astronomy, French, and Latin; I like geography and Latin best. We have 252 paper dolls. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I send the receipt of a cake I made last week. Once we were talking about receipts, when Sarah said: "I'll tell you a receipt; half a dozen pounds of cake, half a dozen pounds of spice, half a dozen pounds of sugar, half a dozen pounds of eggs—that's Queen's Cake. The Queen lives in England. I'm going to England to see the Queen when I get big." We all thought it was very funny, for she is only three years old.

I send the Postmistress a rhyme I made about the ducks, and that I drew some little pictures to illustrate. Each of us has a flower bed in summer. We send for the seeds we want, and sow them ourselves; then we weed them and take care of them. I planted some wild violets round mine for a border, they look so pretty. Miss Alcott is my favorite writer; we have four of her books, and I have read several others; I like *Little Women* best of all. I am reading *Dorothy and Son* and *Hood's* poems now.

I am making a patchwork quilt, with no two pieces alike. If any little girl will send me pieces of print three and a half inches square, I will send the same number of pieces in return, or a little cake of maple sugar. I would like to tell you what nice times we have in sugaring, but it would make my letter too long.

MARY EMILY CARTER.

You are certainly a busy little woman, dear. Your rhymes and drawings are so clever that I regret I can not put them into the Post-office Box too, as I would like to do, if it were elastic. Here is the receipt for my Little Housekeepers:

CARAMEL CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, one and a half cups of flour, three eggs, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, and half a tea-spoonful of soda. Dissolve the soda in the milk; mix and sift the cream of tartar and flour. Bake in three jelly-cake tins, and put the following between the layers: one cup of sugar (maple is best), one-third of a cup of sweet milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, boiled together for fifteen minutes; stir till nearly cold, then flavor with vanilla.

HEMPSTEAD.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I do want to see my letter printed, if you please. I wrote to you, and so did my little sister Laura Maria, and I told mamma I guessed you never did get them. I wish you could see my cunning little puppy; his name is Ted. I coaxed mamma to write this; I hope it is not too long. WALTER N. S. C.

Does Ted bark very loudly?

I live in Covington, on the Ohio River. I suppose you have heard about the flood here. The river rose until it reached the roofs of many houses in Cincinnati and flowed over the roofs of many in Newport. Very many people suffered in Covington, but not near so many as across the river from us, in Newport and Cincinnati. We gave up some of our public schools for the sufferers who were turned out of house and home. The people rowed about in skiffs in Newport, Cincinnati, and in some parts of Covington. I like you ever so much. I take painting lessons, and would like to correspond with M. K. S., but she does not give her address, so I send mine. Adieu. Ever your friend,

MAUDE H. BUCKNER.

317 Garrard Street, Covington, Kentucky.

SENECA, KANSAS.

I had a very nice little bird named Prince that grandma gave me. Prince was very tame; he would fly on my shoulder and peck my finger. One warm day he was in his cage on the porch, and a bee flew into his cage and stung him to death. I have two ponies, and ride to school. I have a pig named China. GERTIE O.

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND.

Here is a little story I made up, which I hope you will print, dear Postmistress.

Two or three years ago I had a great habit of lying awake a long time when I went to bed. Well, one night I was trying to go to sleep, and I thought I would count up to a hundred and back



a great many times, and see if I wouldn't go to sleep while doing it. I had counted up to fifty or more, when I heard a strange noise. I looked around and under the bed, but could see nothing. I thought it was my fancy, and began to count again, but this time I heard a voice distinctly saying, "Let's weave a blanket for this little girl and take her to Dream-land, where she will be cured of her wakefulness." "All right," said another. By this time my eyes had become more accustomed to the dark, and I saw that it was four figures that had been on my what not, talking. The next thing they did was to jump on the floor and pick up all the threads and things that were on it, and they wove them into a most beautiful blanket. Then I felt myself gently lifted off the bed and put on the blanket. Each little figure took hold of an end, and away we went in the air. We went at a tremendous speed, and pretty soon I heard one figure say we were very near Dream-land; at the same time I began to feel sleepy, and that was the last thing I knew until morning.

From that time I slept much better than ever before. Mamma says it was a dream, and that I dreamed it because I had been reading a fairy story; but I know better. CAMILLA R.

Did I dream that you asked me whether I preferred stories or letters from my young correspondents, or did one of the pigeons flutter in with the inquiry? Never mind how I heard that you want to know. But I like both.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have a sister and two brothers. My youngest brother is a fat little chub; he is three years old, and is the pet of the house. I had some little kittens and a dog. My kittens died, and my dog was taken to the police station, so I have no pets except brother now. My sister takes the *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it very much. I have just been reading some stories in it. Your friend, LUELLA S. T.

Did a policeman arrest your dog? I hope he let him go home again.

I am a little boy five years old, and had my birthday last month. My mamma made me a birthday cake, and what do you think was in it? Why, a china doll an inch long!

You asked the little boys and girls to write and let you know when hoop, kite, and marble time came. I can tell you that it is kite time now. My papa bought my brother and me two nice Japanese bird kites, and we have fine times flying them every pleasant day. We bought a small kite for a little boy three years old to fly in the house, and he likes it very much.

I have a big brother seven years old, and we play together every day. We have a little baby brother almost five months old, and we have named him Stanley, but I think it is too long a name for a little baby. Don't you?

HOWARD M. W.

It is a very pretty name, and so is yours.

Hattie P. A. and her sister Gertie are the best playmates I have. Gertie did not come to school the other day, for some bad boys hit her with a snow-ball, and she got the earache. I think our teacher is the nicest teacher I ever had; her name is Miss L. She is reading "The Ice Queen" and I think it is ever so nice. JULIA S.

NEW BRIGHTON, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old. I have a dog named Cris; he can stand on his hind-legs and beg. I have not taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* very long, but I like it very much; I think "The Ice Queen" is very nice, and I like the other stories too.

HAMILTON.

You have told about your dog, and here is Lewellyn telling about his:

AUDUBON, MINNESOTA.

I am a little boy six years old. We have two dogs. One of the dogs' name is Carlo; he is a lazy old fellow, and does not do anything, hardly. The other's name is Shep; he is the cattle dog. We have one cat, also fifteen sheep, twenty cows, six working horses, six colts, and one pony. I like to hear the stories in your paper, especially the letters in the Post-office Box. I live on a farm three miles from town. LEWELLYN C.

Such a well-written letter from little Ruby!

MANCHESTER, OHIO.

I am a little girl seven years old, and I like the pictures in *YOUNG PEOPLE* the best of all. I have a cat named Tawny, and she is fourteen years old; I have also a nice doll named Gracie, and a buggy to ride her in; and the best of all is my little baby brother, just four weeks old. Here is a quotation that I said in school one day: "Love the truth." RUBY D.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little boy seven years old, and my brother takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like the letters

very much, and I like "Long-acre Pond" too; but I liked the letters so much I thought I would write you one. My brother has a fish; he calls it a sea-horse, and he told me all about it. It is dead, but its head looks like a horse. He showed me a picture in a book about it; it is called in the book "Hippocampus." It is a funny-looking horse or fish. Have any of your children got one? GEORGE W. P.

I have seen the funny, cute-looking little sea-horses, and I am sorry the one your brother had is dead.

CURRIE, MINNESOTA.

I have two sisters and one brother, and when the splendid paper comes we all clamor to get it first. I go to school, and at the last examination, and almost all others, have ranked first; my studies are reading, arithmetic, spelling, geography, history and grammar; music also, when I have a teacher. I go to Sunday-school, and am the organist, except when my sister, who is away at school, is at home. But I will close, for fear of making my letter too long. MABEL C.

Now, with a hop, skip, and a jump, we are off to California.

MORO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I thought I would write because my school-mate was doing so too. I will first tell you about our school. I am in the Third Reader, and study geography, writing, arithmetic, and drawing. I am nine years old. Our teacher reads HARPER'S *YOUNG PEOPLE* every afternoon.

I am very fond of reading history. I have read the life of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and Columbus, and have read the history of England, France, and Rome, and am reading Bryant's *History of the United States*. I think Henry V. was the best King of England, and the greatest general of his time. I think General Washington was the greatest hero of the United States. I think Napoleon I. and Julius Caesar were the greatest generals that ever lived.

HARRY D. S.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

I am a little girl eleven years old. We take HARPER'S *WEEKLY* and *YOUNG PEOPLE*, but I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* the best, especially Jimmy Brown's stories, and I like "The Ice Queen" very much. We also take *Picturesque Canada*. I would like you to see it, for it would show you what beautiful scenery we have here. I go to a private school, and learn geography, spelling, history, grammar, French, and am beginning wood-carving with my auntie, besides taking music lessons. I have a lot of plants, and had a lily just coming out; some one left the window open, so it froze. We have some hyacinths in bloom now. I have two pet cats; their names are Kate and Tom. DORA B.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I am a little boy five years old, and as I can not write, I get my sister to write for me. I live in the country, six miles from Nashville, very near the Lunatic Asylum, but I do not feel at all afraid of the crazy people. I have a brother and sister who are both older than I am, but I have a great deal of fun with them. As I do not go to school, and can not tell you about that, I will have to tell you about my home. I have for pets two Maltese cats and a canary-bird. I have a great deal of fun with my cats; one of them gets in my bed and wakes me up every morning. I am learning how to ride on a very gentle horse that we have; I have only fallen off once, and that was not my fault, for the horse went under a tree, and as I did not know how to guide her, I had to let her go along and pull me off; but it did not hurt me, and I have learned better now. As sister is getting tired of waiting for me to think of something else, I will have to stop. This being my first letter, I hope you will print it, for I want to see it in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. A. W. H., JUN.

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.

I am eleven years old, but can not go to school, because I have rheumatism in my foot. Is not that too bad? Those who have had it will know that it is not much fun. Please, dear Postmistress, will you be so kind as to tell me if Jimmy Brown is a true person? In summer I have very pleasant times. I go haying, and ride on the loads of hay; it is fun, I can tell you. I must say good-by. MAY P.

If by a true person you mean a real one, I can testify that Jimmy Brown is real. I am sorry you have rheumatism.

BROCK, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy eight years old. I live over half a mile from the school-house. I have been at school two summers. There is so much snow that I do not go in the winter. I study at home, and slide down-hill. At school we have fifteen minutes' recess in the forenoon and afternoon, and an hour at noon. In the summer we play ball, tag, yard-sheep, and fish in the brook which

runs by the school-house. Then we go to the woods and get flowers and wintergreen and make play-houses. In the fall we have great fun nutting. My birthday comes the next day after New-Year's. Sister made a nice supper for me on a little table with just us children, and after supper we had lots of fun playing pantomimes. We always have a nice time on birthdays. Good-by. EZRA P.

Thanks for letters are due to Alice W., Harry D. H., Freddie S. M., Ellis R. B., Murray Marvin S., M. Annie McK., Dwight H., W. C. M., Luc A., P. Q. R., Alice B. T., Pauline C. W., Mabel J. R., Herschel B., Lucie S. G., Pauline W., W. S. B., Amelia G., Edwin S. D., Louie M., Lelia B. G., Hattie P., Pet B., Genee P., Albert S. R., Gertrude L., Percy J. B., Minnie C., Helen R., Alice N., Ella G., M. Louise R., Gracie D., Allie S., Abbie B. C., Gracie V. W., M. and N., Grace W., Louise M., Maude C., and Margie B.

Two little girls, Tillie M. P. and Tillie E. D., one a New Jersey and the other a Pennsylvania girl, deserve special mention for their pleasant favors.—Grace M. S.: Always send the answers at the same time that you send the puzzles, my dear.—Kittie B.: I like your story very much, but can not make room for it. Thank you for sending it.—Marian W. L.: Your bold, clear penmanship is delightful for tired eyes.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO NUMERICAL ENIGMAS.

- 1.—I was enjoyed by all readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I am composed of 15 letters.  
My 1, 13, 3, 6 refreshes the earth.  
My 11, 10, 2, 14, 15 is a precious gem.  
My 7, 5, 6, 7, 12, 1 is a spice.  
My 4, 9, 10 is a pronoun.  
My 8, 12, 2 is a beverage.

ROBERT L. ALLEE.

- 2.—I am a familiar saying, and am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 has a very changeable disposition. One moment she laughs and the next she frowns.

My 6, 7, 8, 9 always sets the village in a flutter, and makes the boys perfectly wild.

My 13, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27 makes charming homes for my 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

My 14, 15, 16, 17 was shipped on the bride's finger.

My 20, 19, 18 is good to eat.

My 12, 10, 19, 18 is sometimes rough.

My 11, 4, 2 is very provoking in a glove.

MOTHER BUNCH.

No. 2.

TWO CROSS-WORD ENIGMAS.

- 1.—First in ink, but not in dye.  
Second in ant, but not in fly.  
Third in wade, but not in float.  
Fourth in ship, but not in boat.  
Fifth in Mary, Kate, and Jane.  
My whole is heard of from plain to plain.

JOSE L. S.

- 2.—First in glass, but not in wood.  
Second in cloak, but not in hood.  
Third in blouse, but not in coat.  
Fourth in river, but not in moat.  
My whole is used in every house.

HARRY STILES.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 228

- No. 1.— C eylon  
R iga  
I ndia  
M editerranean  
E cuador  
A rkansas
- No. 2.— D R A W S N O W  
R A G E N O N E  
A G E S O N C E  
W E S T W E E D
- S T A R  
T A M E  
A M O S  
R E S T
- No. 3.— Bureau.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Emma Day, James Poland, Art Evans, Allie Sweetzer, Ida Emma Hequembourg, Mamie Clarkson, Mabel and Emma R., Mike Call, Olive and Lidie, George E. Smith, Susie M. Shaw, M. H. Wildes, Damon and Pythias, Lucy Samson, Maggie Keller, Martin Inglis, Dotty Leeson, and Tim McDonough.

The answer to the Rebus on page 320, No. 229, is, "Little strokes fell great oaks."

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



### "TAKEN."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"SO you've taken along your umbrella," said he;  
 "You are wise, for a shower is coming, I see,"  
 He said to the girl,  
 As he saw her unfurl  
 Her paragon gamp, with its handle of pearl.

Then the wind sprang up, and it made her scud  
 Over the crossings and into the mud.

"Oh no," cried she;

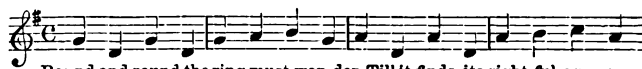
"It is plain to see  
 This great big umbrella has taken me."

### RING GAMES.

BY ALICE M. KELLOGG.

ONE of the pleasantest games with which to amuse a company of persons—thirty or more—is called "The Wandering Ring." It is easily played, and creates a great deal of fun.

Ask your friends to draw their chairs into a circle as large as the room allows. Then teach them this little melody:



Round and round the ring must wan-der Till it finds its right-ful own-er.



It is bright; It is fair; It must wan-der ev-'ry-where.

If there is a piano convenient, an accompaniment can be supplied by any one with a slight knowledge of music. This will help the singing, and make the game brighter, but it is not essential.

One person is selected, and it is his part to find the ring, which is passed from hand to hand in this way: Each one in the circle holds his left hand almost closed, and makes a motion with the right hand as if passing the ring from the left hand to his neighbor on the right.

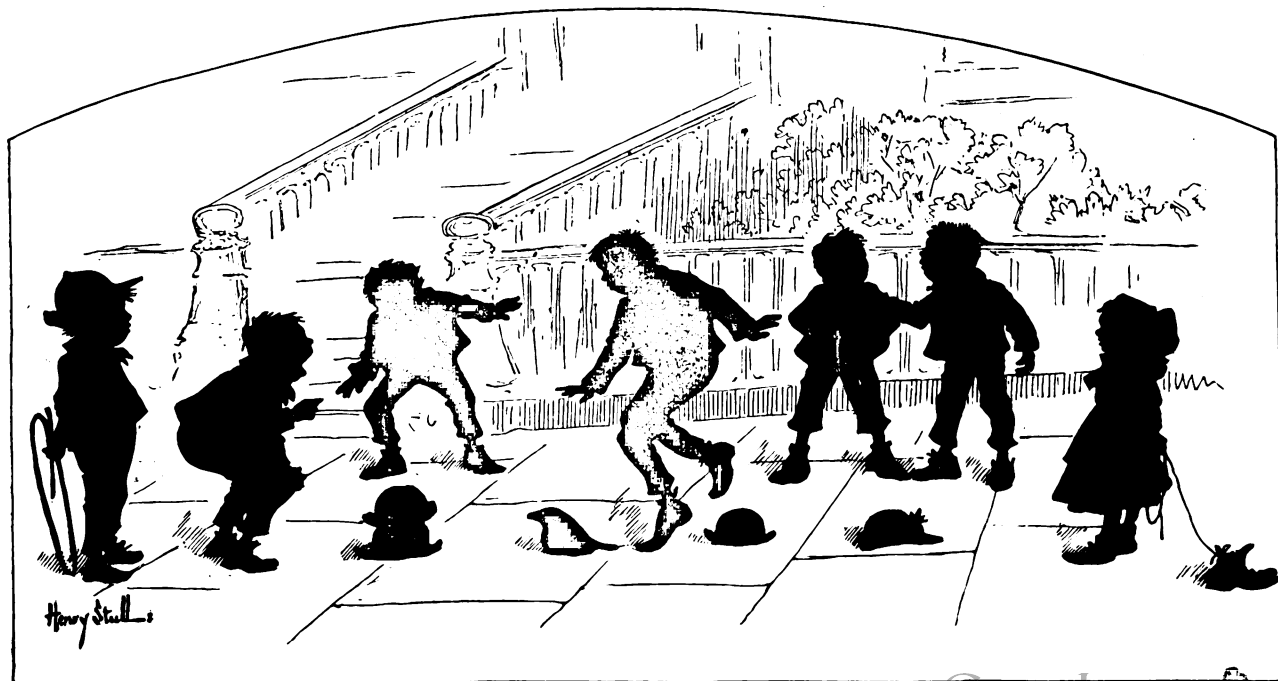
The ring is started on its wanderings from hand to hand while the person in the centre is occupied in taking his position, or he may be blindfolded for a moment. The right hands should move in rhythm with the music; at each accented syllable the right hand should be at the left, removing the ring:

"Round' and round'  
 The ring' must wan'der  
 Till' it finds'  
 Its right'ful own'er.  
 It' is bright';  
 It' is fair';  
 It' must wan'der ev'rywhere."

The finder, or one in the centre, is at liberty to open a hand where he thinks the ring is, and the merriment increases when he is disappointed by the make-believe concern of one who does not have it, and the concealed coolness of the one in whose hand the ring is waiting for an opportunity to be passed on. The person in whose hand the ring is found must take the place of the finder, and, if he wishes, another may be added to help him in his search.

This game may be varied in the following manner:

Take a heavy string and stretch it around the circle, each one holding it. Put a ring upon it, and tie the two ends together. Ask some one to stand inside and try to find the ring, which must be passed swiftly from one to another upon the string. Each one should keep his hands moving, in order to take the attention from the one who has the ring, which must be shifted about.





# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 233.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 15, 1884.

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\$1.50 per Year, in Advance.



"DORA PLACED THE NEST IN THE GRIMY LITTLE HANDS."

## PEARL'S EASTER AT MERRIVALE.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

I.

"O dear! oh dear! I do believe I am the most unhappy girl in the whole world!" and Pearl Brenton

shook back her long flowing curls, while the tears came showering down upon the book in her lap as fast as the April rain pattered and dashed against the window-pane.

"To be shut up here, all alone by myself, while all the others are having a good time! It is just too dreadful to be thought of!"

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It was rather hard, for Pearl was a little American girl, far from home, at an English boarding-school, while her father and mother were also miles away, travelling for the health of the latter. But, worst of all, the school-girls were packing their trunks and bags, preparing to go home for the Easter holidays.

So it was that on this dark Good-Friday afternoon Pearl sat alone in the deserted school-room, while her companions with happy faces were folding their gowns and collecting their ribbons and trinkets.

"It is nice enough when Kitty and Daisy and the rest are here," sobbed Pearl; "but Miss Pelham and Miss Annie are so prim and precise that I shall have no one to talk to but the cat;" and down came the briny rain harder than ever.

Suddenly quick footsteps sounded along the corridor, the door was burst open, and in rushed a rosy little maiden, calling, "Pearl! Pearl! where are you?"

A doleful "Here, Daisy," from the window-seat, brought the new-comer in an instant to her side, who, waving a letter above her head, exclaimed:

"Oh, Pearl, such jolly news!—just hear what Mamma writes;" and she read aloud:

"I am so sorry for the disappointment of your little American friend; and if Miss Pelham will consent, shall be very glad to have her come to us for the Easter holidays. Give her the invitation, and say we shall look forward to seeing you both at Merrivale on Saturday."

It was wonderful the change that came over Pearl's face as she started up, all smiles, and crying out,

"Daisy Leigh, do you really mean that I am to go home with you for Easter?"

"Yes. I have seen Miss Pelham, and it is all settled. But you must hurry and pack up what you want to take, for some of the luggage goes to-night."

With arms entwined the girls hastened to the dormitory above to overhaul Pearl's wardrobe, and select the most suitable dresses for the coming festivities.

"For we have the jolliest kind of a time at Easter," said Daisy, "and papa keeps up all the old English customs. It is next best to Christmas, so you will have a chance, Pearl, to see some of our Kentish ways."

"That will be just splendid! And, Daisy, I mean to ask Miss Pelham to let me take my diamond ear-rings."

"Yes, do. They are so beautiful."

These ear-rings were a very foolish possession for a girl of thirteen, but an uncle of Pearl's had given them to her just before she left home, and she was very proud of them. As yet they had been worn but a very few times, so she was glad of a pretext to get them out of the iron safe where they were locked up for safe-keeping.

Miss Annie Pelham looked grave when she came with her request. "Do you think, Miss Brenton," she said, doubtfully, "that it is quite proper for you to wear such showy jewels on a country visit? Young girls here are content with silver ornaments."

"Oh yes," urged Pearl; "Mamma said I might wear them if I had any very special occasion, and I may have while I am in Kent." But in her heart of hearts Pearl knew well that her mother considered it extremely bad taste for a school-girl to wear expensive jewelry.

## II.

Saturday dawned in a bank of fog, and it seemed like riding through the clouds when the girls rattled away in a rickety old cab to the station, and were locked in a first-class carriage. The only other occupant was a deaf old gentleman, who went to sleep, covering his head with the morning *Times*.

"I have got my ear-rings in my pocket," said Pearl, after a while, "but I believe I will put them on."

"Oh, would you?" exclaimed Daisy. "Suppose we should meet a pickpocket?"

"Then they will be all the safer in my ears; and any-

way I shall feel more secure." Vanity had got the better of Pearl's good sense, and she argued to herself that "of course Mamma would want her to appear well when she went among strangers."

So the diamonds were fastened in, and Pearl felt quite like a young lady as she gazed from the window upon the greenest landscape she had ever seen, and caught a dim reflection of herself in the glass.

It was almost the middle of the afternoon when they steamed into B—, and Daisy cried, with delight, "There are the boys, the dear fellows!"

In another moment they were surrounded by a bevy of hearty English lads, in the highest spirits at meeting their pet sister, and Pearl was being introduced to Archie and Edwin and Giles and Fred, and thinking it was delightful to have such a lot of brothers to welcome one home.

"I have brought you another sister Margaret, boys," said Daisy; "but isn't it lucky we have different nicknames?"

"A pearl between two diamonds," whispered Giles to Edwin. "What richness!"

And some one else seemed to observe the sparkling gems, for a burly-looking man leaning against the wall eyed them keenly as Pearl tripped by with Archie, and was helped into the roomy coach waiting to convey the party to Merrivale, the homestead of the Leigh family.

"Isn't that Jim Hackett?" asked Daisy.

"Yes," said Archie, "and he seems to be worse than ever. Did you notice how rudely he stared at Miss Brenton, and never took the pipe from his mouth?"

"Who is he?" inquired Pearl.

"A poacher, and an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, who lives near Leigh," said Edwin. "The whole family are hard customers, and give us no end of trouble. But suppose we talk on a pleasanter subject. Have you ever spent an Easter in Kent before, Miss Brenton?"

"No, indeed," said Pearl; "and it was so very kind of your mother to invite me!"

Questions and answers followed in rapid succession until they turned into the oak-bordered avenue leading up to the old house of many gables, on the porch of which stood Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, and Daisy's sister Dora, a sweet-faced girl, who threw her arms around Pearl's neck, and bade her "welcome to Merrivale."

Dinner was soon served, after which Fred and Giles challenged the girls to a game of battledoor, and they romped until Pearl and Dora sank down on the rug before the blazing fire, completely worn out.

"The servants are going to keep the 'vigil of Easter,'" said Mrs. Leigh, "but I think you young folks had better retire early."

"What will they do?" asked Pearl, who had never heard of such a thing.

"Our maids are mostly Irish," explained Mr. Leigh, "and think a great deal of seeing Lent safely out. The cook has now a fat hen and piece of bacon boiling over the fire; but woe betide the person who dares to touch them before the cock crows, and they will sit up all night, singing and telling stories, hoping to be the first to see the sun dance on Easter morning."

"I would like to stay up too, but I am very tired," said Pearl; and seeing her eyelids droop, Mrs. Leigh ordered all the girls off to bed.

## III.

The party was soon safely tucked away, but it seemed to Pearl that she had just dropped asleep when she was aroused by loud shouting and the ringing of bells.

"What is the matter?" she cried, starting up in alarm.

"Nothing," laughed Daisy, who was cuddled comfortably under the clothes, "only it is twelve o'clock, and the servants are bidding Lent farewell." And soon, amid the clapping of hands and peals of laughter, they could distinguish the shouts of, "Out with Lent!" "Out with Lent!" on the lawn without.



"How funny it all is!" thought Pearl. But she thought it still more strange when, the next morning, Rosa, the pretty white-capped parlor-maid, ran in, crying joyfully, "Oh, Miss Daisy, the sun is dancing everywhere, and I was the very first one to see it, in a pail of water outside the door; so it's the lucky girl I will be the whole year."

Just then the notes of a glad carol were heard in the hall, and, peeping out, Pearl and Daisy saw the nursery children, looking like a band of choristers in their white night dresses, singing sweetly,

"Christ the Lord is risen again,  
Christ hath broken every chain.  
Hark! angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Alleluia!"

The girls took up the refrain; it was echoed from the boys' room, and soon all were joining in the Easter hymn.

"That sounds like home," said Pearl, while tears dimmed her eyes. "We used to sing it in Sunday-school."

The girls hurried their morning toilettes, and descended to the breakfast-room, which was fragrant with flowers, for at each plate lay a tiny bouquet. Daisy had a bunch of snow-drops; Pearl, violets; Archie, primroses; and so on round the board, each having a distinctive blossom.

"These are Dora's offerings," said Mr. Leigh, kissing the dark-eyed girl who was too delicate to be sent to school with her robust sister; "and there could be no more lovelier emblem of the resurrection. You must all wear them to church,

"To joyn with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviour's sepulcher,  
Devotion bids me hither bring  
Somewhat for my thank-offering.  
Soe thus I bring a virgin flower  
To dresse my maiden Saviour."

"Here comes the red herring on horseback!" broke in Fred, and all had a good laugh at Pearl's amazed face, when Rosa set on the table a curious little figure, somewhat resembling a man, formed of a dry herring, and mounted on a corn salad.

"This is in recollection of papa's Oxford days," said Edwin. "At Queen's College that is the first dish brought to the table on Easter-day."

"And very good it is," said Mr. Leigh, helping Pearl. She found it very nice, but made a wry face over the fanny pudding, which, however, every one was obliged to taste. "For this is one of the oldest customs of all," said Mamma, "and is eaten in memory of the bitter herbs of the Passover."

It was a pretty walk to church through the sweet-scented English lanes, and Pearl was much amused at the groups of village children they met on the way, all of whom dropped them courtesies or made awkward bows. They had their hands full of buns and cakes, and were going from house to house begging gifts for their Easter dinner in a funny little song, which they shouted lustily. It was addressed to the farmer's wife, and asked for "an egg, bacon, cheese, or an apple, or any good thing that will make us merry," the chorus ending with, "And I pray you, good dame, an Easter-egg." It was few houses they left empty-handed.

The old gray church was in festal dress, and the sunlight rested lovingly on the roses on the altar, and the golden-hearted lilies filling the font. The service was impressive; every one joined in the glad Easter carols, and the little American felt she should never forget her first Sunday in Kent. The homeward walk was very pleasant, and the rest of the day passed in quiet enjoyment.

#### IV.

"The Easter rabbit has come!" "The Easter rabbit has come!" shouted little Nannie and Nat, rushing into the girls' room, early on Monday morning. "He is out on the lawn now nipping fresh grass for his breakfast."

"Where did he come from?" asked Pearl.

"From the east warren, I suspect," laughed Daisy; "but the little ones think he is a sort of Easter Santa Claus, who brings us our Easter-eggs, and hides them away among the shrubs in the garden."

"What a pretty idea!"

"Yes, isn't it? It was taught us by a German governess we once had, and now we wouldn't think it was Easter if we didn't have an egg hunt."

Breakfast was made a short meal, for all were anxious to be out-of-doors, and oh! what fun it was diving under the bushes, and amidst the long lush grass, and coming suddenly upon a nest of beautiful red, blue, and orange eggs!

In a little while they all gathered, flushed and excited, in the porch, with their hands full of spoils.

The girls made nests of moss for theirs, but the boys preferred an egg fight, and soon crack, crack, sounded all over the lawn as they gave each other blow for blow, and crashed the eggs together. One was sure to be broken, and the remains were the spoils of the conqueror.

"See this sober little brown egg?" said Giles, coming up to Pearl. "He isn't as gay as the others, but he is a regular Wellington. He has smashed most of the other eggs."

"Here comes Daisy on the fly," interrupted Fred. "What's up, Peggy?"

"We're going a-pudding-pieing! we're going a-pudding-pieing!" she cried, while all the children gathered round.

"Something more?" exclaimed Pearl. "I never was in such a jolly place."

"We can easily walk to the Barley-Mow," said Mr. Leigh, heading the procession, holding a twin by each hand. And away they went, with many a hop, skip, and jump, and burst of merry laughter, along the highway leading to Leigh village.

Half-way they passed a forlorn-looking girl sitting dejectedly by the road-side. Her gown was in tatters, her feet bare, and a mass of coarse, shaggy black hair fell over her face, almost concealing her eyes.

"She looks like a Shetland pony," remarked Edwin.

"It is Madge Hackett," said Dora. "Poor thing!" And she bade the girl a pleasant "Good-morning," who, however, only scowled, and had not the grace to respond.

"She is cross and sulky," said Daisy. "Leave her alone."

"Ah, I can't, she looks so unhappy, and her father is terribly cruel to her." And tender-hearted Dora approached the child, saying, "Won't you speak to me, Madge?"

"What do the likes of ye want with me?" she muttered.

"I want to wish you a happy Easter, and show you my Easter-eggs." And Dora held out her green nest of gayly tinted eggs.

"Oh, how pretty!"

"Would you like to have them?"

"Me, miss? Oh no!" And she glanced at her soiled hands. "They are too nice for me."

"But I would like to give them to you." And Dora placed the nest in the grimy little hands.

The girl was evidently pleased, but she only asked, "Are they good to eat?"

"No. Are you hungry?"

"Awful. 'Ain't had nothin' since yesterday."

"You poor child! But come with me, and I will get you something." And she led the half-resisting girl down the road; for the others had left them far behind.

"If Dora isn't bringing that elfish little beggar right down to the inn with her!" cried Giles, looking back. "And I do believe she has given her her Easter-eggs, too. She always was a little goose about poor folks."

In the doorway of the "Barley-Mow" stood the buxom landlady, beaming with smiles, as she cried,

"Hand it's proud I ham to see you, young ladies and young gentlemen; and the pudding-pies are beautiful, and a-waiting to be heaten."

"Hope she didn't add any of her superfluous h's to





"PEARL FASTENED THE JEWELS IN HER EARS."

them!" laughed Pearl in Fred's ear, as she followed the others to a neat parlor, where plates were laid for all, and in the centre of the table stood the pudding-pies. Each was about the size of a small saucer, made with a raised crust, and filled with custard, over which currants were lightly sprinkled.

"These pies are peculiar to Kent," said Archie to Pearl.

"They are delicious. I wish I could introduce pudding-pies into America."

Dora came in late, and slipped into a place beside her father; but she would not eat until she had carried out a pie to Madge, who was perched up like a gypsy maid on the horse-block.

#### V.

"Wear your pretty ear-rings, Pearl," said little Nannie, that afternoon, as she watched the girls dressing for the Easter tea at the school-house. "The little village girls will open their eyes so when they see them."

"I think I would better," said Pearl, who thought it would be great fun to "astonish the natives." "It will be safer than leaving them home."

"Yes, do," urged Nannie; "you look so pretty with them; and they are bigger than Lady Maud's."

So, as Dora had left the room, Pearl fastened the jewels in her ears, trying to think that mamma would consider this a "very special occasion."

It was very pleasant work distributing buns and cakes among the clean, rosy-cheeked little children, and Pearl joined in it heart and soul, patting the curly heads, and feeling quite delighted when one little tot asked if the pretty lady with the stars in her ears were a princess.

But her pleasure was somewhat damped when she overheard the rector's wife, as she was putting on her things, remark to another lady: "That little girl with the Leighs

is remarkably graceful and lady-like, but I don't know what kind of a mother she can have, to allow such a child to wear diamond ear-rings at a school feast."

She could hardly smother her anger, and hurried Daisy off some time ahead of the others.

"We will go through Bread-and-cheese Lane, and see if the hawthorn is in bloom," suggested Daisy. This was a lonely road, bordered by a high hedge. They found the coveted blossoms, and were hurrying on through the twilight, when a tall figure suddenly stepped from behind a tree, and a hoarse voice shouted, "Stop!"

Daisy fell back with a frightened cry, but Pearl boldly demanded, "Who are you?"

"Never mind who I be," said the man, "but just hand over those shiny ear-rings afore you go a step further."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Pearl, though her heart beat fast; and Daisy whispered, "Oh, Pearl, it is that dreadful Jim Hackett!"

"Yes, you will, and pretty quick, too," said the man, "or else I'll take 'em without your kind permission;" and he laid a heavy hand on Pearl's shoulder. She was now thoroughly frightened, and attempted to scream, but a handkerchief was stuffed in her mouth, and the ruffian was about to clutch one of the gems, when, darting through the hedge, came a small figure, who struck down the up-raised arm, and stood directly in front of Pearl.

"Touch a friend of Miss Dora's if yer dare!" she cried, and the girls recognized little gypsy Madge. Voices, too, now sounded down the road, and Mr. Leigh and his sons came hurriedly up, at sight of whom the man struck the girl to the ground, leaped the hedge, and disappeared.

Gently the lads lifted Madge, who was stunned by the blow; but it was some time before she could tell how she happened to come upon the scene at the right moment.

"Yer see," she said, "I went up in the attic to hide away my Easter-eggs, when I hear talking in the kitchen. I puts my ear to a knot-hole and listens. I hear father say as how the ear-rings are worth a mint o' money, and he could easily come it over two girls on their way from the school feast, take 'em away, and be off for London afore sunrise. If it had 'a been anybody else I wouldn't have interfered; but I knows as how the young lady was a friend of Miss Dora's, who gave me the lovely Easter-eggs, so as soon as father starts out I up and away to the school to warn the young ladies. When I got there they were gone, but I tells Muster Leigh, and then tears down here as fast as I can, for I was afraid they 'ud be too late."

"You are a bright, brave girl," cried Mr. Leigh, while Pearl sobbed out her thanks, adding, "I have been well punished for being so silly and vain."

"I don't dare to go home," said Madge, with a shudder. "Father will kill me, sure." So the Leighs gladly took her with them to Merrivale.

Dora met them at the door, and was surprised enough when Pearl threw her arms round her neck, crying,

"You dear little guardian angel! your Easter-eggs have saved my diamonds," while Archie added,

"I take back all I said; Dora is the wisest of us all, and the Shetland pony has turned out a regular little brick."

As for Madge, she was quite happy, enjoying a good supper in the kitchen, and next day the three girls drove into B—, where Pearl spent all her pocket-money for two suits of neat, serviceable clothes, all for Madge.

The remainder of the week passed only too quickly, and when Daisy and Pearl returned to school they left Madge Hackett installed as nurse to baby Carroll.

The ear-rings were returned to Miss Pelham. As she turned the key in the safe Pearl drew a sigh of relief, saying,

"I never want to see them again until I am grown up."

The next day she wrote to her mother: "The Leighs are all charming. Daisy is a darling, but Dora is an angel; and the loveliest holiday I ever spent was my Easter at beautiful Merrivale."



## LITTLE HUGO.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

## I.

ON the top floor of a house which reared its great head of brick as if it would touch the sky, and poured from its chimney mouths wreaths of black smoke, lived a little blind boy whose father worked in the piano factory below.

He had never, since infancy, seen the daylight, never beheld the beauty of clouds or flowers, and in consequence of his affliction was not allowed to venture from the rooms which were his home.

But his ear was quick to detect sounds. Above the din of the factory, the jar and whirr of wheels, the outside rumble of vehicles, and the street cries, he

could hear the foot-fall he knew so well and the voice he loved, and no sooner did the father enter than the boy's arms were quickly about his neck, and warm kisses were showered on his cheeks and lips.

He had no mother, and in vain had the father been urged to send the child to an asylum to learn to read and employ himself.

"Not yet, not yet; there is time enough," would be the only answer; and so all alone, except for the old charwoman, lived Carl Brandt.

Was it any wonder that he was strangely different from other children, that his only companions were Puss, the cat, and her kittens, and Fido, the dog which slept beside him and ate from his soup bowl? And would it not have been stranger had he been a romping little elf? As it was, he lived in a world of his own, peopled by beings who never showed themselves to others, but who were as real to him as those of solid flesh and blood.

His one occupation, besides feeding his pets and watering the roses and geranium which grew in pots on the window-sill, was that of knitting. The old woman had taught him, and proud he was of this work. But even the knitting was forgotten when the fairies came.

Next to the piano factory was a concert hall, where musicians brought their violins and cellos, and Carl then sat for hours with his ear against the wall listening to the sweet sounds, which could be easily heard through the partitions.

Borne on the waves of melody came his little visitors, trooping, flocking in, with tales of wild adventure by land and by sea, till Carl, lost in day-dreams, forgot that the day was over.

He had once been listening thus, his curly head pressed against the wall, Fido at his feet and Puss in his arms, when it seemed to him that a voice called him.

"Carl! Carl!" it said, "come with me. It is time you sought to make these sweet sounds yourself. Why do you not try? I will aid you. Come—follow, follow me."

The call was repeated; the "follow, follow me," was at first loud and clear, then faint and far away. Carl rose to his feet, and put out his hands to touch the creature that called, but no one was near save Puss, and Fido, who whined in a reproachful manner at being disturbed.

Again the voice came floating on the air, as sweet as a bird's warble in the spring sunshine, "Follow, follow me."

Carl reached for the willow staff he used when walking, and groped his way to the staircase. Down, down, down he went, and still the voice lured him on. He was sure now that it was a bird—not the little twittering sparrows he so often fed, but a bird that could soar up into heaven if it chose.

His father often took him to a square on a holiday where he could hear the plashing of a fountain; and Sunday mornings were precious for the chimes which rang out from church towers. This voice was the mingling of bells and dripping water, and its "follow, follow," still led him on.

At the foot of the staircase he paused. The rattle of the street and the whirr of the wheels confused him, but he turned out of the open door, and into another which was close at hand, for, faint as the voice seemed, it was distinct, and now lured him to ascend again. Up, up he went, as he had gone down before, and he was rewarded by a greater distinctness and an increase of the call.

Groping along, with one hand outstretched, and pressing his stick with the other, Carl felt a door yield to his touch. As it opened the voice burst upon him in all its fullness, carolling, gushing, and pouring out a flood of



Hester.



"CARL! CARL!" IT SAID, 'COME WITH ME.'

melody. He knew now that it was no bird, but a human being to whom God had given the beautiful gift of song.

Rapt and intent, he listened, his sightless eyes closed, their lashes resting on his colorless cheeks, his long flaxen locks hanging on his shoulders, and his lips parted as if to drink in the full sweetness of the song.

"Madre mia!" exclaimed a dark-eyed young girl, who, with wraps on her arms, was waiting for her mistress, the singer, to finish her exercises.

"What is it, Carlotta?" asked the man-servant, they two being the only listeners besides the pianist who was accompanying the singer.

"Look at that child! He is the image of the young Milton that hangs in madame's boudoir. How did he get here, Hugo?"

"How should I know? I am not door-keeper. Shall I put him out?"

"No! no! Do you not see he is blind?"

"Some hungry little beggar, I suppose."

"Never! He has the face of an angel. Ah! madame sees him. She beckons to you. Go."

The man obeyed, turning with some sullenness to bring the child to his mistress, but the child drew back from his muttered reproof, and would have fled from the room had not Carlotta's kind tones checked him.

"Come with me," she said. "Madame wishes to speak to you."

"Is it the one whose voice is that of a bird?" asked Carl.

"Yes! yes! Listen, madame! Do you hear what the child says?"

The singer smiled, but tears came to her beautiful eyes.

"Do you like music, my child? Is that why you listen to my singing?"

"Oh, lady, your voice seemed to come from heaven when it cried 'Follow, follow me.' I was in the next house, and it led me here. I wonder if the angels sing as you do?"

"Much better, my dear. They have no sin to choke and stifle them. But do you not sing or play yourself?"

"No. I have no one to teach me. My father works hard, and is tired. Besides, he only helps to make instruments."

"How would you like to learn the violin?"

Carl clasped his hands in ecstasy.

"You would? Then you shall. I will come and see you to-morrow, after my practice. We must go now. Carlotta will take you home, so that we may know where to find you."

This was the beginning of Carl's career. After that the violin was seldom out of his hands, for the singer, touched by his blindness and his genuine admiration of her voice, was true to her promise, and besides giving Carl a violin, saw that he was taught to use it. Not only did he learn its strings and notes, its wonderful capacity, but he made it the medium of his dreams and fancies, his hopes and longings, and poured forth his own soul upon its waves of harmony.

## II.

Months and years had passed by.

On a narrow hospital bed lay a dark-eyed woman, listening to the voices of two nurses near her. Beside her was a little child asleep.

"He is to be allowed to see to-day," said one of the nurses.

"Is that so? I wonder how the world will look to him?"

"Dark enough, I warrant."

"He is quite famous."

"Yes; have you not heard him play?"

"Often, going past his door."

"He was once a poor boy."

"Very likely."

"The doctors are very proud of this. He is a good patient, and all the world will hear of it."

The sick woman was gazing at them with her great brown eyes.

"Tell me who you are speaking about?" she whispered, faintly.

"The celebrated violinist whose eyes have been operated upon so successfully."

"Is his name Carl?"

"Carl?—Carl Brandt?—yes, I think that is it."

"Oh, will you not bring him to me, please?" said the woman, in a beseeching voice.

"Here to you! Oh, you do not know what you ask. Besides, he is to leave to-day in triumph."

"But he is a friend of mine. I beg you will bring him to me. Look here"—drawing from beneath her pillow a little golden chain—"if you will bring Carl to me I will give you this."

After a while—an age it seemed to the poor woman—the nurse, who was determined to possess the golden chain, returned, leading a tall youth with flaxen hair and bandaged eyes, bearing a violin in his arms.

"Carl," said the woman, softly.

"Madam," was the reply.

"You know me, then?"

"Of course I know you. You are Carlotta. Was it not your kind voice which first I heard when you led me to my benefactress?"

"I am very wretched, Carl. Hugo was unkind to me, and left me, and here I am with my poor baby."

The youth seemed deeply troubled, and taking up his violin, said, "Let me comfort you."

He played very gently a *barcarole*, a lullaby, and the woman listened until he began a hymn, when a happy, peaceful smile came over her sad face.

At last, as he paused, she spoke, but so low that Carl bent to listen. "I am going away, Carl. Who will care for my little baby Hugo?"

"I will," was the answer, firmly, gladly given. "You were very good to me when I was a poor boy, and I will be good to your baby; he shall never suffer while I live."

The child stirred in its sleep, and threw a dimpled arm on Carl's neck.

"God will bless you," was the answer; and then, with a long, long sigh, the faint breath became fainter.

"Come away, sir," said the nurses; but Carl pushed aside the bandage from his eyes to look upon the poor mother and the little child.

Just then from the church tower near came the tones of an Easter carol:

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

As it ended, Carl took the sleeping child in his arms beside the violin, and bore both away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE HELMET-CREST OF MERIDA.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

SANTA Maria! How well I remember that wild and strange-looking valley! Dreary and dismal, with cold and snow, and yet it lies in the midst of the torrid zone.

In the torrid zone! Yes, but nearly twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and only a very short distance below the line of perpetual snow. The valley is less than a mile wide, and extends about three miles in length, winding somewhat from northeast to southwest. Snow is all about it, for the peaks on either hand run up so far that they never lose their frozen coat, and even in the valley itself, though the ground is mostly thawed, and plants blossom, yet close by them ice may still be found in shaded places.



Santa Maria!—Holy Mary! On the lips of those who inhabit the mountainous regions about, with the peculiar softness of their accent, the name always had for me a very charming sound—*Sáhn-ta Mah-rée-e-ya*. I can hear it now, and I can plainly see the valley as I first saw it when I looked down from the fearful pass at its head, the Boca de Infierno—a strange name to be associated with the sweet title of the plain below, for it means "The Gate of Hell." But if you could enter that pass, and work your way down to the Santa Maria, you would not, I believe, deem it at all remarkable that the two names are thus used together.

The Santa Maria lies between two of the highest ridges of the Sierra Nevada de Merida. There is a Sierra Nevada in almost every mountainous region where Spanish is the language commonly spoken, for the words simply mean snow mountains. Do you know this particular one? If not, it will do you no harm to look it up on your map. You will not probably find the name of the valley, but Venezuela is there, and if your map is a good one you will find Merida in one of the States of that country.

The sun was shining in full tropical glory on the day when I rode out from Ejido (Ay-hée-do) to begin my mountain climb to the Santa Maria. I had employed a guide to conduct me across the west ridge of the Sierra and down the valley of Caparra, to San Antonio, on the bend of the river, where it turns eastward. Ahead of us, at the distance of about twenty miles, rose the mighty wall of the mountains, two peaks of which were each over 15,000 feet in height. We were to cross by a pass between these peaks, which had itself an elevation of 13,200 feet, and whose sudden ending was the Boca de Infierno. We could ride but eight miles of the distance, and were to leave our mules at a small ranch there till Mateo should return.

The eight miles were passed within two hours, and we commenced our mountain climbing in earnest. The way was steep and very rough, but it was no worse than paths I had often travelled, and I enjoyed greatly the wild magnificence of the scenery as we advanced. Noon passed, the day crept onward, and we crept upward, until, just as the sun was setting, we reached the spot where Mateo said we were to camp for the night.

Our supper was soon eaten, and, wrapped in our blankets, we lay down to rest, and to sleep if we could. Mateo seemed to know no difference between his present lodging and his palm-thatched hut in Ejido, but with me it was quite another matter. The wildness of the scene, the roughness of the surface, and the cold gave me but little rest. The sky was as clear and the stars twinkled as sharply as we ever see them on a winter's night, and I lay there and thought of Whittier's poem describing the crossing of the Sierra Nevada of California by Colonel Fremont:

"All night above their rocky bed  
They saw the stars move slow,  
The dark Sierra overhead,  
The desert's death below.

"The night waned slow. At length a glow,  
A gleam of hidden fire,  
Sprang up behind those walls of snow,  
And tipped each icy spire."

You may be sure it was a joyful sight to me when the sunlight glimmered on that peak more than two thousand feet above me, and I knew that the day had come.

But we were still five hundred feet below the summit of the pass, to gain which required three hours of hard work. When we first set out the travelling was only like that which any mountaineer expects to meet. I was constantly wondering where the fearful difficulties were to be met of which I had heard on the plains below, and which Mateo had often mentioned in his disjointed, half-muttered sentences.

I had really come to believe that it had all been greatly

exaggerated, and that I was to see nothing very wonderful or terrible, when all at once our path, rough and narrow as it had been, came to an end directly against a huge block of solid granite, not less than fifty feet in height, which closed the way entirely from side to side. I could see no possibility of going a step farther.

"Hóla, Mateo! Donde ahora. El camino acaba aqui" (Where now, Mateo; road stops here).

His reply was to creep through a crevice at the side, which I had failed to see. Then he uttered one word—"Mire Vd." (Look).

I crept through after him, and as I looked I sprang back in positive fright. We were standing where a leap would have landed us fifteen hundred feet below, in the head of the valley of Santa Maria.

There appeared to be no possible way of descent, no room to take a single step further. We were on the brink of a precipice that dropped sheer to the plain. "Mateo," I cried, "donde podemos ir? Esto es terrible" (Where can we go?—this is dreadful).

"Terrible!" growled Mateo. "Esta es la Boca de Infierno." And I no longer needed to be told the origin of the name; it is well deserved.

But dreadful as it was, our way was before us, and there was no other. Mateo waited for nothing, but muttering "Bajaremos" (Down we go), he started, and I followed. I was close at his heels, my hand was on the rock, and my heart was in my mouth. We crept five or six feet to the left, around a projecting knob, along a ledge which was scarcely so wide as the soles of my feet. All that hindered the weight of my shoulders from throwing me off and down was that with my hands I clung to rough pieces of the rock about on a level with my head. This terrible, this frightful place was fortunately very short, and then the ledge became wider, and the slope of the cliff at my left receded so that I could stand erect and firm.

Our path for the remainder of the distance down to the Valley was extremely rough and steep; it was, in fact, one of the worst mountain trails I ever saw; but it was only difficult, not dangerous, and in what seemed a very short time we reached the plain of the Santa Maria Valley, and stopped to refresh ourselves, and to rest at a spring.

Now all this scene of that mountain climbing and of that frightful Boca de Infierno, with the strange valley below it, has come fresh to my mind, and made me wish to tell it to you, just because of the sight of the beautiful drawing which you have before you. For it was in the Santa Maria that I first saw the lovely little helmet-crests, and it is in the high valleys of the Sierra Nevada, from nine thousand feet upward, that they make their summer home. I have never seen them anywhere else, nor do I know that they have been found in any other region, though of course in the winter they must go lower down.

A strange place, you may say, for humming-birds, up among the ice and snow. And truly it does seem so; but doubtless they know best where they like to live. Humming-birds they are, beyond question, and most lovely ones, too, though a little less gorgeously colored than most of the species which swarm among the flowers of the tropical lowlands.

The one which we have in the drawing is called *Oxy-pogon guerini*. The word oxypogon means sharp beard, and you can readily see the reason for the name; but I like the name helmet-crest much better, and it is the one which their first describer gave to them. There is another, *Oxypogon lindeni*, very similar, indeed, to this, so much so that I fear you would scarcely distinguish them. The beautiful black-and-white helmet and the white-pointed beard are almost alike in the two, but do you see that dark throat in the picture? In *O. guerini* that is a dark





A PAIR OF "HELMET-CRESTS."

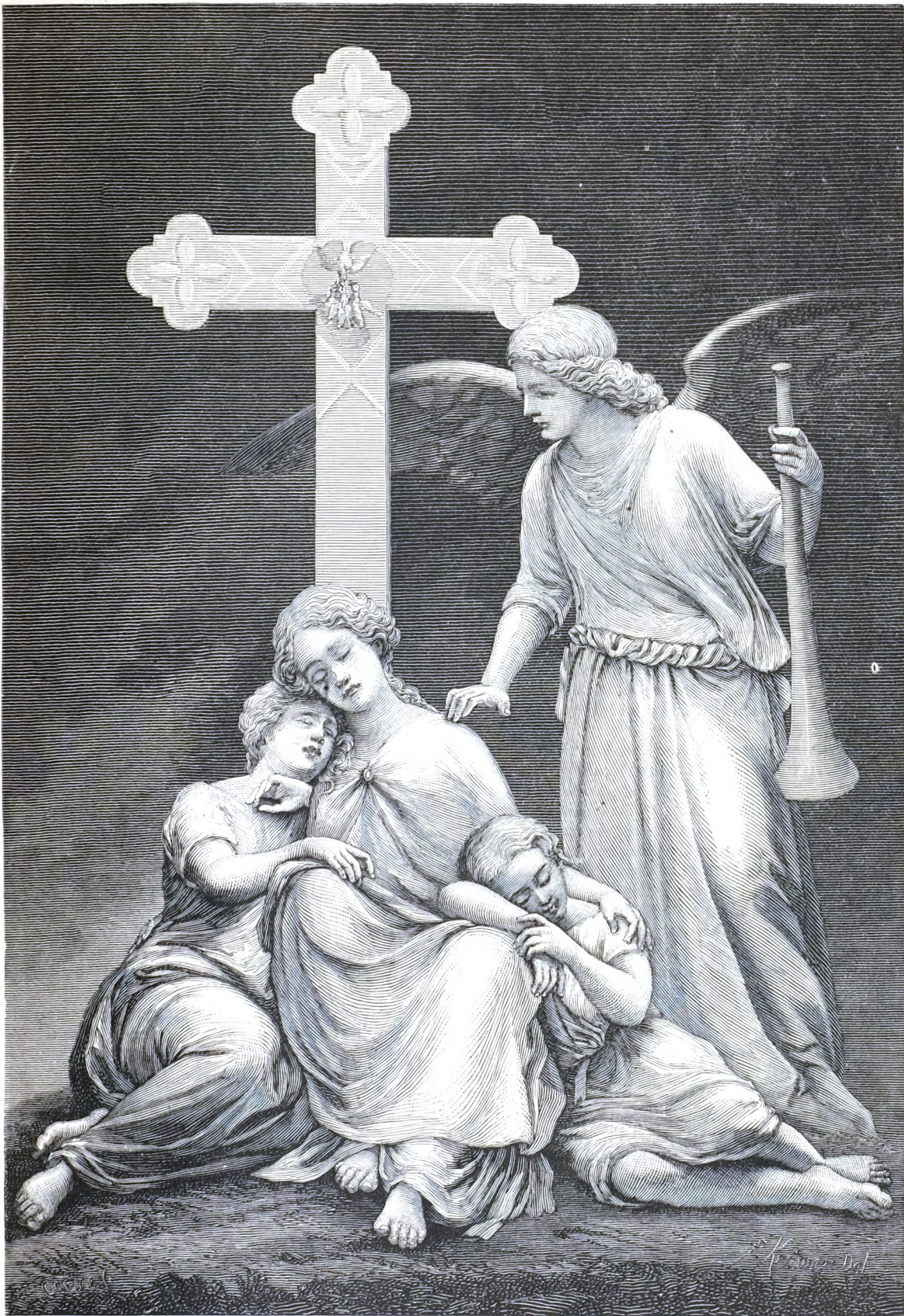
emerald green, which sparkles and flashes like a plate of polished metal. In *O. lindeni* it is much narrower, and the green only forms a border, the centre being much lighter. *O. guerini* is also distinguished by its size; it is decidedly the smaller of the two. They inhabit the same regions. I saw them both in the Santa Maria Valley; saw, in fact, in one instance *Lindeni* and *Guerini* on the same bush, and could tell them at once from their size.

Many humming-birds are characterized by crests, some of them of most wonderful beauty; but I know none which, as they are flitting about, give a more lovely display by contrast of color than these charming little helmet-crests. Perhaps it is because in the dreary scenes in

which I have seen them we naturally do not expect to find the rich hues and the flashing brightness that we see dancing among orange flowers or the sweet clusters of a coralila.

Look at the drawing: see the bare twigs on which that nest is placed, and then imagine how bright and rich in comparison would show the bronze-green back, the coppery tail feathers, with their light shafts, the purple-brown wings, the clear black and white of the crest and the beard, and I believe you would say without hesitation that up in the Santa Maria a helmet-crest would excite higher admiration than would the most gorgeous species ever seen within more habitable limits.





"THE JOYFUL EASTER ANGELS CAME TO PAUSE WHERE JESUS LAY."

EASTER.—BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

**T**HAT day, in old Jerusalem, when Christ, our Lord, was slain,  
I wonder if the children hid, and wept in grief and pain:  
Dear little ones, on whose fair brows His tender touch had been,  
Whose infant forms had nestled close His loving arms within.

I think that very soberly went mournful little feet  
When Christ, our Lord, was laid away in Joseph's garden sweet,  
And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dimpled cheeks grew white,  
When He who suffered babes to come was prisoned from the light.



But haply, ere the sleeping world on Easter dawn had stirred,  
Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked the earliest bird,  
Some little child whom Jesus loved in slumber may have smiled,  
By fanning of an angel's wing to happy dreams beguiled.

For, hasting down from heaven above while still the east was gray,  
The joyful Easter angels came to pause where Jesus lay;  
So shining, strong, and beautiful they swept along the skies,  
But veiled their faces in the hour that saw our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and scarce for tears can see,  
The angels of the Easter-time are sent our help to be;  
And doubtless he whose task it was to roll the stone away  
Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a presence sweet to-day.

With beaming looks and eager words the glad surprise he gave  
To those who sought their buried Lord, and found an empty grave;  
For truly Christ had conquered death, Himself the Prince of Life,  
And none of all His followers shall fail in any strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Easter garlands twine,  
And bring your precious Easter gifts to many a sacred shrine,  
And chant with voices fresh and clear—the seraphs singing too—  
In homage to the Mighty One who died and rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to mounds all green and low,  
Your hands o'erbrimmed with snowy flowers, in blithe processions go;  
And, better still, let offerings of pure young hearts be given  
On Easter-day to Him who reigns the King of Earth and Heaven.

### A TURKISH HERO.

BY DAVID KER.

“CAPTAIN DERSVICH will proceed instantly to the ferry of Grazovo with thirty men, secure the ferry-boat, and await farther orders.”

So spoke Omar Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish army in the revolted province of Herzegovina. Not a line of his calm, stern face softened as he spoke, and the tall, handsome young Turkish officer whom he addressed listened with equal coolness, although both speaker and hearer knew well that such an order was little less than a sentence of death.

It was easy to say, “Secure the ferry-boat.” To *do* it was a very different matter. In order to secure that boat the young captain would have to cross a swollen and furious river, to cut the boat loose from a bank swarming with marksmen who could kill a mountain goat at three hundred yards, and to bring it back across the stream in spite of all that they could do to prevent him. To most men such a task would have seemed impossible; but not so to Dersvich Aga.

Coolly and carefully the young soldier chose out his thirty followers—men whose stubborn courage was equal to his own, and who would have marched into the smoke of a battery as calmly as if they were strolling through the streets of Constantinople. A short march through the woods—which were now green with all the fresh beauty of early summer, and so still that it was hard to believe that men could really be going forth to kill each other under those peaceful shadows—brought the devoted band to their appointed place, and they halted just where the low promontory of Grazovo, wooded to the very water's edge, jutted out into the rushing river.

Alongside this point the ferry-boat had formerly been moored; but it was gone, and there was no sign of it on either side of the stream. Had the enemy destroyed it? and, if so, what was to be done?

But it was Dersvich Aga's custom, instead of wasting time in thinking whether a thing could be done or not, to go and do it. Ordering his men to creep into the bushes and lie close, he started off along the bank by himself, keeping well under cover; for although the opposite shore was completely hidden by the thicket, he knew that behind that leafy wall the fierce warriors of Herzegovina were crouched, rifle in hand, ready to deal death to the first Turk who showed himself.

He had gone about a quarter of a mile up the stream, when suddenly his face brightened, and a muttered “Ta-

yeeb!” (good) broke from his lips. Just opposite the point where he stood the matted thickets of the farther shore ended in a wide, bare, dusty flat, upon which no living thing was to be seen; and moored to a stump beside this clearing lay the long-sought ferry-boat.

This was enough, and the young captain at once hurried back to his men.

“Light a fire, quick, and pile wet leaves on it to make plenty of smoke; then scatter yourselves among the bushes, and when the enemy begin to fire at you, do you keep firing back, with as much shouting and noise as you can make, that they may think your numbers greater than they are. Don't expose yourselves needlessly, but take up their attention as much as possible, and leave the rest to me.”

The men obeyed without a word, and they had not long to wait. The rising smoke, and the red Turkish caps glancing among the leaves, soon drew the attention of the ambushed Herzegovs on the other side, who, thinking that the Turks were attempting to cross the river from the point under cover of the smoke, opened fire at once.

Instantly both banks echoed with the crackle of musketry, while tongues of fire kept darting through the eddying smoke-clouds that overhung the water. The Turks, though sheltered by the under-growth, began to fall fast beneath the bullets that rattled around them like hail; but still they fought doggedly on, resolute to obey their leader's orders while a single man of them was left.

Meanwhile Dersvich, having made up his mind that the only way to get the boat was to swim over and cut it loose himself, prepared to do so now that his enemies were fully occupied. He went up the stream to a point from which, as he calculated, the current would sweep him slantwise down to where the boat lay. The next moment he was five yards out in the foaming water.

The force of the current was tremendous, but Dersvich put forth all his strength, and fought his way foot by foot toward the opposite shore. And now he could see the boat plainly—and now he was within a few yards of it—and now his hand actually grasped its side—when up out of the bushes rose the savage face and levelled gun of a Herzegov warrior, who had thought it worth while to come up and see that the boat was all safe at her moorings.

Bang! A bullet whistled close to Dersvich's head, and the marksman rushed forward with clubbed rifle, uttering a yell that was hoarsely echoed from the woods behind. There was not a moment to lose. Dersvich caught up an oar, felled the man to the ground, and slashing the mooring rope asunder, pushed the boat out into the stream. But just then half a dozen rifles cracked from the thicket, and poor Dersvich, flinging up his arms, with a sharp cry, fell headlong into the water.

His foes raised an exulting yell; but it died away as they saw the precious boat floating swiftly down the river, and, worse still, drifting toward the Turkish position. Their cries of rage were answered by a loud taunting laugh, which was heard above all the din of the fight. Dersvich Aga, whose seeming death had been only a feint, had dived under the boat, and keeping it between himself and his enemies, was guiding it toward the point. A triumphant cheer burst from his few surviving soldiers as the young hero, bruised, wet, and weary, but undaunted as ever, brought his prize safely ashore.

“Aferin, Dersvich Aga” (well done, Captain Dersvich), was all that Omar Pasha said when he came up, an hour later, and found the ferry-boat “secured” as he had directed, and the young captain, with only nine of his thirty men left alive, awaiting farther orders.

At the General's right hand rode a bronzed, bearded, keen-eyed man, the war correspondent of an English journal. He had seen and admired that morning the soldier-



like coolness with which young Dervisch had accepted his desperate mission, and when he heard this splendid feat dismissed with a few cold words he could restrain himself no longer.

"Is *that* all that your Excellency has to say to this fine fellow?" cried he, indignantly. "How can you expect your men to fight with any heart if this is all the acknowledgment they get? You've often told me that we English don't know a good officer when we see him, but *we* should have promoted that lad on the spot."

"Well, don't excite yourself," said Omar, quietly. "There's a colonelcy vacant now, and, if you like, Dervisch Aga shall become Dervisch Bey" (colonel).

And so he did, and Dervisch Bey is now Dervisch Pasha. Not long ago I saw him in Egypt as the Sultan's special ambassador, and one of the greatest men in Turkey.

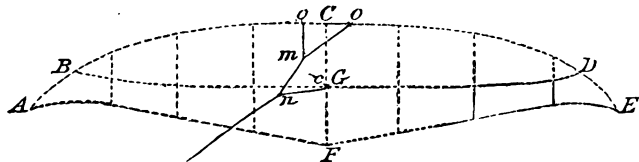
## KITES OF THE SOUTH-SEA ISLANDERS.

BY W. C. BIXBY.

ONE afternoon, in the village of Paihihi, on Maui, one of the Sandwich Islands, I saw, at a considerable distance from me, a curious object floating in the air, and at first mistook it for a large bird. It would glide about in graceful curves or dart suddenly toward the ground, only to soar upward just as suddenly, or poise motionless, save for a slight flapping of its wings.

But my blissful ignorance was soon dispelled by the laughter of a friend, who assured me that I was gazing at one of the kites of the cannibals—a name sometimes sportively applied to a number of natives of the Gilbert Islands who immigrated to Maui some two years since. They are a more barbarous people than the Hawaiians, but seem to be amiable, and I have never known them to eat anything *worse* than a shark.

Wishing to see this new variety of kite, I started immediately for the scene of action, and was soon in the



midst of a dozen or more men and women, about half of whom had kites, which were larger than I had supposed, being from thirteen to fifteen feet wide, and two to three feet high. When I arrived several were floating high in the air, almost directly over the men who held the strings—sometimes, indeed, sailing directly over them.

I watched for some time their graceful bird-like motions, and then tried to buy one. They seemed loath to part with them, however, and it was only after I had exhausted nearly all my persuasive powers and all the small change in my pockets that I succeeded in obtaining one. My awkward endeavors to carry it away with me were greeted with much laughter, until one of the cannibals showed me the proper way to handle it.

The diagram which I have made of one of these kites will enable any enterprising boy to make one. As no tail is used, great care must be taken to make it perfectly symmetrical. It is also desirable to have the kite very light, and yet as stiff as possible.

In the specimen that I have each of the two longest pieces of the frame consists of three sticks neatly spliced together. The paper is not pasted on the frame, but is so neatly tied on that it is difficult to detect the difference.

The balance is constructed as follows: tie the two ends of a string at *o, o*. To the middle of this string tie one end of a second string, and fasten the other end at *G*.

Make a loop in the second string by tying a knot at *n*; *o m* should be exactly nine inches long, *m n* eight and a half inches, and *n G* seventeen inches.

In the diagram *A E* represents thirteen feet, and *C F* thirty-one and a half inches.

These kites fly best in the gentlest kind of a breeze. The sticks *D C B*, *D G B*, are about half an inch thick; *A F* and *E F* are about a quarter of an inch thick.

In the diagram dotted lines represent sticks.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### FINDING SNOW-BIRDS AND LOSING THE CAPTAIN.

JIM knew he must keep quiet, so he stood like a statue, trying to forget his stinging ears, until the flock had recovered from its surprise, when he knocked over a second bird.

It was slow and very cold work, but the boy stuck to it bravely until his fingers became so stiff that he could not manage his little weapon, and then he crept down to the stove to dance about and wring his hands with pain as the heat of the room set them aching.

As soon as possible he went out again—missed twice and hit once. Just as he was taking aim a third time his foot slipped, and he tumbled backward, followed by a small avalanche, which half buried him at the foot of the rock. When he picked himself up, every feather had disappeared.

Running round to the front, he found two dead birds and three wounded ones, whose necks were speedily wrung. Never was a boy prouder than this young sportsman as he laid his trophies in a row and admired them.

"What a delicious broth they will make!" cried Katy, who longed to taste something really good.

"I'm hungry enough to eat 'em raw, like an Indian. Oh, Tug, look what I've got!" Jim added, as his friend opened the door and stood shaking off the snow.

"Good for you! I've got nothin' 'cept a mighty good appetite. Why, they're cross-bills and red-polls."

"What are *they*?"

"Birds that come down in winter from away up north. This little streaked sparrow-like fellow, with the rosy breast and the red cap, is the red-poll; they say he never breeds south of Greenland. Now look at these larger ones—see how strong the bills are, and how their points cross! That's so they can twist the hard scales off the cones and get at the seeds."

"Yes," said Jim; "they were hanging upside down and every way on the cones, and I could hardly see them to take aim."

"That's 'cause their plumage is such a vague sort of red and green."

They all three went to work picking the birds, whose bodies looked surprisingly small after their puffy coats had been taken off. "See what a warm under-shirt of down this one wears at the roots of his feathers!" Tug pointed out, holding up a red-poll.

"Wish I were a bird," said Jimmy; "I'd get out o' this in no time."

"Perhaps if you were this would be the very place you would most want to come to and stay," Katy remarked, "just as these poor little things did. The 'if' makes a lot of difference, Master Jim."

By this time it began to grow dark, and though the snow was falling as fast as ever, the air had grown much warmer, as though the storm would end in rain. Aleck



"DON'T CRY, KATY."

had not come yet, and the three in their snug house, looking out upon the deep drifts and the clouded air, and listening to the melancholy sound of the wind in the trees, became more and more anxious for his appearance.

When it had grown quite dark, and the broth Katy had made was ready, together with cakes of corn-meal and tea, or rather hot water flavored with tea and sugar—the best meal they had seen for many a day—Tug said that if the Captain did not come before they got through eating he would go and look for him. So they tried to keep up each other's spirits; but when the meal was done, and still no brother appeared, all their merriment faded.

"Jim and Rex ought both to go with you, Tug; and you must take along the lantern, and these extra corn cakes I have baked, and some bacon—"

"The bacon's raw," Jim protested.

"Well, stupid, you could fry it over some coals on the end of a stick, couldn't you?" exclaimed Tug, impatiently. He was getting very tired of Jim's constant objections.

"And you must take this little bit of brandy, because you know, he might—might be—"

"Now, Katy, dear Katy," said Tug, his own eyes moist, as he threw his arm around the shoulders of the girl who had broken down at last, and was crying bitterly. "Don't cry, Katy. If *you* give in, what are we goin' to do? You are the life of the party, and there ain't nothin' we wouldn't any of us—and specially me—do for you. Really now, Katy— Here, you young cub, what are *you* bellerin' about? If I catch you crying round here again, discouragin' your sister in this style, I'll thrash you well."

Tug was thoroughly excited and distressed by this last and heaviest trouble, and most anxious of all to make the

rest believe he wasn't anxious. As usual, when excited, he dropped into the slang he had been striving to forget. But this added force to his speeches, for when it occurred everybody understood that he was very much in earnest.

"I knew a young fellow," Tug himself used to say, when laughed at for this peculiarity, "whose father was a Dutchman, but who could never be persuaded to learn that language. 'Why not?' we used to ask him. 'Well, fellows,' he would say, 'my daddy talks English till he catches me up to some mischief; then he begins to talk Dutch, and goes for his whip; so I've got a terrible distaste for Dutch.' It's with me as it was with that man. When I am mad, or mean business, I'm pretty likely to talk in the 'Dutch' I learned when I was a boy."

The two boys and the dog—for Rex had nursed his foot until it was of use to him again, protected by bandages—bundled themselves up, took the lantern, the luncheon, and hatchet, and started out. Katy said she should not be a bit afraid, and would keep up a good fire. As they disappeared, letting in a flurry of snow before they could shut the door, she dropped into a seat (if truth must be told) to finish her crying. Let her do it, poor girl!—few of her associates, or yours, my pretty maiden, ever had better cause. We will flounder along with Tug and Jim, who are bowing their faces to the storm, and toiling up the dark and treacherous hill-side.

When the top of the ridge had been gained, they paused to get breath and to shout Aleck's name. No reply came, and they pushed on down to the isthmus, where the snow, which was becoming more and more sleety, swept about their faces with double force. In a few moments, however, they reached the shelter of the woods, which covered pret-



ty much the whole of that part of the island; and then came the question whether it be better to work along the beach or plunge into the woods.

There seemed very small chance of success, in the midst of this darkness and storm, either way, but they felt sure that some accident had happened to the Captain, and they were eager to help him. After talking it over, they decided upon the right-hand or southern shore of the island, because that was to leeward, and better sheltered, and marched on as rapidly as they could. They had no strength to talk, but hand-in-hand pushed ahead, stopping now and then to shout, but never getting an answer.

"There's one good thing about this storm," Tug remarked, after a while, as they halted to rest in a sort of cleft in the rock. "Those confounded dogs will be likely to stay in-doors and not bother us."

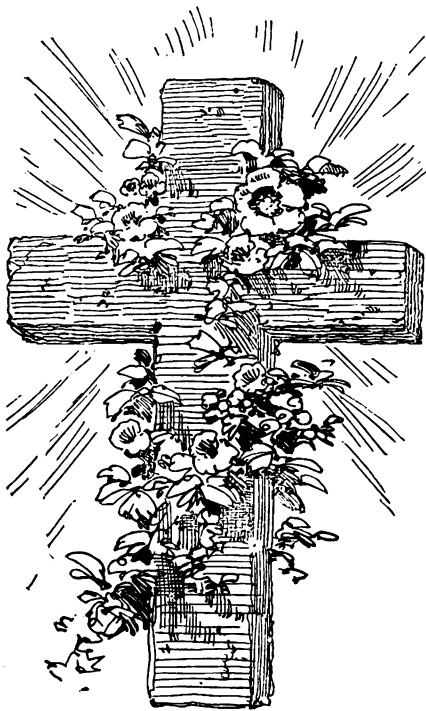
"I wonder where they stay nights?"

"If our island is like the rest, this limestone rock is full of caves. There's no telling, for instance, how deep this here opening we're sitting in goes back; and in some of the Puddin' Bay [Put-in-Bay] Islands big caves have been explored that people go away into to see the stalactites. But we must get out of this, Youngster."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]







THE EASTER CROSS.

THE Cross, dear little friends, is the symbol of pain and sadness; yet in the happy Easter-tide we wreath it with the sweetest flowers of spring. Many of you have carried your floral gifts to church, to add beauty to the dear and sacred place, while the Easter anthems were being sung. There you have twined azaleas and lilies around the cross.

The Easter thought which I would like you all to remember is that for our sakes the blessed Saviour died and was laid in the tomb.

But on the third day He arose from the dead. And this took place in spring-time, when the flowers were blossoming after their winter sleep, fit tokens of the heavenly life that shall never end, in the home above, which all who believe in the Lord Jesus shall share.

### OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

Our first letter will interest all who are fond of hearing about Young People's Cot. Little Ethel L., of Cambridge, New York, has just sent, on her sixth birthday, the gift of a doll prettily dressed by herself to some little sick girl, the present inmate of our Cot being a little boy.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—Your note inclosing the fifty cents from the children in Texas reached me yesterday. The continued interest of your young readers is most gratifying to us, and I wish you could know of the many pleasant visits and remembrances that we have had from them. But it would take too much of your time, and I, too, am, as usual, "the old woman who lived in a shoe." Only the other day we had a visit from a member of the Wide Awake Society, of Webster, Massachusetts. The society is composed of ten young misses, and sent us, in December last, \$67, the proceeds of a sale, and which was to be used for your Cot. Little Jens is very ill just now, and we have little hope that he will recover, so have moved him from the ward, and given you a dear child named Eugene. Sincerely yours,

SISTER CATHARINE.

I am so sorry to hear that our little laddie Jens, playfully called Oscar Wilde, you remember, from a fancied resemblance to that gentleman, is so very ill. I shall try on one of these bright spring days to visit the hospital, and then I will tell you about little Eugene, the child who is now in Young People's Cot.

A little friend in Europe sends the following lovely dream, which she says came to her one night in February. Mamie wrote to us once before, describing a fair in the Villa Nazionale for

the relief of sufferers from an inundation in northern Italy.

### A LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

In a certain inclosure was a little Christian. On the wall was a ledge, on which were several gaudily dressed people. Some stairs, partially hidden by a yellow curtain, led up to it. These people by all arts and devices tried to get the little Christian up to them, for they could not come down to her and force her up to them; their power extended no farther than their own dominions. Every time that they began to show her what they said they would give her she saluted a picture of Christ which hung on the wall, and shook her fist at another, of the devil, for well did the little Christian know that these inducements and temptations were the pleasures and vanities of the world, which the ledge was. These actions to the two pictures were as a defiance or safeguard against her enemies. She knew that if once she went on that ledge she could never leave it, and after her death she would be carried to a place still worse. Whenever the people on the ledge saw her salute Christ's picture and shake her fist at that of their ruler, they became very angry, and threw things at her; but these, beyond scratching her a little, did her no harm. Sometimes a friend of hers went behind the curtain and began to ascend the stairs; she would then run to him and pull him back. All of this so enraged the people on the ledge that they at last sent down one of their members, called Disease, who held her down on a bed. But at the same time the angel Love descended from heaven and stood beside her. Disease pressed her terribly, but while she was suffering a voice from the Unseen said, gently, "Let Mercy come." At once the ceiling parted, and through the opening descended the angel Mercy. Instantly all the little Christian's rags fell off her, wings sprang from her shoulders, and despite the hand of Disease she rose in the air, and soared through the opening to paradise. **MAMIE D.**

POSILIPPO, NAPLES.

This bright girlie has seen the robins. Her letter was dated March 18.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA.

I have seen a crocus and a robin this morning in our yard; they are the first I have seen this year, so I thought I would write and tell you about them. I have heard the robins singing for three or four days, but did not see one till to-day. I have no pets except a little baby sister of two; she is a sweet little thing, and talks a great deal and very sensibly. My sister has a large cat seven years old, and loves him as much as her dolls; his name is Peter.

BESSIE S. B.

ABURN, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl only seven years old. I do not go to school, but I have lessons with mamma every morning. I am studying spelling, arithmetic, and geography, and one morning I have a little French lesson and the next morning German. I have no brothers nor sisters, but I have two pets—a large dog named Major, and a Maltese cat named Pussy Tiptoes. Then I have ten dolls that I love very dearly, and one of them I take to bed with me every night. Grandpa gave me Harper's Young People on my last birthday. I enjoy the stories very much, especially "Bertie's Box" and "Long-acre Pond." Of course I read all the letters in the Post-office Box. I hope you will find room for mine. Papa takes *The Nursery* for me, and I have a great many story-books that I love to read.

RUTH M. O.

This little friend had rare sport last winter tobogganing.

STANSTEAD, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

I am a boy nine years old. I have enjoyed the letters in the paper about the pets, so I thought I would tell you about mine. I have an Irish retriever puppy named Rover. He will stand in the corner, pretend to be dead, and give paw for a piece of cookie, but last summer he used to dig up papa's carrots, and he killed two or three chickens. Last spring mamma gave me a female canary, and she hatched four young ones, which were also mine. I named them Tom, Dick, Harry, and Gold Dust. I gave Harry to my auntie. On the 19th of May our church was burned to the ground, and they had a bazaar in the fall to raise money to furnish a new one, and I gave the other three birds to it. Two of them were sold for \$2.50 each, and the other came back to me. This was Dick; he is a very fine singer, is a great beauty, and has a deep yellow breast and green wings and head.

One night after school I went tobogganing, and had grand fun. As perhaps some of your readers do not know what a toboggan is, I will describe it. It is a thin piece of board (the Indians make theirs of birch bark), about eighteen inches wide and from three to six feet long, bent up in front like a sleigh from the snow. Some have cushions on rest flat on the snow. Some have cushions on them. Quite a number of persons can ride at once. All except the steerer (who sits at the back, face forward) either sitting on their feet (tailor fashion) or with the feet extended one on each side of the person in front. The steerer sits on

his left side, and steers with his right foot sticking out behind. We can go very fast on a steep hill. In Montreal there is a slide three-quarters of a mile long, and it takes twenty-eight seconds to go down it. The hard part is walking up the hill. When you get to the top you are ready to drop and faint, but when you have ridden down you feel as fresh as ever in your life.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever since the beginning. My uncle gave me the subscription to *Youth's Companion* and a watch for Christmas.

CHARLIE W. H.

MOUNT HOLLY, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy nine years old. My papa gave the paper to my little sister Alice, who is seven years old, and myself, three years ago, and we like it so much that he has given it to us every Christmas since. We have a cousin named Nellie staying with us, and she reads to us out of it every evening. I have a pony, and my little sister has a Maltese kitten. We have had delightful times this winter coasting on the mount from which our town is named, and skating in the field at the back of our house. I go to school every day from nine o'clock until twelve. I have the nicest teacher in the world; her name is Miss Mary. I have many hard studies; I am in reduction ascending, in arithmetic, but I like history the best of all. I have commenced taking lessons on the piano, and my papa says when I can play I may take lessons on the violin. I am reading *Zigzag Journeys in the Occident*, by H. Butterworth, and I enjoy it very much. Good-by.

ALFRED B. J.

My compliments to Miss Mary. I think she has one very nice little pupil. Reduction, either ascending or descending, is rather puzzling, but fractions are more so.

CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have written you one letter, and it has not been published, but I am not at all discouraged. I know you can not have all the letters that we little folks send you put in the paper. I am going to send you a copy of a letter this time that a very little girl wrote to the rats. This is it:

MR. AND MRS. RAT,—I will now write you a short letter of warning. That little cup of jelly you or your children carried off to the door of your den, and ate half up, was mine. Julia put it up for me last summer, on purpose for me to have when I have little tea parties. My little friend Bertha came to see me the other day, and we were going to have it. Julia went to get it for me, and could not find it anywhere in the cellar. At last she found it where you left it, right at the door of your house, all dirty, and half eaten up. Now this is not proper or polite. I think you had better go away somewhere else to live. If you do not go off soon, a cruel monster will come into your peaceful home to kill you. I give you three days' time to move in; if not gone by that time, the cruel monster will arrive very unexpectedly. My sister wants you not to frighten her so when she goes in the cellar for apples. In haste.

THE OWNER OF THE JELLY.

Mamma says the rats may answer this letter. If they should I will copy it and send the copy to you. I think "The Ice Queen" is splendid.

A. R. P.

If Mr. and Mrs. Rat should venture to send you a reply by post, I shall be pleased to take a peep at their letter. Many thanks for your kindness in not being discouraged easily. It is really impossible to publish all the letters which come to this Post-office Box, and the Postmistress is therefore obliged to select from the great numbers received those which are most likely to please a great many little readers.

BUTTE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

I am nine years old, and live in the country. I go to school, and I will tell you about it some time if you wish me to write again. I have a calf that I can lead wherever I wish to. She is white, and we call her Whitey. I also have a cat older than I am, and a little black dog named Neptune. I will now tell you about our flowers. Our violets have been in bloom for a long time, and we have geraniums, calla lilies, mignonettes, heliotropes, and other flowers in bloom. I will send you a few. We all love flowers, and take good care of our plants. With love,

LUCY A. M.

Thanks, dear, for the sweet flowers which perfrumed your letter.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

I am a little girl almost six years old, and am an only child. My papa began to take *Young People* for me this year. I am very much interested in the stories, and like "The Ice Queen" best, though I play them all out. I enjoy the letters so much that I want to send one myself, even if mamma does write it for me. I used to go to the Kindergarten, but that was given up, and then I went to a private school, but my teacher got married this winter, so I couldn't go to that



school any more, and mamma thinks I am too young to go to the public school.

I don't seem to have very good luck with my pets somehow. My kittens either have fits or go off somewhere and eat poison, and papa sells the colts, and Robin, my canary, don't sing very much anyway; but I have lots of dollies. There are six of them—Henry, Daisy, Waxy-Face, Rose, Patty, and Fannie.

Between your schools and your pets, dear, you do seem to have troubles enough. I am glad the dolls are comforters.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school every winter, and go to the country every summer. We have a pet black-and-tan dog; he is a very amusing little thing. I take music lessons, and like them quite well. My sister has a squirrel; it got out of its cage last summer, and we had a hard time catching it. I have one brother and two sisters. In the country we have a large dog, and he fought with the little one. My sister and myself were dreadfully frightened, and I ran into the house—for we were out-of-doors—and called our cook; she came with a poker, and beat both dogs until they stopped fighting. We collect worms and butterflies in the country, and I think it is great fun, for sometimes you find a worm unexpectedly. I like YOUNG PEOPLE, and especially the story of "The Ice Queen"; I think it would be fun to camp on the ice. Twenty-six children go to our school, and we have splendid times. We write notes to each other, and our teacher lets us have a whispering recess for five or ten minutes every day. My sister stays in another room, as she is in the first class; we only have the teachers' parlors, and they have folding-doors, which are always open. In the country I jumped from the highest beam of our barn into the hay. We have real nice fun in the summer in the hay; we dig down deep when we make houses, so that we can not be seen, and sometimes we play hide-and-seek. Papa has two calves, and we call them ours; mine is named Daisy, and the other is named Little Woman. We have a playhouse, and its name is Little Woman's Home. Our farmer is very funny, and he plays with us. He hides his things, and he has to find them; once we hid the horse's collar in the hay, and the farmer could not find it, so we had to give it to him; and another time we hid a big long rope in the hay; he could not find it. We have two birds and one squirrel here. We have real nice fun with our little dog, for we taught him to beg and bark; he is very cunning. We have pigeons, ducks, and chickens in the country.

Certainly you have splendid times in the country; but as the farmer is a busy man, I would advise you not to amuse yourselves by hiding his tools and other things. The naughty dogs were treated as they deserved to be by the cook.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

The article in YOUNG PEOPLE on plaster casts reminded us of our experience of last summer. We read in a paper how much fun it was to mix plaster of Paris with water, pour it into anything hollow, and set it away to harden; it would come out in the shape of the mould. It did not say anything about greasing the mould, and we did not have sense enough to do it. So one hot day we went down to the drug-store and bought some plaster. First we poured it into a little glass dish with a pattern of a wreath in it. Then we filled a tin jelly mould, and when we went to set it away we found that the other had hardened; so we set to work to get it out. We pounded it with a hammer, and scraped it with a knife, and soaked it in hot water, and did everything except break the dish. Then we were alarmed, and emptied out the jelly mould, and so saved it, for the plaster is still in the glass dish, as we have never been able to get it out. We thought that our experience would amuse, and perhaps save some one from doing the same that we did. It was about like one of Jimmy Brown's experiments, although we did not have the last scene as he usually does.

MILL GREEN, MARYLAND.

I have an aunt living in Cincinnati, who has been sending me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over three years. I go to school every day. The school is about one-fourth of a mile away. The school has been very small this winter, on account of so much bad weather. I am in the seventh grade. There are a great many canning houses in this neighborhood. A great many of the boys and girls work in them, and make one dollar a day. It is very good land for raising tomatoes about here. I have two bantam chickens, and a hen that will catch corn when you throw it at her.

CHEBOYGAN, MICHIGAN.

I go to school, and we have lots of fun. I study geography, arithmetic, reading, writing, spelling, composition, and music. After school I go out and spin my top, then I come home and eat my supper; afterward we all come in play games, and then we go to bed. Our school begins at nine o'clock in the morning, and closes at four o'clock in the afternoon. We have a globe in

our school-room, and an atlas of the United States. I like my teacher very much.

ARTHUR H.

MARIETTA, OHIO.

Our teacher takes YOUNG PEOPLE and the *Youth's Companion*, and I like both very much. I am in the second class of the grammar grade, and live in Marietta, the oldest town of Ohio. It was settled in 1788, thus making our city ninety-six years old. There has been some talk of having a centennial when it shall be one hundred years old. Marietta is situated on the Ohio River, at the mouth of the Muskingum. Besides the two rivers, we have several railroads, and the prospect of two or three more. The land near the Ohio is rather low, but as we pass further back it becomes a great deal higher: the highest part is called the "Stockade." In the month of February there was a flood higher than any ever known in the Ohio Valley. The water reached many of the second floors, driving families from their homes to seek shelter with friends on dry land, or in the court-house, school-houses, and other public buildings thrown open for that purpose. Some lost not only their household goods, but even their houses floated away. Buildings that did not float away were off their foundations, and broken considerably. The County and Railroad bridges across the Muskingum River were washed away. Of course it was necessary to have relief for the sufferers of the flood. All the neighboring places and the larger cities answered our call, and sent loads of provisions of all kinds; Congress appropriated \$500,000 for the sufferers of the Ohio Valley. Our relief committee gave to all whom they thought were in need.

NELLIE B.

CHELTONHAM, PENNSYLVANIA.

The other day I was reading a child's book called *Fireside Stories*, by Maria Edgeworth, published in 1851, and oh, how old-fashioned it was! Here is a sample of the whole:

"Papa," said Patty, "as we go up the hill where there is so much red mud, I must take care to pick my way nicely, and I must hold up my frock, as you desired me, and perhaps you will be so good, if I am not troublesome, as to lift me over the very bad place where there are no stepping-stones."

I wonder if our mothers and fathers *did* talk that way when they were children. And here is an extract from an 1883 book:

"Mamma! Be a! Ernestine! Olive! Jean! hurry—let me tell first. Miss—"

"I bent to the steps; I ought to tell!" shrieked Kat, as Kittie choked for breath. "Miss Howard is going to give us a—"

"Nutting party!" shouted Kittie, with a triumphant breath. "Hurrah! three cheer-rs!"

"Mercy on me!" cried a voice from upstairs. "What is the matter? what are you doing?"

"Kittie's dancing a jig, and Kat's sliding down the bannisters!" exclaimed a horrified voice from somewhere else.

"Mercy! Be a, call mamma. I think they've gone crazy."

"Nutting party!" cried Kittie, dancing furiously, and nodding her head like a demented monkey. "To-morrow—want to go?"

Now don't you think the latter is more natural? and, if you had your choice, wouldn't you rather have Kat or Kittie for a friend than Patty? I am sure you would, dear Postmistress, for I know you are "just jolly," as Kat would say. Don't you think children's books and papers have improved a great deal since 1851? and do you think they can *possibly* improve as much in the next thirty-five years? I don't see how they can.

S. M.

The style of Miss Edgeworth's stories is rather formal, and seems strange to the free-and-easy little people of to-day, who are not kept at a distance by their parents and teachers. But her stories and those of Mrs. Sherwood are pen-and-ink pictures of the home life of their period, and are, besides, very entertaining. I am a little old-fashioned, and though I do not want to fall from your good opinion, dear, I must tell the truth, and say that I think Patty a much more charming child than Kittie in the instance you give. Why need we be rude and boisterous because we are merry and jolly? Indeed, I know so many sweet, well-behaved children who are full of fun, not at all stilted, and perfectly delightful company, that I should be tempted to exclude from my room a girl who could act like a "demented monkey."

As for the possibility of making children's books better than they now are, I don't know what to say. The editor of YOUNG PEOPLE seems determined that the beautiful paper shall improve every year, yet thirty-five years hence there can scarcely be a more exquisite Easter number than this one. Of that I feel sure.

FLAT CREEK, NEVADA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I live on a sheep ranch seven miles from the post-office, but I have a pony, and go by myself for the mail.

have never been to school, but mamma is my teacher. I have no brothers nor sisters, so I have to play with Indian children. I can talk some Piate. Papa has given me YOUNG PEOPLE for two years as my birthday present. I also take *Little Men and Women* and *The Little Ones and Nursery*. I have ever so many pets. Away in the East I've got five grandmas and one grandpa. I wonder if any little boy has more than that? I do not want my letter so long that it won't find a place in the Post-office box.

WILLIE P. H.

Five grandmas! What a fortunate thing it is for you, Master Willie, that they are all in the East. If they lived at Flat Creek you would certainly be spoiled. I wish you had one there, however, for a boy is well off who has a dear grandmother to love and wait on. And so, too, is a girl.

Thanks for favors received to Newbury L. D., Mary S. P., Ettie S. K., Ethel, Lewis S. H., Annie and Bertha L. H., Fred, David C. P. A., Freddie M., Frank W., Trescott C., Jennie B., Sarah E. S., Frank P., Alire F. S., Beth, Rosa Beatrice C., and Theresa B. H.—K. M. J., P. O. Box 67, Estherville, Emmet Co., Pennsylvania, would like to hear from M. K. S., or from some other little girl about eleven years old, on the subject of painting.—Cicely de G. McG.: Messrs. Harper & Brothers can supply the numbers you mention.—Daisy H.: Your horned doods will take no food till the very warm weather comes. Flies and other small insects, living when fed to them, are their proper food. They like dry sand to live in, need plenty of sunlight by day and heat by night, and occasionally a little water.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—In Barnum's show.

In sister's beau.

In teacher's frown.

In mother's gown.

In pasture lauds.

In fairy bands.

My whole is something you all like well,

And is often made by a country belle.

MIKE CALL.

2.—My first is in snow, but not in ice.

My second is in oak, but not in ash.

My third is in south, but not in north.

My fourth is in tea, but not in coffee.

My fifth is in house, but not in barn.

My sixth is in horse, but not in cow.

My seventh is in eagle, but not in crow.

My eighth is in rat, but not in cat.

My ninth is in robin, but not in wren.

My whole is the name of a town on an island

in Lake Champlain. ROBBIE R. L.

No. 2.

AN EASY DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. An animal. 3. An American song-bird. 4. A part of the body. 5. A letter.—The diamond hides the name of a great favorite.

PSYCHE.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 230.

No. 1.—P-l-a-y. S-c-o-t-t. S-h-a-w-l. S-c-a-r-f. S-h-o-e-s. K-n-o-t. B-a-t-h. T-r-a-v-e-l. C-r-u-e-l. B-l-a-c-k.

No. 2.—F-l-a-m-e. C-h-e-a-p. S-m-i-l-e. C-a-r-t. B-r-a-c-e. C-h-o-p. S-w-o-r-d. S-h-a-r-p.

No. 3—

T	R	A	T		S		
R	U	R	A	L	A	W	E
A	R	Q	U	I	S	A	G
T	A	U	N	T	E	N	T
L	I	T			E	R	Y
					Y		

	C	
M	U	S
C	U	S
D	E	I
S	O	Y
	N	

No. 4.—Lincoln.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from May A. Graham, Hans Ehrlicher, Fred W. Lynch, A. E. F., Fannie R. and Annie R. Dryden, Edith Alice Groser, Grace Lewis, Walter Waters, Allie E. Taylor, Lettie and Sarah E., Gussie Skil-lin, G. P. Hinman, Joseph R. Bolton, Rebecca Stiles Thorne, Robert Alice, Albert W. Jamison, A. J. Mitchell, Aubrey E. King, P. O. Judson, Jennie A., Robert C. Turner, A. W. Scott, E. Breeze C., Anna Jackson, Ellen Hart, Fanny T., Jasper Keyes.

## THE MYSTERIOUS OLD GENTLEMAN.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

**W**HEN you are tired of dyeing your Easter-eggs and decorations in decalcomanie, and pen and paints have become wearisome, try the manufacture of this curious toy. Many



FIG. 1.

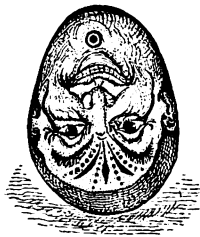


FIG. 2.

of you may have seen it, no doubt, in shops and elsewhere, but it will be great fun to make one for yourselves.

Take an ordinary hen's egg, and after having carefully bored a hole about the size of a large pea in the small end, entirely withdraw the contents. This can be done more easily if the egg is thoroughly shaken, so as to mix the yolk and the white together.

On two sides of the empty egg paint, either in oil or water colors, a face representing a good-natured and smiling old gentleman, as shown in Fig. 1. In case you have neither oil nor water colors, the face can be drawn with a pen in black writing ink or India ink.

After the colors are quite dry a small wire hook is inserted in the hole in the end of the egg, and the egg is gently pressed into a quantity of any transparent and quick-drying varnish (bleached shellac varnish is best). Care must be taken to have the varnish pass into the egg, so that a thorough coating is obtained both on the outside and inside.

After the varnish is thoroughly dry, repeat the operation, so as to secure a second coat. The purpose of the two coats of varnish is to close up all the pores in the egg-shell, and make it both water and air tight.

Now fill any wide-mouthed bottle (a glass preserving jar will do) full of water. Then take the egg and fill it with water until it floats with its large end upward in the water. This must be determined by trial. The floating of the egg is occasioned by a small body of air in the large end of the egg.

Now stretch a thin piece of India rubber over the top of the

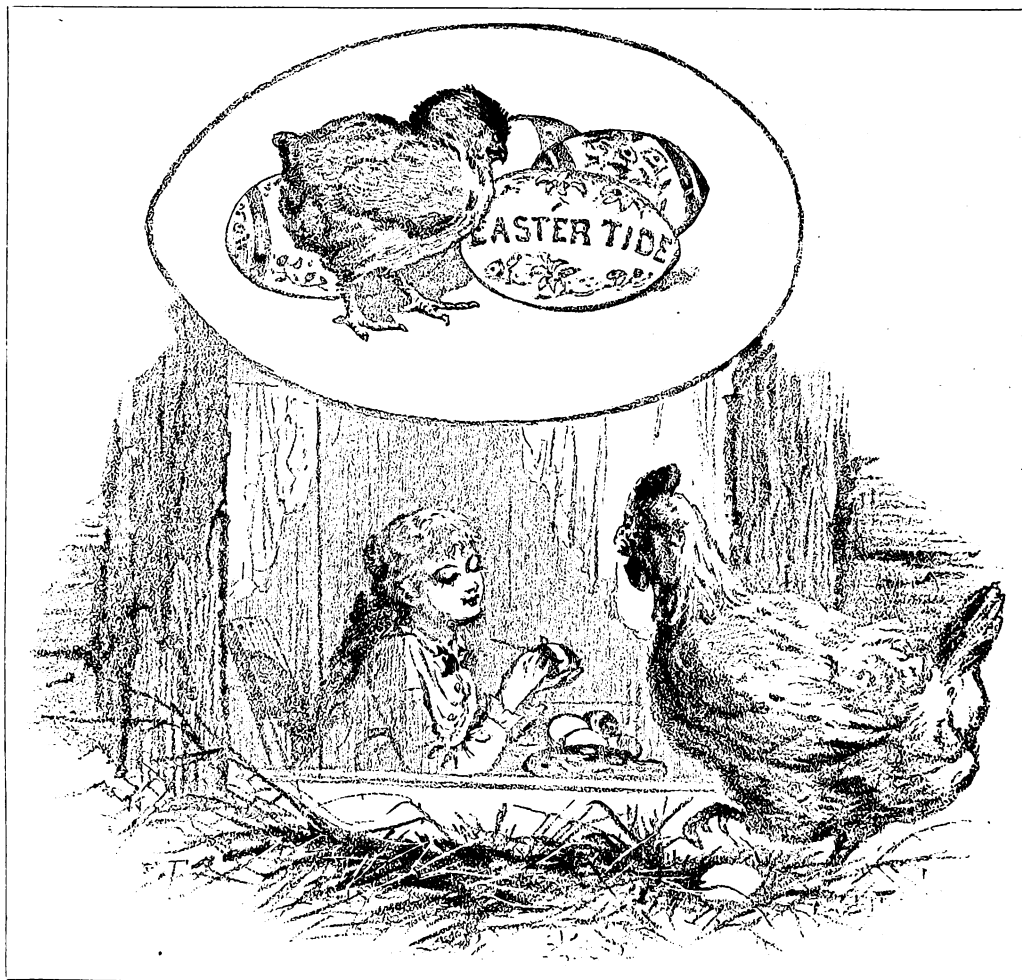
bottle. By placing the palm of the hand on the piece of rubber, and pressing lightly, the egg will slowly descend to the bottom of the bottle, but when the hand is removed it will again rise to the surface.

This curious result is caused by the pressure on the water being transmitted to the air in the broad end of the egg, which, being reduced in volume, weighs less, and causes the egg to sink. When the pressure is removed, the air again expands, and drives out the water, and the egg rises slowly to the surface.

In the illustration the old gentleman is shown as having long but thin flowing hair. This hair consists of long sheep's wool, the ends of which are dipped in the shellac varnish, and attached to the head of the old gentleman after the second coat of varnish has dried. But they must be placed on the head very sparingly, or otherwise the egg will become top-heavy, and the action of the globule of air inside of the egg will be overcome.

Fig. 2 represents another amusing toy made from an egg. Take a good-sized goose egg, bore a hole in the broad end, and withdraw the contents. When the inside of the egg has become thoroughly dry, place the small end in hot sand, and when the shell has become hot pour in a small quantity of melted resin or bees-wax.

Now fill the egg with hot shot nearly up to the circular mark on the clown's chin. Let the sand gradually cool off before withdrawing the egg. When the egg has become perfectly cool paint a Humpty Dumpty clown's head on it. The amusing part of this contrivance is that the clown's head will insist on assuming an upside-down position. No matter how you place the egg, back it will fly to this clown-like attitude.



## EASTER-EGGS.—BY H. B. B. W.

**A** LITTLE chicken, seven weeks old,  
Looking at eggs in crimson and gold,  
Painted with flowers on either side,  
And in golden letters, "Easter-tide."  
"Ah," said the chicken, "when I am old,  
I shall lay eggs in crimson and gold."

One glad spring morning the church bells rang,  
And happy carols the children sang;  
But by her nest in a loft, alone,  
Stood the little chicken, now full grown.  
"Alas!" she cackled, in great dismay,  
"I have laid white eggs on Easter-day."

A dainty maiden—so I am told—  
Sat painting eggs in crimson and gold;  
She painted flowers on either side,  
And in golden letters, "Easter-tide."  
"Oh," said the hen, "now I understand—  
Easter-eggs must be finished by hand."



# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 234.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 22, 1884.

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"OO' CAN'T TALK."

## THE CATNIP BOY.

BY SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

**B**IDDY wasn't very good-natured that morning, and though she allowed Milly to remain in the kitchen and watch her while she did "me Satherday's cookin'," a pie-crust girl or doughnut boy was not to be hoped for.

But Milly was very fond of the kitchen at any time,

and to-day, as there was no school, and it was too cold for her to play out-of-doors, and her mamma had gone away, it seemed to be her only refuge. She had no one to play with her, and it was very dreary in the nursery alone. In the kitchen the kettle was singing all sorts of merry tunes over the glowing coals; the warm air was scented with spices and sweets; there were tempting trays of apples and raisins on the table, and the



fascinating bubble and hiss of good things roasting in the oven.

Biddy was rolling out pastry, and as she did so, instead of the rollicking songs which she usually sang on such occasions, she piped one about sweetness fleeing and leaving nothing but thorns. Under the circumstances, Milly dared not ask her to sing the lovely one which she said her grandmother used to sing in "ould Ireland" about St. Mary in the garden watering her flowers, and a little bird that came and talked to her.

So the little girl rubbed away the mist that had gathered on the window-pane, and was looking rather sadly out into the small slice of frozen world which composed the back door yard, when a queer-looking boy, with great bunches of dried herbs sticking out from a bag on his back, opened the gate, and came up the walk toward the door. Quite a procession of cats followed him, Milly's own Tom leading the party, with eager mew and sudden leaps toward the boy's shoulder.

"Dear me," said Milly, "I think that must be a catnip boy. He's so funny, and all the cats are after him! I'm going to let him in."

"What iver is a catnip b'y?" inquired Biddy, making her eyes very round with astonishment. "Here, child, no thramps at all at all is allowed in me kitchen. And shure weren't ye towld not to go near till the door, an' the air sharp as needles?"

But the "catnip boy" was already in the room, and had calmly seated himself by the fire, holding his pack in his arms as a means of protecting it from the ravages of Tom, who had rushed in from out-of-doors in his wake.

"An' what do yez want, thin?" said Biddy, in a tone of no little sharpness, at the same time looking wonderingly at the queer little figure.

He certainly did present a comical appearance. Milly could hardly keep from laughing outright when she looked at him. He was a little fellow, but his face, with its sharp lines and wise expression, was like that of an elderly man. His clothing was not ragged, or even very shabby, but it was of the strangest make and material, and was so much too large for him that he looked like a scarecrow in a corn field holding out its arms made of sticks through a man's coat sleeves. The coat, which was of blue cloth, seemed to have been intended as a dress-coat in its day, and was adorned with a faded velvet collar and very fancy buttons. Its tails reached the boy's heels, and the sleeves were turned up at the cuffs, in order that he might use his hands.

The vest, which was of yellow and blue flowered satin, and still gorgeous to behold, though faded and frayed at the bindings, astonished one when he unbuttoned his coat, which he did to reach his pocket-handkerchief, and his pantaloons were like two meal-bags on a pair of tongs. His hat, too, was so large that it slipped down over his very eyes, and was of such a queer and elderly style as one sometimes sees in a Fourth-of-July procession of antiques and horrors.

"Buy some herbs?" said he, in answer to Biddy's question. "They're fresh an' good; picked last year at jest the right time o' flowerin', an' I'll sell 'em cheap. I hain't had no luck this mornin', an' hev got ter start fur home at three o'clock."

"Buy herbs!" echoed Biddy. "An' shure what wud I want wid herbs? Git along wid yez, an' don't be afther scatterin' the rubbish over me clane floor. How much does yez ask fur a bunch o' catnip, now?"

"Oh yes," said Milly, quickly; "I'll buy some for Tom."

Biddy, as she herself expressed it, "liked a nice, clane pussy cat ter be makin' hisself sociable round the fire," and Tom, whom she declared was so wise that he could "tell forchins," was her especial favorite. But she detested tramps and peddlers of all kinds. The catnip alone prevented her from sending the boy out-of-doors at once.

"Ten cents," said he, selecting a bunch from his carefully arranged stock.

"Git out wid yez; that's too dear althegether. The 'pot'-ecary man round the corner sells twicet as much, all picked ter pieces, an' pressed intil nate little packages, fur that money."

"But it ain't fresh an' nice like this. It's all sticks an' dust, an' is as dry as a chip. Like as not it's been in the store fur years an' years. I know about this, fur I picked it myself when the dew was on it. They say herbs is better picked when the dew is on 'em."

"Tom will like it better, then," said Milly, producing ten cents from her pocket. She always carried her money with her nowadays, as her Christmas porte-monnaie was still new, and too precious as yet to put away where it could not be looked at every half-hour or so.

"An' wouldn't you like some pennyroyal?"—turning to Biddy. "These big bunches, enough ter last fur a whole year, is only ten cents apiece."

"An' what wud I want wid pennymoral?" inquired Biddy, who had never even heard of the fragrant old-fashioned herb.

The boy stared at her. "Why, take it an' steep it fur colds an' fevers an' rheumatiz. It's good fur 'most everything, I reckon. I had an awful cold a spell ago; Miss Moulton said I'd surely have a fever; but one o' the old ladies in the house steeped some pennyroyal tea real strong, an' I drank it when I went ter bed at night, an' the next morning I was pritty nigh well. Ef it hadn't storm'd I should 'a gone ter school anyway."

"What's the name o' yez?"

"Pat Mahoney."

"An' where do yez live, shure?" inquired Biddy, becoming more and more impressed with the boy's appearance.

"Ter the poor-house in Linfield."

"Begorra! An' is thim the kind o' clothes they gives folks there?"

The boy colored fiercely under his sallow skin.

"They was a-goin' ter git me some new ones," said he, "but ole Peter died, an' jest before he drew his last breath he said he wanted me to hev his weddin' suit that he'd kep' in a drawer ever sence his weddin' day, nigh fifty years ago. He liked me coz I'd waited on him, an' sat up nights with him when he was sick. They was so queer an' old-fashioned nobody wouldn't give nothin' fur 'em, so they said I'd got ter wear 'em; 'twould save buyin' me new ones."

"But I hain't never took no peace in 'em," he continued. "The boys hoot at me in the street, an' they sarce me so I can't go ter school at all, coz I hain't got nothin' else to wear—that's the reason I went ter tradin' herbs. A farmer that drives down to Crabtrees Corner, where the cars start from, lets me ride down ez fur ez that with him when he goes, once in a while, an' the baggage-master's a feller that knew my father when he was alive, an' he lets me come ter the city with him free, 'mong the trunks an' boxes. I'm a-tryin' to git enough money ter buy me a new suit, but it's pritty slow work. I hain't got but five dollars now. They took some away from me, coz they said I hadn't worked enough ter pay my board, an' the town couldn't afford to support me while I earnt money for myself."

"The mane things!" said Biddy, who had, in spite of her roughness, a warm heart. "An' don't it be awful poor boord till the poor-house?—poor vittles I mane," she explained, as the boy looked rather puzzled.

"Oh no; the board ain't so dretful poor. Folks gits used to it, anyway. An' there's always plenty, such as 'tis, an' they treat me well enough. But it does seem kinder hard that the old ladies can't hev white sugar to put in their tea. I've bought it fur 'em sometimes. Some of 'em has been used ter livin' genteel, an' merlasses is dretful sick'nin' to 'em. When I'm a man I'm a-goin' ter 'stablish a fund so't the Linfield paupers ken hev sugar fur



their tea, an' a bit o' somethin' besides porridge fur supper an' breakfast.

"I sha'n't stay in the poor-house long," he continued, his dark eyes lighting with a look of eager determination. "I mean to be somebody in the world. I'm a master-hand at figgers. We ain't never had a school-master that could beat me, an' the parson that comes over from the Corner ter see Miss Hill sometimes says I'll be sure to do something wonderful if I get the chance. But I must get my new suit o' clothes first; then I'm a-goin' to look out for a place ter work in the city somewheres, where I can study evenings. It don't do no good to look after a situation now; folks only laugh at me if I go near 'em. They can't think of anything but my comical looks, I s'pose."

"Here," said Milly, taking her porte-monnaie once more from her pocket. "Uncle Jack gave me this money New-Year's Day, to do just edactly as I pleased with. It was five dollars at first, but I spent some for candy; the rest I was going to keep till papa's birthday, and buy him a present with it. But I'd rather give it to you. Mamma will give me some more for that."

"Bliss the child, an' so she will," said Biddy. "An' how much do it be, shure? Four dollars an' a quarther? Here is sivinty-foive cints more. Take this foive dollars an' put it with the foive dollars ye have already, an' make yerself luk loike a Christian as soon as possible. Shure any wan wud take yez fur a haythen in this rig—the loikes ov it!"

The boy's face flushed, and his eyes sparkled, but he hesitated to take the money from Milly's little eager outstretched hand.

"I don't like to take it from the little girl. Her mother an' father might not like it, an' then she might want it herself."

"Nivir fear the mother and fayther; they're both that kind-hearted an' charitable there's no ind till 'em. They'll be plazed ter have her that generous, an' I heerd her uncle tell her wid me own two ears that she was to do jist as she plazed wid the money if 'twas till buy a flock o' geese. Take a bit o' something to ate first, an' thin be off wid yez an' buy the clothes. An' whin yez come ter these parts agin wid yer new suit on, drop in an' let us see how yez luks. Maybe we'd be out ov catnip by that time, too," said Biddy, when he took his leave.

"I will, an' I sha'n't never forget ye." The boy's eyes were full of tears; and when he tried to speak his thanks he choked, and very nearly burst into sobs. "I shall have a chance ter pay ye too, some day, perhaps."

Nearly two months passed away, and nothing more was seen of the catnip boy. It was growing toward spring; the March winds were tearing and frolicking across the Park and around the street corners; the sky was as blue as skies can be, and the sunshine danced with delight on little patches of grass that were growing green. And with milder weather came the hand-organ men, scattering their fascinating melodies to the breezes, and with the hand-organ men came the monkeys, more fascinating still.

One morning Milly and her little sister Rose went to walk with the nurse; but after proceeding a short distance up the street the nurse stopped to speak with another nurse, and the two children went on alone. Suddenly a hand-organ commenced to pipe across the way, and, greatly to Milly's delight, she spied a monkey in red jacket and plumed cap performing his wonderful antics for the amusement of a crowd of children. Taking Rose's hand, she started to cross the street at once, never heeding a runaway horse that just at that moment dashed around the corner, and was coming with frantic speed toward her.

"Milly! Milly!" shouted her father, who saw her peril from his own door-steps, and rushed frantically toward her. "Take care, little 'uns—you'll be killed!" exclaimed a sleepy-looking man on the top of a rumbling old cart. But, absorbed in the monkey, Milly neither saw nor heard.

It seemed as if the next step would take the children into the very jaws of death, and there was no possible escape. But suddenly a boy appeared, from no one knew where, and bravely darting before the furious animal, seized them and drew them out of harm's way. It was done like a lightning flash. The act was almost like a miracle to the paralyzed lookers-on. They shouted and cheered. "He was a brave boy," they said, "and what wonderful courage and quickness he showed! It seemed as if there must be magic in it!"

"Oh, papa, it's the catnip boy, only he's got on different clothes, and I didn't know him at first," said Milly, when she had recovered her breath a little.

"Whoever he may be, I feel as if I could never repay the debt of gratitude I owe him," said Mr. Curtis. "What prompted you to act like that, my boy? It is really wonderful that you weren't killed or seriously injured yourself, instead of saving the children."

"Why, when I came along t'other street, and saw the two little girls in the range of the runaway horse, I started right away, an' was goin' ter grab 'em. Then I thought 'twouldn't be no use, I was so fur away, an' the horse was tearin' so like mad; but when I saw 'twas the little girl that give me the money, I determined ter save her or die in the attempt."

Mr. Curtis thought that their acquaintance so far had been so profitable on both sides it ought to be kept up and become more intimate. So he took the boy home with him, and kept him there, and sent him to school.

Pat was indeed, as he himself expressed it, a master-hand at figures, and now that he has become a young man, his friends are sure that the day is not far distant when he will be "somebody in the world." He and Milly, who is a young lady, are the best of friends, though she still sometimes playfully calls him the "catnip boy." Biddy, who holds her post in the kitchen yet, glories over him as a grand discovery of her own, and is never weary of talking of his virtues.

The old ladies at the Linfield poor-house have sugar in their tea, through the efforts of the boy who wore old Peter's wedding clothes. The clothes themselves were given to another pauper, an old man who took great delight in wearing them on Sundays, and was more than satisfied with his appearance in their faded gorgousness.

## VEGETABLE PITCHERS.

BY S. B. HERRICK.

NEARLY seventy years ago a gentleman living in North Carolina began to watch some very curious plants which he found growing in a poor piece of land near his home. Hundreds of people had probably seen these plants, but Dr. McBride seems to have been the first who really studied them and wrote down what he found out about their ways.

Out of the moist ground a tuft of leaves grew; some of these were ordinary leaves, others were extraordinary. To examine the last you might almost think that the fairies had been up very early in the morning with their thimbles and needles and invisible silk, and had selected a leaf here and there in the tuft, and doubled it around, and sewed the edges together, so as to make a long slender pitcher to catch the summer rain in. If the fairies were responsible for these pitchers, they must be very good seamstresses indeed, for such a seam you never saw. You may look at it through the largest kind of a magnifying-glass, and not a stitch can be seen, not a knot nor a loose thread.

The raw edge of the seam is always turned outward. Look at Fig. 1. Here is a single pitcher which grew not far from New York city, in a swampy place. Any fine

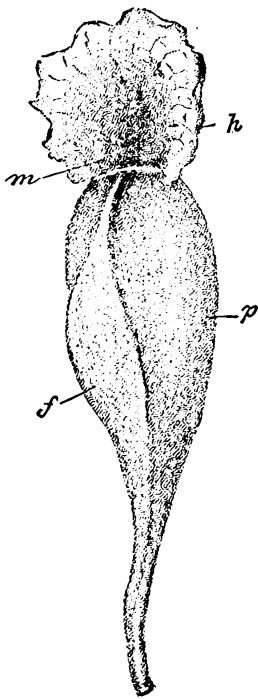


Fig. 1.—OPEN-MOUTHED PITCHER.

*f*, Seam, with Honey Trail; *p*, Pitcher part; *h*, Hood; *m*, Mouth.

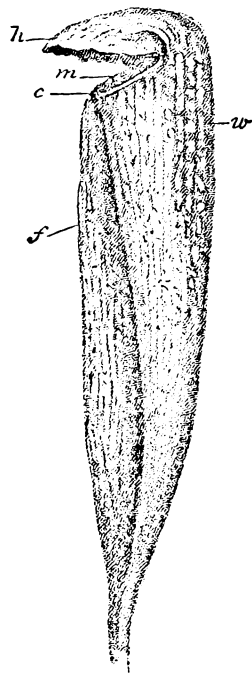


Fig. 2.—PITCHER WITH OVERHANGING HEAD AND CLEAR WINDOWS.

*h*, Hood; *w*, Windows; *f*, Honey Trail; *c*, Cord around Mouth; *m*, Mouth.

day in May you will be pretty sure to find some of these pitchers for sale at the small stalls on Fourteenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, if you happen to be in New York, and are on the lookout for them (*f* is the seam and *p* the pitcher). Above the pitcher you see a curved and veined leaf, *h*, which stands up and partly curves over the open mouth, *m*. It does not quite cover it, so some rain usually gets into the hollow tube.

These curious trumpet-shaped leaves are not grown for the benefit of the fairies, nor even for the bugs and flies which often pack the lower part of the tube full, but are for the use of the plant on which they grow. I have never found insects in the pitcher you have first been looking at, but in Fig. 2 I have taken out hundreds, sometimes packing the tube up for four inches or more. These trumpets are the stomachs of the plant; the flies and bugs in the trumpets are the remains of many dinners—those parts of the insects which they could not digest.

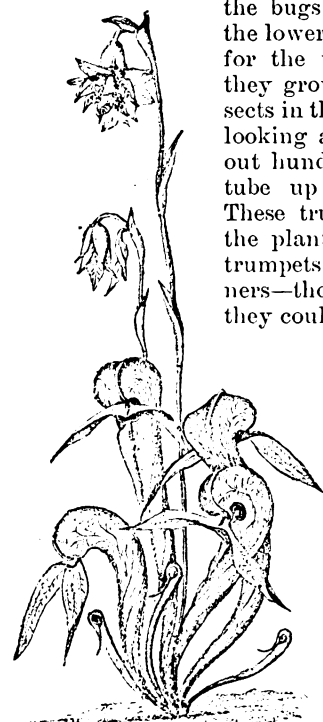


Fig. 4.—DARLINGTONIA CALIFORNICA.

Plants usually, perhaps you remember ("Picciola," HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, February 14, 1882), feed by means of their roots. The food they get is in the ground, and the roots push down into this, and suck up out of it what they need to keep them alive and make them grow. The pitcher-plants live in very poor soil, where they can find very little to nourish them. They get not much besides water through their

roots. They would die, just as you or I would, if they had nothing but water to live on, so they are provided with these stomach-pitchers.

Before you eat your food some one has to get it and cook it; then you have to chew it and swallow it. If these plants had one-half of all this to do to get fed, there would be none of them on the earth now; they would all have died out long ago. But these pitchers, besides being stomachs to digest the food, are traps to catch it. Along the edge of the raw seam (*f*, Figs. 1 and 2) are rows of honey glands, so that from the ground to the edge of the pitcher's brim there is a trail with honey drops leading a careless insect on and on, and up over the edge, *c*, into the hollow of the trap. Once inside, there is no hope for him, for the inner part is covered with delicate hairs pointing downward toward the pit below. An ant, a fly, and many another insect can walk straight up a pane of glass, or on the smoothest ceiling, and yet it will go reeling and tumbling along on this hairy floor. The sticky pad it has on its feet, its claws, and even the patent little sucker which aids some of them in holding on, all go for nothing when it undertakes to stroll on this bending, moving, uncertain wall inside the pitcher's brim. In a second the unwary visitor slips and falls, no matter how hard he tries to save himself.

Even with the advantage of wings an insect seldom escapes, but soon forms part of the liquid mass filling the lower part of the pitcher—a horrible mixture, part water, part a juice which oozes out of the trumpet leaf, and part dead and decaying insects.

There is something very horrible in the idea of a plant,

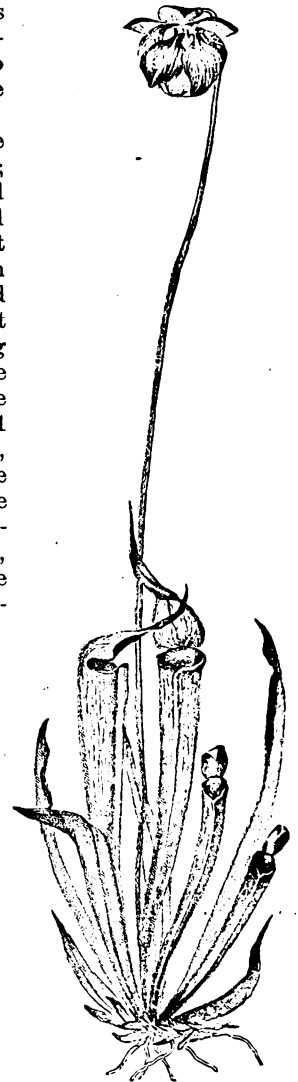


Fig. 3.—PITCHER-PLANT IN BLOOM.

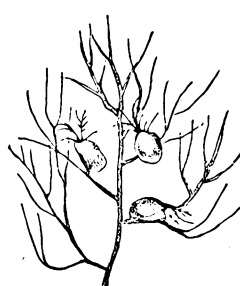


Fig. 5.—BLADDER-WORT.



Fig. 6.—BLADDER WITH CAPTURED PREY.

a beautiful plant, too, luring insects to its trap, and then feeding on them like a dreadful old ogre. In one or two of the pitcher-plants at the upper end are clear spots which let in the light. Against these skylights the trapped flies strike and bump, as they do against a window-pane, till they fall into the pit below (*w*, Fig. 2). This pitcher-plant,



as well as that shown in Fig. 3, is rich with beautiful colors, red and yellow and olive green, with clear pale yellow transparent windows, and above the cluster of these leaves grow the stems which bear their flowers (Fig. 3).

One of the most beautiful of these plants grows in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in Northern California, so high that the flower may be found blooming higher up than the top of Mount Washington or any mountain east of the Mississippi River. It is too high up in the world to have any common every-day name, but is called, after its native State, *Darlingtonia californica*. This has no common leaves at all, but from the root spring two kinds of pitchers—little baby pitchers, something like those in Fig. 3, and others, large, beautifully colored and veined pitchers, with a curved-over roof, and two long flaring wings (Fig. 4, *Darlingtonia californica*).

Every one of these pitchers is twisted round about half a turn. The colors are like those of rich ripe fruit—brilliant reds and yellows and greens; not brighter than those of the other pitcher-plants, but richer and mellower. The flower of this, too, is very curious. It grows on a tall stem four or five feet high, and looks like a rich red and yellow-striped tulip hanging down, but with an extra row of petals above. The flower is arranged as a trap too. It, like the orchid traps, draws the insects flying about to itself, and by feeding them with honey induces them to carry the pollen of the flower to the sticky place where the pollen dust must rest to make the flower bear seed. Then—it is hard to think of this beautiful plant without feeling that it is a traitor—it lures the insects to its pitchers, and devours them.

There are many other plants which devour insects as the vegetable pitchers do. Among them are some very curious little things that grow sometimes in water, sometimes in the air, and occasionally in the earth. The English people call them bladder-worts, because on the stems or roots or leaves little tiny cups grow, which were formerly supposed to be useful as bladders to float the plants. Closer study of them has shown these to be traps too. The most curious of all these traps may be seen in Fig. 5.

The plant you see here is one which has no leaves, only branching stems. This is one of the kind that live in water. It goes floating around, looking like the most innocent of plants, until some unwary animal comes near the mouth of one of the bladders (Fig. 6). In a minute the mouth or trap-door opens, the victim is gulped down, and slowly dissolved and absorbed. Inside the stomach you will see a quantity of little irregular stars with four rays. These are the organs that take up the nourishment which the unfortunate prey supplies.

This is perhaps the most remarkable family of plants that we know anything of, and comes nearest to the higher kingdom of animals.

## LITTLE HUGO.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

### III.



WITH all the popular favor which brought him many friends, Carl's home was very lonely. His father had not lived to share his good fortune, and Carl's blindness, as well as grief for his father, had kept him from going very much among people. But now had come a great change. His sight had been given to him by science, and God had bestowed upon him a little child to care for.

Carl learned to love Hugo dearly. All the beautiful things he could find he bought for his little Easter-child, as he called the rosy boy. Day after day he procured for him every luxury, every delight. Yet such was the sweetness of Hugo's nature that he could not be spoiled, and he responded to Carl's love as a flower opens to the sun. They were always together, and Carl trained the child's silvery voice until it and the violin sang the same songs, and blent their harmonies to suit his critical ear.

Hugo knew no other father, and indeed all that Carl knew of the boy's real father was his desertion of his wife, his robbery of his mistress, the famous singer, and his imprisonment in consequence. But he had taken all legal precautions in order to





make the child his own, and so was not troubled by any thought of the elder Hugo.

Thus they lived in peace and security. Carl asked for nothing more than the love of this child, for had he not his art and his sight?

Little Hugo was as happy as the day was long. In the garden which belonged to the house where they lived he made houses for his pets—rabbits, squirrels, and dogs—and in their companionship he took great delight.

He was now eight or nine years old, and was making good progress in his studies, though the lessons he best liked were those that Carl gave him in the arbor, where the vines made a cool shade, and the perfume of the flowers filled the air. Here, with the score before them on a table made of gnarled and twisted roots, they sang and played until the shadows lengthened and their evening meal was brought to them. Then when it was over, the music would be resumed until the stars shone and Hugo's dark eyes became drowsy.

They had been thus practicing one evening, when, in the midst of a beautiful air, Hugo gave a sudden cry of alarm. Carl opened his shut eyes in amazement, and found the child gazing as if spell-bound at an opening in the hedge.

"What is it, dear?" he asked of Hugo.

"Oh! did you not see it?" was the reply.

"No; my eyes were closed. What was it you saw?"

"A face—a most horrible face, like those frightful masks one sees in the shops."

"You must have been mistaken, Hugo. I see nothing but the green hedge and a bush of laurel."

"But, dear Carl, it was there—I know it was. Let us go look." And he dragged Carl out of the arbor toward the opening in the hedge.

"Now, my child, you find there is nothing here," said Carl, pushing the branches and leaves aside. "Are you sure you saw anything?"

"Quite, quite sure. It was a horrid face, with a great red nose, and green eyes, and—"

"But human beings don't have green eyes."

"Well, it was hideous," said the boy. "It could not have been uglier. It grinned and scowled all in one moment, and it was so frightful I could not help screaming."

"Well, well," said Carl, gently, "if any of the neighbors' children are playing tricks, I shall have to speak to their parents. Don't think of it again; it is probably the jest of some foolish boy. Let us go on with our song."

But little Hugo could not sing again; his voice trembled; and Carl, finding it was late, took him in to bed.

The stars were shining brilliantly when he left him, kissing and caressing him as tenderly as a mother would have done. Carl descended to the garden again.

How long he sat there he did not know. He had closed his aching eyes and ceased to think. Sleep had crept upon him, and the early summer dawn was chasing the moonbeams when, with a shiver and a little thrill of pain, he awakened.

Rising hastily, he went into the house through a window he found open, for all the doors were locked. Slumber reigned, and he went noiselessly to his apartment. He looked in to see if Hugo were quiet, expecting to find his darling almost ready to greet him with a morning kiss.

The little room opened out of his own, and was draped in snowy muslin tied with azure ribbons—a fitting nest for his bird.

Alas! to his horror, the bird had flown. No Hugo was there.

Instantly his mind grasped the terrible thought that the child had been stolen.

In a passion of grief and terror he flung his beloved violin from him, breaking it in its fall, and with a wild shout fell senseless upon the little bed which still bore the imprint of Hugo's form.

## IV.

It was Easter-morning again, and the sun gilded the pinnacles of a beautiful cathedral in a far-off foreign town. Everywhere people were greeting each other with the words, "The Lord is risen!" to which the answer came, "He is risen indeed!"

But there were no spring blossoms to be seen, for the earth was still robed in snow, and as a troop of children muffled in furs hurried into the side court which led to the choristers' gallery, one of them thought longingly of the land where it was spring, and where hyacinths, violets, and lilies were making the air fragrant. He was a tall, thin boy, weary-looking and sad, and the Latin words he had to sing bore him no message of life and joy.

But when he opened his mouth the clear silver notes struck the ears of the listeners as if an angel had come to speak peace to their souls. He sang as one sings who can not help singing, and high above the gildings and carvings, the clouds of incense and the dull chants of the priests, his voice soared, and was lost in the spaces above.

Among the crowds of people in the church—worshippers, idlers, sight-seers, and travellers—was one man who listened to the child's voice as if enthralled.

"It must be! it must be!" he muttered. "No one but my little Hugo could sing like that." And Carl bent his head again to listen.

For two years he had been seeking his child, hither and thither—everywhere that there seemed the faintest chance of finding him. At first the shock had palsied him, and fever had laid him low; then his sight had failed him again. But once more his eyes had been subjected to surgical care, and now he had journeyed far on a slight clew.

The thief—little Hugo's father—had at the outset covered his tracks well, but evil ways soon brought him again to the knowledge of the police, and in this manner Carl had been led to make the rounds of all the famous churches, as the elder Hugo's motive of theft had been to gain money by the boy's voice. Was it any wonder that with the sudden hope came also the fear of possible mistake?

When the services were over, Carl stationed himself at the foot of the stairs which the boys had to descend.

One by one they came, glad of release, singing, whooping, shouting, except when checked by their leader, a man in priestly vestments; but as the last one stepped down, and gazed with surprise at the muffled stranger, he gave a cry of joy, and sprang into the stranger's arms.

"Hugo, my own child!"

"Carl!"

These were the only words they uttered until, looking again into each other's faces, they made sure of their reunion. Then Carl, looking fearfully around, said, "Come—I can not lose you again."

But the boy wavered.

"What," said Carl, "have you lost your love for me? Have you been in two years' time trained to vice?"

"Oh, Carl, wait till I tell you;" and the boy shuddered. "He is very ill, or he would now be watching me. On! what dreadful people I have seen, and how I longed to get away! We have gone from place to place, begging, stealing, except when my singing brought him money; but he is dying now—I am sure of it—and would it be brave for me to leave him? He is my father, you know."

Carl listened impatiently. They had walked away from the church.

Would it be brave to leave a dying father? What a curious question? But his heart rose gladly at the words. All the good seed he had sown in this young child's heart could not have been uprooted. Even a thief had been shown pity by our Lord.

"Come, show me the way," said Carl; and so the richly clothed stranger and the sad-faced boy found themselves in a wretched den, where upon a bed of straw the elder Hugo lay.



"So you have found us," he whispered. "Well, it is time. I've had all the use of him I wanted. I was not sure whether he would serve me as well as your money, but I took all I could get."

"And he returns your evil with good—he will not leave you."

"What!" said the man, raising his haggard face, and making a gesture of unbelief; "after all his crying for you by day and by night—ay, even in his sleep—do you mean to say he will not go with you?"

"I do. You are suffering; you are his father; he will do what he can for you."

The man sank back with an oath. Carl went out, and returned with wine and food and fuel. In a little while the wretched creature felt the influence of warmth and nourishment. He turned his dull eyes upon Carl with a strange look in them.

"Is this what you call Christianity?"

"Yes; to do to others as we would have them do to us."

"And do you forgive me?"

"As I hope to be forgiven—yes."

It was spring indeed when Carl and Hugo found themselves once more at home. Never had the blossoms been more abundant. All the trees and bushes were clothed in tender green. The birds sang a welcome, and master and pupil once again vied with the birds in melody. In loving peace their life again flowed on, with nothing now to disturb its tranquil joy. Carl was happy, and so was his Easter-child.

THE END.

## A SPRING QUARREL.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

ONCE, in olden times, when winter  
Melted at the breath of spring,  
Flowers began to bud and blossom,  
Sweet the birds to pipe and sing.

Fair and fairer grew each floweret,  
Clear and jubilant the song,  
Till, too soon, a wild contention  
Rose among the little throng.

Each would rank above the other—  
Bullfinch, Linnet, Robin red.  
"Note like mine is none," says Blackbird,  
Whistling blithely overhead.

"Is there song as mine so soothing?"  
Softly coos sweet Turtle-Dove.  
"None can trill as I," shouts Skylark,  
Carolling, the clouds above.

"What a foolish, sad commotion!"  
Nightingale makes sadly moan;  
"I'll away, and in the forest  
Sing by night, and all alone."

As the birds were, so the flowers.  
Lily vowed that she was fair  
Far before all others; Pansy  
Claimed the prize with pensive air.

Daisy, Daffodil, and Primrose,  
Hyacinth, and Harebell blue,  
Peerless beauty claimed, when, shyly  
Blushing, Rose came forth to view.

"Why should one alone be fairest?"  
I've no wish at all to be  
Lovelier thought than my sweet sisters;  
Fragrance is enough for me."

Spring, who heard the silly quarrel,  
Looked with roguish smile, and said:  
"She is fairest who is meekest:  
That is you, then, Rose-bud red."

"When your merry notes, my song-birds,  
Sweetly sound o'er hill and dale,  
None will touch the heart as yours do,  
Tender, lovely Nightingale."

## WHITE ELEPHANTS.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

THERE is a great deal being said just now about white elephants. Two of the travelling shows have animals of this kind, and as the showmen are apt to make the most of their curiosities, it will hardly do for boys and girls to get their only ideas of the creatures from the advertisements.

The editor of *YOUNG PEOPLE* has asked me, therefore, to tell you the truth about the matter, so that you may know as much about white elephants as the showmen do, and may know just how much of what you hear is true.

In the first place, there is no such thing as a white elephant, any more than there is such a thing as a white man. Look at your own face in the glass, and you will see that it is not white; but as one race of people is much lighter in color than any other, we call people of that race white people; and it is very much the same with elephants, except that there is no *race* of white elephants as there is of white men.

Only now and then a single white elephant is found. Its mother and father and its brothers and sisters are of the usual color. It is white by a kind of accident, just as a white crow or a white blackbird is: for white blackbirds do exist, however absurd the thought may seem.

Sometimes elephants have white specks upon them; sometimes the white parts are large spots, and sometimes the whole animal, or the greater part of him, is white, or what people call white.

In Burmah and Siam, where the white elephants are found, the people have some sort of rule, which nobody else understands very clearly, by which they decide whether a spotted elephant is to be called white or not. It depends partly on the amount of white surface, and partly upon other things, such as the exact color of the rest of the animal's body.

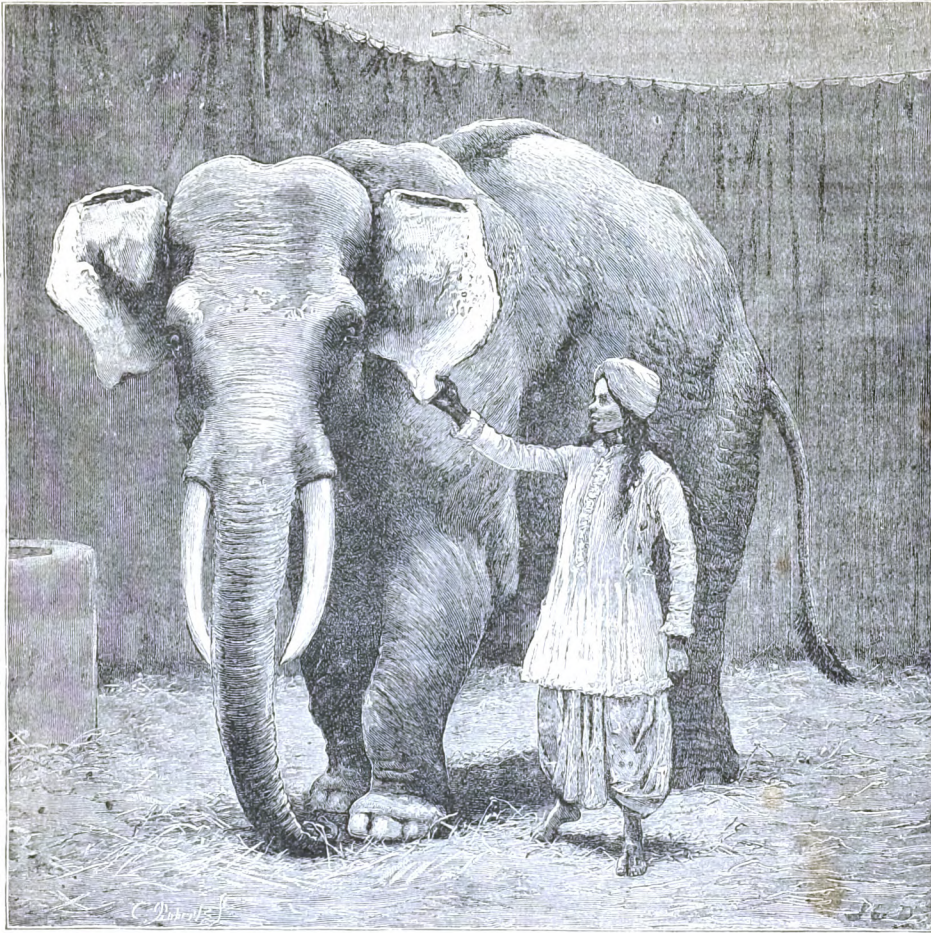
Toung Taloung, the one which is to be seen in Barnum's show, is spotted. He has white, pink, and flesh-colored markings on his forehead, trunk, ears, and neck, and his toes are white. His general color is a sort of ashen gray. I do not know whether the Burmese and Siamese people would call him a white elephant or not. Nobody but a Burmese or Siamese expert could say. The showmen say that he was called white in Burmah, and kept in the King's stables as one of the royal white elephants; but if that is true, it is not easy to understand how the Burmese King came to sell him, as the people of Burmah and Siam would think that a wicked thing to do.

The Kings of those countries claim every white elephant as their own, and think that to own these animals not only adds to their glory and honor, but brings them and their country good luck. They have often had wars for these animals, and they hold them to be much too sacred to be sold or given away.

Mr. Carl Bock went to Siam in 1881, and while he was there a very fine white elephant—the whitest one ever found in modern times—was brought to the capital, decked with jewels, marched through the streets with much pomp, and baptized by the priests with great ceremony. Mr. Bock made a portrait of the animal in colors, taking great pains to make it exactly true to life. I have a copy of that portrait now lying before me, and this is what I see in it: An elephant of the usual shape, of a dark yellowish-brown or brownish-yellow color—very far from *white*—the ears and toes being much lighter than the rest of the animal. There is a fringe of white hairs or bristles along the back, and a tuft of nearly white hair at the end of the tail.

This is a perfect white elephant, because there are no very dark spots on any part of his body. When he was first brought to the capital he was much darker than he appears in the portrait, and there were several very dark patches upon him; but his attendants kept washing him with tamarind water until they brought him to perfection.





• TOUNG TALOUNG AND HIS KEEPER.

and then Mr. Bock painted his portrait as that of the fairest white elephant in the world.

Elephants live a long time, and every white elephant found in Siam belongs to the King. When Mr. Bock first visited the King's stables in 1881 there were only two white elephants there, and they were only called white because they were somewhat lighter in color than usual, and had a few white spots on their ears.

But the real white elephant—the one whose portrait Mr. Bock afterward painted—was coming. He had been caught three years before by two poor hunters who did not know, until they washed him, that he was white. When they found that they had a real white elephant they knew that their fortunes were made, for while all white elephants belong to the King, the people who capture them are always rewarded with wealth and honor. The King raised these two poor hunters to the rank of nobles, freed them from all taxes, and gave them each a valuable tract of land and a large sum of money, besides other presents.

The elephant had been kept three years, to be tamed and brought to perfection by washing. Then he was taken in great state to the capital, where all the people turned out in their richest finery to welcome him and to see the procession in his honor.

The King and his ministers went to meet the white elephant at a town on his journey, and returned in his company. At the landing where the royal and sacred beast was to come ashore there were troops drawn up in line, bands of musicians, gorgeously dressed elephants, princes in their chairs of state, batteries of artillery, and everything else that could help to do honor to the occasion. The road from the landing to the stables was lined with soldiers, and the crowds of people on both sides were kept

back by sentries posted close together for the purpose.

In great state the white elephant was marched to his stables, where he had to stay for two months, to be washed and freed from evil spirits. Then came the ceremony of baptizing him, which was performed by the priests with as much parade as if the animal had been a son of the King himself. As a part of the ceremony of baptism, Mr. Bock says, the priest gave the elephant his name, written on a piece of sugar-cane, which the animal quickly swallowed. The name, translated into English, is as follows:

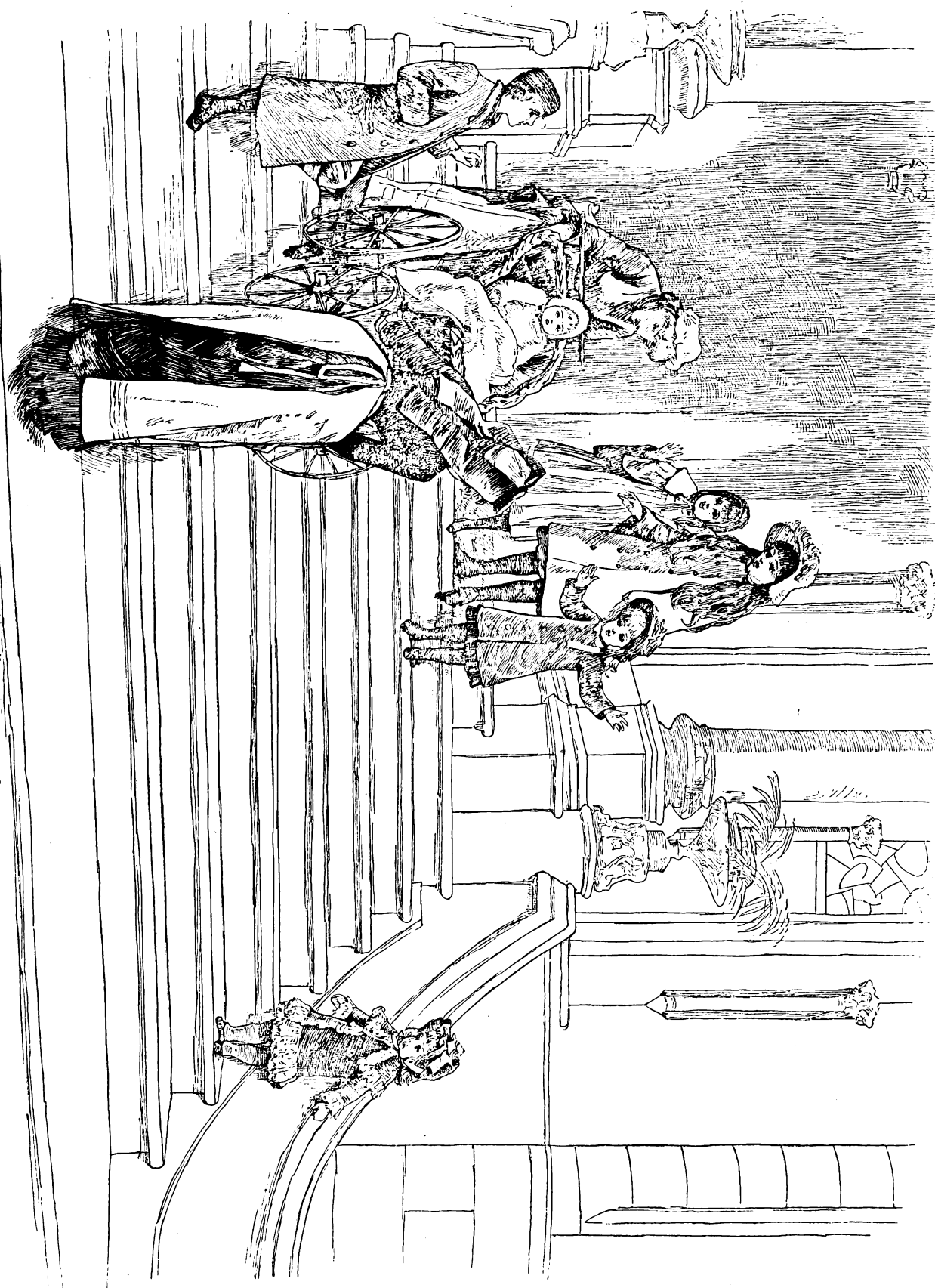
"An elephant of beautiful color; hair, nails, and eyes are white. Perfection in form, with all signs of regularity of the high family. The color of the skin is that of lotus. A descendant of the angel of the Brahmins. Acquired as property by the power and glory of the King for his service. Is equal to the crystal of the highest value. Is of the highest family of elephants of all in existence. A source of power of attraction of rain. It is as rare as the purest crystal of the highest value in the world."

The Siamese regard the white elephant not only as a beast of great value, and one which brings all kinds of good fortune to the King and the people, but also as a sacred creature, representing all that is holiest in their religion. Mr. Bock tells us that even before this one was baptized, and before the evil spirits were washed out of him, his attendants treated him with the greatest respect, getting down on their knees and folding their hands when they went up to him.

Not long after all this parade took place an English circus came to the Siamese capital, and, for the sake of making a joke, the clown brought in what appeared to be a snow-white elephant. The beast had been taught to do many tricks, and while he was performing, the clown made a good many poor jests, making the whole thing a mockery of the religion of the Siamese. At first the people all supposed that the elephant really was perfectly white, and therefore the most wonderful beast in the world, for, as I have told you, no really white elephant was ever seen. But presently it was noticed that whatever the elephant touched became white, and finally one of the clowns rubbed his nose against the animal. When he raised his head his face was white, and everybody saw that the beast was only a common elephant chalked all over.

It was a very poor joke at best, and as the people present all regarded the white elephant as sacred, it naturally hurt their feelings. They felt that the circus people were making fun of their religion, which was a very rude and insulting thing to do. But they said nothing, being satisfied to keep solemnly silent when they were expected to laugh. Not long afterward the elephant died, and so did the owner of the show, and the Siamese were sure that his death was a punishment for mocking their religion.





"MAKE WAY FOR THE KING!"—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

## ON A REFRIGERATOR.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

IT was Bern Cartney's first visit to New York. He and his mother had come down from their home in the North to spend a fortnight with some relatives in Connecticut, and now the two were on a day's shopping excursion to the metropolis.

"I don't think the horse-cars are as nice as the Boston ones," remarked Bern, critically, as they entered one of the large dry-goods stores; "but it's great fun to watch the elevated railroad."

Indeed, Bern had kept his eyes so steadily fixed on the trains passing back and forth between himself and the sky that he had no means left of guarding against collisions with lamp posts, telegraph poles, and show-cases on the earth.

"Now, Bernie," said Mrs. Cartney, as they left the bewildering, bustling shop, "I'm going to a dressmaker's next, and as I can't leave you anywhere, you'll have—"

"Oh, please just let me stand on the sidewalk here, where I can watch the trains!" eagerly broke in Bern. "I'll stay right on this very stone till you come back."

"No, indeed," returned his mother, as she halted under an awning a minute to think. "How could I tell one stone from another? Besides, you're tired enough to sit down, I fancy."

"Why, here's just the thing!" cried Bern, suddenly, as he perched himself on the lid of a small refrigerator that stood on the sidewalk in front of a furnishing store. "I can see the cars splendidly from here, and won't stir till you come."

"But perhaps they'd object," began Mrs. Cartney. Just then the proprietor came out to ask how he could serve her.

"Let me see," she replied, as she glanced around the shop. "Oh yes. I want a rolling-pin. You remember, Bernie, your aunt Jane spoke about needing a new one yesterday."

So the purchase was made, and confided to Bern's keeping, and then Mrs. Cartney asked if he might sit on the refrigerator for about twenty minutes, while she went around the corner.

"Well," was the response, "I've no objection, if he keeps his feet still and doesn't kick the paint off."

Bern promised to sit like a statue, and having received many injunctions from Mrs. Cartney not to move until she returned, he swung himself up on the lid again, and watched his mother disappear in the crowd. Just then two trains whizzed by overhead, and when that double excitement was over, a street band began playing at the corner. The last compelled Bern to exercise great strength of will in order to prevent his heels from keeping time against the refrigerator.

A balky car-horse furnished the next interesting event; but as the animal had chosen to take his stand about half a square away, Bern was again compelled to exercise a great deal of self-denial in order to stick to his ice-chest.

"Hullo! Come off of that!"

Bern brought his eyes back from the middle of the block to find a ragged newsboy addressing him.

"What do you want?" he inquired, politely.

"Why, I want yer ter git down from that 'ere 'frigerator," went on the young New-Yorker. Then noticing Bern's good clothes, which very likely held plenty of pocket-money, he continued, in a lower tone, "I was knocked off with boxed ears last week, so you'd better gimme two cents for tellin' yer, an' slip down easy 'fore the—"

"Fire! fire!"

The last two words came in loud tones from a man who rushed out of the next store with the dread cry, and leaving Bern completely mystified, the newsboy tore off to the alarm-box.

If the country boy had thought the streets crowded on ordinary occasions, his breath was almost taken away by the throngs that now swarmed on the sidewalk.

"Where is it?"

"How big?"

"Call the engines!"

These cries, with the everlasting "*Fire! fire!*" made the scene as confusing for the ear as for the eye; but Bern never stirred from the refrigerator.

"I'll be like the boy on the burning deck," he resolved, as the clanging bells of the fire-engines added their terrors to the hour.

Such a galloping of horses, scattering of people, and puffing of smoke as there was!

"Oh, how will mother ever be able to get to me?" thought Bern. "And if I leave the refrigerator, how'll I ever get to her? I don't know where the dressmaker lives, and—" But at this point in his reflections the boy's whole attention became absorbed in dodging the burning brands that began to fall about him, and in gazing at the sheets of flame pouring from the windows of the house next door.

Still he never made a motion to leave the place, not even when the clerks began to rush back and forth carrying things out of the store.

"Mother may come back any minute, and she must find me here on this lid; so I'll stay as long as the refrigerator does," was his resolve.

Brighter and fiercer grew the flames, thicker fell the cinders, and faster ran the clerks, until finally Bern expected that they would carry the refrigerator off from under him.

But just as he became nearly frightened to death by a shower of sparks and a brand that first struck the refrigerator and then fell to the ground near his feet, he heard some one shout out that the wind had changed. Then somebody else announced that the fire was under control, and before very long the last spark had been quenched.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, the engines departed, pale women regained their color, and everybody began to wonder for how much the property had been insured. Meanwhile Bern sat there patiently on the ice-chest, rolling-pin in hand, wondering what had become of his mother. He could see by the clock in the store that it was after twelve, and he was sure she had left him before eleven.

He had lost his interest in the elevated trains, there was not even a hand-organ to divert him, and, worse than all, he was growing terribly hungry.

"Mother said we'd go to a restaurant as soon as she came back," he reflected. "Oh dear! why didn't I go with her to the dressmaker's and sit on the steps, even if it was in a side street without any cars to watch?"

It was as much as he could do to keep from kicking the refrigerator in his impatience. The clerks in the store went out by turns to get their lunch, and at five minutes to one the proprietor hurried home to dinner, and there were still no signs of Mrs. Cartney.

"What if she's been run over?" thought Bern, with a shudder, and he suddenly became possessed with a wild desire to rush off somewhere and find out. But then she might come while he was gone.

"If this was only a corner grocery, I might buy an apple or something," and Bern sighed as he looked at the rolling-pin, so suggestive of Aunt Jane's famous pies.

The next moment a horrible thought struck him. Perhaps his mother had forgotten where the furnishing store was! It was quite possible, as she had not been in New York before in years.

If the refrigerator had been filled with ice, Bern could not have been more chilled than he was by suspense, doubts, surmises, and dread anticipations. What would become of him, alone—

"Bernie!"



It was Mrs. Cartney's voice, and by her side stood a policeman.

"Have—have you been arrested?" faltered Bern, clinging tightly to her arm.

"Arrested!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, I've had the police out looking for you. Where have you been all this time?"

"Just sitting on this refrigerator, as you told me to."

"But I thought the whole place was afire when I turned into the avenue, and I was half wild about you, so I went straight to the station-house. I've been to the dry-goods store, the railroad depot, and then I thought I might find you somewhere near the ruins, if the fire was over."

"I guess you forgot about the boy on the burning deck," said Bern, as they went off to lunch.

## THE LARK-MIRROR.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

IT seems strange at first thought that any one should take pains to compass the death of a skylark. But when that little bird, charming as he is, comes in huge flocks and settles down upon freshly seeded fields, the simple farmer's feelings toward him are very far from amiable.

So it happens that in France the farmers wage war upon the skylark, and the victims are sent to the Paris markets, and make their last appearance as a dainty dish on the Parisian's table.

One of the methods employed for taking these birds is very curious. It is called a lark-mirror, which word, indeed, well describes it, for it is a looking-glass. In form it varies with different makers and in different parts of the country.

One kind—and the principle is the same in all—is of the shape of a mushroom, and is studded all over with little bits of looking-glass. This mushroom-shaped head has a shank corresponding to the stalk of a mushroom, in which a hole is bored, so that it may fit on to a spindle, on which it turns. The spindle is, of course, very nearly as large as the hole in the shank, but lower down it is wider, and then a little lower down it tapers to a point, so that it may be driven into the ground.

The fowler fastens a string to the shank of the mushroom-shaped head, winding a few feet of the string around the shank. Then he retires to his hiding-place, about thirty yards distant, taking with him the other end of the string attached to the lark-mirror. After a while a flock of larks is seen coming over, and the fowler begins to pull the string, which, of course, unwinds itself from the shank, setting the mirror twirling gayly. And when the string has unwound itself the mirror still continues to twirl, and so it naturally winds the string up again. Thus the fowler has only to keep pulling the string toward himself, letting it go slack again when it is all unwound, and the mirror will continue to revolve.

Soon the flock of larks spy out the mirror twinkling upon the ground, and they swoop down upon it, and play around it, pecking at it with eager curiosity. They little know that this brilliant plaything is a snare for their destruction, and that the fowler has his hand on a string that will pull a net over them. This, at least, is what the old-time fowlers did when the lark-mirror was surrounded by the birds. In later times the double-barrelled gun, with a heavy charge of snipe-shot, has taken the place of the net, but the change is not in favor of the larks.

By beginning pretty early in the morning a big "bag" may be made before noon, especially in the autumn months, when the larks are packed together in flocks. It is not, however, sport, and is only resorted to because the lark is one of the worst of the pests that keep the farmer in a constant state of grumble.

Several ingenious ideas have been advanced to give a

reason why the lark thus flies to the mirror and to destruction. Some say that the bird mistakes the glittering of the little bits of mirror for running water, and alights to drink. Others hold that as the lark is fond of the sunlight (as is shown by his soaring so high up into the sky on a clear day), he mistakes the mirror for another sun; but this theory gives the poor bird credit for so little sense that it is not worth considering. Still other naturalists think that when the lark sees the glittering bits of glass from far up in the heavens he takes them for dew-drops, and descends to pick up the early worm that is likely to be about such a tempting-looking spot.

It is not probable, however, that any one of these reasons is the real one, and it is very probable that the motive that prompts him to come within reach of the fowler's snare and deadly gun is one that brings many of us, who are older and wiser, into trouble, namely, curiosity.

## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH THE WILD DOGS.

THEY trudged slowly on again until they thought they must be close to the farther end of the land, when they found progress interrupted by a low headland of rocks partly covered by the brush of a fallen tree-top. In trying to get past it they became entangled in the branches, and Tug said he "lowed they'd have to light the lantern."

With great care, therefore—for matches were precious—this was done, and its rays at once showed them that they were not the first persons who had been there that night. Branches were freshly broken, and the snow was trampled. They set up a combined shout (and bark) as soon as this was perceived, but nothing came back except the dull echo of their voices and the rustle of the sleet and snow among the leafless and dripping branches.

"Well," said Tug, when he realized this, "our cue is to follow the tracks anyhow."

Crushing through the branches, they saw that the tracks, which had approached from the other side of the rocks and brush, led them to the trunk of the tree, and that then Aleck (if, indeed, it were he who had made them) had walked along the trunk toward its roots. Of course they followed, Tug going ahead with the lantern; but when they arrived at the great base of upturned roots they could not see where Aleck had leaped off, or that he had leaped off at all. On one side the snow lay smooth and untouched; on the other, close under and around the mass of dead roots, was a little thicket of low bushes and a shoulder of black rock. Beyond these the snow had not been disturbed.

This was very mysterious, and chilled their hearts with a nameless fear. They came close together on the high log, and talked almost in whispers. Jim held Tug's arm with both hands, and trembled so that his teeth chattered, and the tears rolled down his cheeks; while Tug himself, old and brave and strong as he was, was so scared (as he often said afterward) that every creak and moan of the laboring ice-coated trees seemed a frightful voice, and all the flitting lights and shadows cast by their lantern among the dark trunks and swaying hemlock branches took on shapes that it chilled his blood to look at. Even Rex seemed to catch the panic, and cowered at their feet with bristling hair.

There had been only a moment of this helpless, causeless terror—and no doubt they would quickly have thrown

it off—when they were roused by a real danger, which they knew in an instant. All ghosts and goblins, forms and voices, vanished at once, for they heard the wolfish howl of the dreaded dogs.

"Only mastiffs or hounds," you may exclaim, "such as we pass on the street every day, and babies play with, rolling over and on them unharmed!"

Very true; but these dogs had become savage again by their wild life; and no traveller in his sledge on the steppes of Siberia, or postman belated in the Black Forest at New-Year, was ever in more danger from wolves than were these two lads from the dogs, if the animals chose to attack them. Perhaps they had not yet been

ness of their cries, to which Rex bravely responded; and it was not long before they heard them crashing through the underbrush, and saw their eyes—fiery pairs of dots which reflected the fire-light in flashes of green or red—though the forms of the savage animals were hidden in the gloom.

Tug had hastily lopped off a young sapling and trimmed it into a long rough club, which he now held in the fire, in hope that the green wood would get hardened, or perhaps even ablaze. Jimmy clutched the hatchet tightly in his right hand, and his open jackknife in his left, while Rex bristled and barked. All the goblin fright had vanished, and the boys no longer trembled because sleet and



"JIM GOT IN AT LEAST ONE GOOD BLOW."

quite long enough in the wilderness to have overcome their once well-learned fear of men, and so would hesitate to attack, in open fight, the beings that heretofore had been their masters; but this was all the hope the boys could have.

"The dogs!" cried Jim, in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes," said Tug, through his teeth. "Here! give me the lantern, quick: we must have a fire."

The tangle of dead roots was quite dry, and kindled easily when the lantern candle was held against it, so that it was scarcely a minute before a bright blaze was crackling.

That moment had been enough, however, for the near approach of the dogs, as they knew by the increasing loud-

wind made uncanny noises, or the fire-light seemed to summon eldritch forms from the aisles of darkness between the hemlocks.

There seemed to be three of the fierce brutes, and they stopped as they came in sight of the fire and the group ready to receive them; but after a short pause the largest dog, with a tremendous bark, rushed forward, the others following savagely at his heels. Rex was crouching and ready, and before either of the boys could seize his collar he had sprung to meet his foes, and had gone down under their combined weight.

It was one of the strangest dog-fights known to history, and had the strangest end. In his broad collar, his long hair, and his greater health the Newfoundland had



the advantage; but he was one and his foes were three, and they had no chivalrous ideas of fairness or mercy in a fight, but were savages bent not only upon the death of their victim, but upon tearing him in pieces and devouring him afterward.

No sooner did Tug see Rex leap, and perceive the charge upon him, than he shouted "Give it to 'em!" and sprang into the snow, punching the nearest brute, bayonet fashion, with the hot tip of his sapling spear, while Jim got in at least one good blow with his hatchet. It sank almost to the haft in the neck of the nearest dog, and he dropped dead with scarcely a shudder.

Meeting this unexpected resistance, so determined, fiery (Tug's sapling bore a little streamer of flame, like the banner on the head of a Cossack's lance), and so fatal to one of their number, the two remaining dogs were abashed, and let go of Rex, intending to fight with their human assailants. But they had no time to make the change. Seeing that he must follow up his advantage, Tug charged again, and fairly put the startled brutes to flight by the combined force of his yells and his blazing bayonet, backed by Jim and his terrible hatchet.

When the boys saw that the dogs had really run away, they turned to look after their own brave ally, but he was nowhere to be seen, though the blazing stump lit up the whole scene of the battle.

"Why, where's Rex?" they asked one another, and called and whistled. Could he have fled into the forest? Impossible. Hark! was not that a faint whine?—and another?

"Do you think he can be dying, and has hid himself in the brush?" asked Jim. "They say wounded animals do do that."

"Looks like it," Tug admitted. "Here, *Rex!*"

A more distinct yelp, as though the dog was in pain, came to their ears, and they began to search in all the shadowy places.

"Poke up the fire a bit, Jimmy—let's have a little more light," Tug said.

Jim hastened to follow out this suggestion, and in doing so entered the little thicket which I have mentioned between the shoulder of rock and the log. Suddenly he pitched almost headlong into a dark hollow. He drew back hastily, but as he did so, parting the bushes, he heard Rex's yelping come plainly up from beneath the ground.

"Hello! Rex has fallen down a hole," he exclaimed. "Come here, Tug!"

Sure enough, there was the mouth of a pit, how deep they could not tell, though they could see the Newfoundland's eyes shining at what did not seem so very great a distance.

"Why, Rex, old fellow, are you hurt?" they said; and the dog answered by a short bark, which ended in a pitiful whine of pain.

"Get the lantern, Jim; we must try to see what kind of a place this is; and look out where you step. This is a cave country, as I told you awhile ago. You may fall through 'most anywhere in this darkness."

The lantern was brought, and tied on the end of a pole with a handkerchief. Rex began to utter a series of peculiar, short, sharp barks when he saw the light descending, and they knew he was dancing about by the way his eyes moved.

When about twelve feet of the pole had been lowered the lantern rested on the bottom, and by its faint glow Rex could be seen standing on his legs and apparently not much hurt.

"There's something else down there that Rex seems to bother himself about a good deal," reported Jim, who was lying down and peering over the edge. "Move the lantern this way a little. It looks— Oh, Tug, it's a man!—it's Aleck, and he's dead!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### THE SPRINKLING-POT.

**S**PRING, Spring, you darling thing,  
Look out with your sprinkling-pot;  
Drop your showers upon the flowers,  
But don't wet little Tot.

#### FEEDING THE HEN.

**W**HEN Henny-penny staid at home,  
She had enough for six;  
When naughty Henny dared to roam,  
They chased her back with sticks.

So all good chicks must mind her fate:  
If on a sweet spring day  
They wander through the garden gate,  
They may come home this way.



THE LITTLE MOTHER.

Now, hush-a-bye, dollie, and put down your head;  
It's time 'till dirls were all safe in their bed.  
And I've been so dweffully busy to-day,  
I am half as'leep now, and you're dust full of play.  
P'lease hush-a-bye, baby, my own pweicious pearl,  
Shut up your eyes tight, like a love of a dirl.

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

AMERICAN Ornithologists' Union. My older boys and girls can easily read this long name, but the little ones will have to spell it out. Then they will say, "Please tell us what it means." It means this, little readers. A number of gentlemen have formed themselves into a society or club for the purpose of watching the ways of birds, and they want everybody to help them, so that they may collect all the useful facts about the dear feathered friends that they possibly can. Observers all over the country are wanted, just such bright-eyed observers as my girls and boys, to watch the robins, mocking-birds, bluebirds, wrens, redstarts, martins, swallows, chewinks, cedar-birds, finches, linnets, and a host of other birds, to tell when they appear in the spring, what sort of nests they make, when they fly away in the autumn, and whatever else may be noticed about their habits and their songs.

Also the date at which the first frog is heard, the date at which the first toad is seen, and the first tree-toad heard, the dates of the flowering of various plants, etc.

Those who wish to receive circulars giving full information may apply to Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Chairman of Committee on Migration, Locust Grove, Lewis County, New York.

The Postmistress hopes that you will all read and think about this paragraph.

NEWTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am nearly ten years old, and live in Newton, North Carolina. I attend Catawba College, and my papa is one of the teachers. A friend sends us *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I thought I would write to you about the awful cyclone that struck our town last evening at six o'clock. The hail-stones were as large as a man's fist, and the hurricane was fearful, but it lasted but a minute. The college was unroofed, and some of the tin carried half a mile—some is hanging in trees and some piled on the ground in the yard. Papa's house and thirty-five or forty other dwellings are unroofed or in utter ruin—some felled to the ground, and some beyond repairing. Some of the people were taken from under the fallen

buildings badly wounded, but as yet no one has died. We expected instant death, and were so thankful when it was over, and we were safe, that we would not have murmured if it had taken everything we had. The Methodist church is utterly demolished, and the planing-mills and foundry flat on the ground, and the cemetery is awfully torn up. I hope never to be in another cyclone. Every man who can drive a hammer is at work to-day trying to get on roofs before it rains. There have been some killed by the cyclone in our county, but none in town, and it seems like a miracle. All the best timber in the path of the cyclone was uprooted, and fences and barns blown away. But my letter is getting too long. I thought the little readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* would like to hear about it, and if you think so, please print it.

HELEN L. F.

I read in the daily papers a description of that appalling wind-storm, and wondered at the time if any of my children were exposed to its fury. I print the accompanying note from Helen's mother.

Helen's letter contains a truthful account of the terrible cyclone which has just visited us, and which simply baffles description, coming as it did with its peculiar grinding noise, its funnel shape, its boring auger-like movement, and its terrible destruction.

POINT SAL RANCHO, CALIFORNIA.

I live on a large ranch in southern California. My father has a stock ranch, and I ride horse-back almost all the time. Two weeks ago I went eight miles over the mountains to look for a stray heifer. I found her, but she was so wild and fierce I could not drive her home. It was after sunset. I was coming down a steep mountain. I turned into the road, and overtook one of father's teams. The rain had washed the roads away. Out of the road the green grass was very slippery. The team kept going faster and faster. One wheel-horse fell down, and the rest dragged him. The teamster was so frightened he did not know what he was doing, and I caught them. This is not the first accident, nor the last either. I have a pretty colt that I broke myself; her name is Fanny, and she is one year and a half old; she is large, and a fast trotter. The other day she bucked me off; I was on bare-back, though. She is very quick, but don't try to throw me now. Father has a camp ten miles down the coast. The boys are putting in grain. I went and staid two weeks there, and cooked for them. They were glad to see me, for they never cooked any dinner; they ploughed all day hungry. At night the coyotes barked and yelled all around our camp. One coyote makes as much noise as six noisy dogs. You could hardly hear yourself think. One of the vaqueros saw six deer and little fawns in the sand hills. We had a pet deer, and his name was Major. He was a beauty, but one night he died. He ate anything, but liked plums and milk the best. When deer are young they have light spots on them, and the wild animals can not scent them. When they are about six months old the spots come off, and then they can run very fast. The grass and wild flowers are very pretty now. We never have snow, and seldom ice or frost. I have seen snow only once in my life. I thought it was so pretty I put some in my mail to take home, and I was surprised to find, when I reached there, only a few straws floating in water. I am thirteen years old, and like the *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much.

FLORENCE A. C.

MORRISBURG, CANADA.

Not long ago I observed a letter from a little girl in California, telling about a cyclone. We all thought it was dreadful. I am thankful we don't live in a country where they have such horrid winds. We are ninety-five miles west from Montreal, in a cozy little village on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence, which is the nicest river in the world; its water is as clear as crystal. Opposite the village there is an island, where we cross in row-boats, or we can take the ferry, and go across and back for five cents. We go in the morning, take our lunch, and stay all day, coming home for tea. It is a splendid place for boating, fishing, bathing, and hunting. Occasionally you see a tent, as here and there people camp out for a week or ten days on that island and other islands also. My sister Ida is at school at Ville Marie Convent, situated on the mountain in Montreal.

BENEDICT MCD.

GUM SPRINGS, LOUISIANA.

I am a little girl living in Louisiana. On the banks of the Red River there are large cotton plantations. The cotton begins to open in August, and from September until January the fields are white and perfectly beautiful. A great many of the places on the river were overflowed, but as we live in the hills we did not have all the fun that Charley R. II., at Marietta, Ohio, had.

We have a great many kinds of fruit up here in northern Louisiana. The apple, peach, pear, and plum are the principal ones. The grape, walnut, hickory-nut, blackberry, pecan, wild plums, persimmons, and chinquapins grow in the wild woods.

But with all this nice fruit I would like to have some of the fine skating and sleigh-riding that some of the little boys and girls write about. We had some ice this year in stagnant water, but it was not thick enough to stand on. My sisters, a little boy that lives here, and myself, used to call our little puppy, named Duke, and slide him across the pond, which is not very wide or deep. A few yards to the northwest of the house there is a low place that fills with water after a rain, and to-night the frogs are having a concert out there. Did you ever hear a frog croak? I think it sounds so lonely.

Have any of you sent for Vick's *Floral Guide* that was advertised in No. 225? I have sent for it to-day, and mentioned *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I expect also to send for some of Vick's flower seeds, as I am very fond of pretty flowers. I admire almost every green leaf or shrub that grows; in fact, I love nature in all its various hues and forms, from the gigantic oak, "the king of the forest," to the timid violet that hides itself in the fence corners.

We like the "Sick Dolls' Fair" and "Barnacles" very much. That was just like the boys, wanting to get into the fair without paying, but I think I should have let Charley, Harry, and Ralph in to help. I wonder how their concert ended? I am impatient to get the next number to find out.

We are trying to write in a new way, by just letting the two fingers of the right hand touch and the elbow a little elevated, so my words run in every direction, and I can not keep them straight. Good-bye.

EVA K.

## FOUR DAYS ON AN ISLAND.

It was on the morning of August 16, 1883, that two boys, Tom and Ernest, went down to the river. The tide was high and the current very slow, and we were longing for a boat and a row. But we had to content ourselves with pulling in an old boat of Mr. Westbrook's, which would have been floating down the stream in five minutes if we had not saved it. We got some nice chocolate creams as our reward.

That afternoon we decided to ask our mamma if we might go on a cruise. They said we might, if a certain young minister who was staying at the hotel would go with us. On Saturday morning we asked this gentleman, Mr. Matthews, if he would go; he said he would. Tom's brother Will also was to go with us. We started on Monday morning on our way to the river. The boat would not hold all safely, so Tom's mother got an old horse (thirty-five years of age) and a wagon from the hotel, and Tom and Ernest rode in that to where they were to join Will and Mr. Matthews at the island.

We will describe the place where they are going, an island on the Upper Delaware, four miles from Dingman's Ferry, where the boys are spending the summer. Opposite the island is Van Auker's house, and the famous Cave Bank is one mile below, and one mile below is another large island. Now we know how the boys are situated.

After some difficulty we all reached the island. But no sooner had we got there than it began to rain, so we went to work at once and commenced to put up our tent, which was constructed by cutting two fork-like sticks, which we planted in the ground about ten feet apart; then we cut a straight pole, which went from fork to fork; then we stretched the canvas across the straight pole, making the front in the shape of a triangle. The rain had nearly stopped by this time, so we had our lunch.

In the afternoon two men who were hunting came on the island, and they told us where we could find a good spring of water on the opposite bank. We soon got a pail of good water, and our visitors left us. Then we made our table and a fire-place. Then Mr. Matthews told each of us what we were to do. Ernest was to wash the dishes; all were to join in catching fish and other work; Will was to clean the fish; Mr. Matthews and Tom were to do the cooking. We got some hay and put it in the bottom of the tent, and we had blankets to lay over it for our beds. For supper we had broiled squirrel, potatoes, and coffee. After supper we went into the tent, and Mr. Matthews told us stories and showed us tricks. We had a good night's rest.

The next morning was very pleasant. We soon caught a nice lot of fish for our breakfast. Soon after breakfast we went out on an exploring expedition. In the afternoon Mr. Matthews and Tom went out by themselves to look for supplies. Will went over to the Van Auker house for some milk. He started at half past five, and never got back until seven o'clock. Mr. Matthews was very much frightened, but as Will took the boat, we could not go after him. He got stuck on a sand bar, and had a hard time to get off.

Next morning Ernest's sister came up with a party of girls to see how the boys enjoyed camping on an island. While there they were stung by hornets. They soon left. We all laughed heartily at their misfortune. That night we burned out the nest.

Thursday was the day for going home. But before we broke up camp Tom and Ernest went to visit the Raymond Kill Falls, which is about half a mile away. At 11 A. M. Tom's father came for us. Tom went in the wagon, Will, Ernest,



and Mr. Matthews in the boat. We got back all right. The cruise was a perfect success.  
DINGMAN'S FERRY, PENNSYLVANIA. P. P. F., JUN.

JAMESTOWN, NORTH CAROLINA.

I am a little girl twelve years old. I have a brother eleven and a sister six years old. I live in the country on a farm, help milk the cows, and cultivate the garden. I have some nice flowers, but no pets except three calves and fourteen lambs; they are all very pretty and playful. I go to school, and study grammar, arithmetic, reading, writing, and spelling. My papa takes *YOUNG PEOPLE* for me, and I like it very much. The stories are all so good, it is hard to tell which is the best. I also enjoy reading the letters in the Post-office Box.  
BERTHA E. H.

QUAKER CITY, OHIO.

I am a farmer's only son. I like the farm, because my father lets me have some stock. I have a yoke of oxen that will soon be two years old. I will get half the money when they are sold. My little friends and I had many a good time with them last summer; we would hitch them to the wagon that my father made me, and take a drive. I have six sheep and three lambs. My grandfather gave me a ewe lamb to start with. I sold three of the oldest ones, or else my flock would now have numbered twelve. My father gives me all the money for the wool, so that I buy my own clothes. My mother helps me manage them. Father thinks it a good way to let children have something of their own; it teaches them to make a start for themselves. My start came from a dollar in change given to me in 1876. I bought a half interest in a young calf; it was sold at three and a half years old, well fattened; it brought seventy-eight dollars when it was sold, half of which was mine. Twenty dollars of it bought for me a yoke of oxen, five dollars paid for a chain and the weaving of a piece of carpet for my room, three and a half dollars bought me a lounge, and then I had money left. I attend school six months in the year. Mother has promised me a nice present, when I am twenty-one years old, if I neither chew nor smoke; that will be in eight years from now.  
ISAAC A. H.

FOREST LAKE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a boy ten years old, and this is the fourth year I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE*; I have three volumes bound. I had fever and pneumonia last September, and it left my lungs very weak. It is now more than six months since I have been able to play out-doors like other boys; only when it is real pleasant I can ride a mile or two. I have a sled and a pair of skates, and hope to use them next winter. I have a brother Harry five years old, and a baby brother Selden. Papa sent and got the toy theatre he saw advertised in the paper for one of our Christmas presents, and Cousin Jane, Harry, and I have lots of fun playing *Robinson Crusoe*. I love to read, and have read a great many books since I was ill; among them was Cooper's "Leatherstocking" series, and I have since made a miniature yacht and named it *Natty Bumppo*. I like Oliver Optic's *Young America Abroad* very much; have just finished Thayer's *Youth's History of the Rebellion*, and think it very interesting. Sometimes, when I do not know what to do, I make up little stories, and mamma says I may send you one.  
WRIGHTIE G.

The story about King Winter, and how he was conquered by Princess Spring, is very pretty. I hope you will grow quite strong again this summer.

#### NESTLINGS.

Out beside a country fence,  
In amidst the daisies dense,  
In the clover, sweet and warm,  
Every year three birds are born.

Little nest of hair and clover,  
Neatly, softly covered over  
With a bed of downy feathers,  
Which a father bird hath gathered.

Pretty little nestlings three,  
With a father and mother's care,  
Grew, thrived, and gained each day,  
Till at last they flew away.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

FANNY I. Y.

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—One cold, snowy day the expressman brought us a little box with two holes cut in it, and I don't believe you can guess what was inside. A tiny little alligator! At first we thought he was dead, because he was so stiff and cold; but we put him in some warm cotton, and laid him in front of the fire. After a few hours he thawed, and stretched his skinny little paws, and now he is as lively and frisky as anything. He came from Florida. Isn't he a funny pet? I am seven years old, and my name is  
EDWIN B. K.

HILLHURST, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

As there is vacation in school, and I have to stay in-doors on account of a deep snow, I think that I can employ my time nicely by writing to you. Our ever-welcome "chinook" has come at

last, and the snow is fast disappearing. Perhaps some of the little readers do not know the meaning of the word chinook; it is the native Indian name of a warm south wind that always brings rain. If this letter is published I will write again, and tell about my visit to the hop yards in Payalup Valley last fall. With good wishes to the little readers and our dear Postmistress,  
ANNA I. H.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have never written to you before, because this is my first attempt with ink. I am the only little girl my mamma ever had, but I have a brother older than I. I am eight years old. I have a dear friend and playmate; her name is Rosie G.; she lives in the same house with me, and we go to school together, and we are never angry. My auntie brings me the *YOUNG PEOPLE* every Tuesday evening. My aunt L. works in Harper's establishment, and she will see this. I love to read *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I hope that I will write you a much neater letter the next time.  
MAGGIE H.

This was very well written for a first effort with pen and ink.

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little boy ten years old, and go to school, and study spelling, geography, reading, grammar, and arithmetic. I have but one pet now, which is a turtle, and have had it three years. He looks very cunning when he catches flies. My brother had two land-turtles, but he does not expect to see them again. I had two white mice, but they did not live very long. I think "The Lost City" and "The Ice Queen" are very good. I had a nice white goat that we could harness up to my express wagon, and he would pull it very swiftly. Good-by.  
FREDERIC G.

FORT GRATIOT, MICHIGAN.

We have a good view of Lake Huron where we live, and we go bathing there in the summer. We had a big storm on the lake last year, and many vessels were wrecked, but no lives were lost. I have a canary-bird named Charley, and he sings very sweetly.  
FRED B.

ODELL, ILLINOIS.

Although I am almost nineteen, I do not think myself too old to take an interest in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. My brother and I played "The Star Game of Chronology" a long time one day, and I thought if it were pasted on pasteboard it would be much more durable. So I asked Rob's permission, and cut out the chart; then I got some old book covers, and pasted the chart on one side, and on the other a paper on which I had written the directions for playing the game, for I hated to cut *YOUNG PEOPLE* more than was necessary. Then I made some manikins of wood, and stuck some pieces of an "invisible" hair-pin into them. I made a tiny bag to put them in, so they would not get lost, and fastened it to one corner of the board. To the opposite corner I fastened a little book and pencil to keep tally with. Then I closed the book covers, and fastened them together with a fancy string, and the game-board was complete. I sent for another copy of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I am going to fix a game for my cousin. I think it is a very useful one. I had almost forgotten my United States history, but from playing the "Star Game" I have been learning the Presidents over again. Events referred to in the "grand circle" I have looked up. From an  
ELDER SISTER.

STREUBENVILLE, OHIO.

I go to school, and am in No. Seven. I like school very much. Papa is superintendent of the schools. I have two little brothers—Earl and Clark. I am nine years old. We have ten months of school every year. I have gone to school three years. Earl is five years old, and Clark is three. I liked, especially, "Bertie's Box" and "The Lost City." We live out of town, and have lots of fun. I am in Long Division. There are thirty-nine scholars in my room; it is in the basement, and on rainy days we can hardly see. We are being examined in arithmetic to-day. We have two schools now in town, and are building two more. I take German lessons, and am in the first class.  
HARRY M.

Make haste and get promoted out of the dark class-room.

Winnie M.: I am very sorry you dropped the pretty egg-shell just after you had finished painting it. Did you cry? I am afraid I should have shed two or three tears had I been you.—Can any one tell Sue D. T. who is the author of a poem entitled "An Ancient Toast"?—Gertrude and Willie M.: I was glad to hear from you. Your hills will be looking lovely soon.—Emma Isabella M.: You deserve great praise for practicing so faithfully on the guitar.—Lucy P., Maud M., Lillie S. S., Nellie M. W., Robbie R. L., Willie M. P., Sadie M. C., Georgie S., Maynard N. C., Eddie G., John E. W., E. G. S., Fred F., Addie C., Charlie F., Marie S. C., Harry B., Otis L. B., Fred G.,

Agnes N., Effie W. C., Newell H., Julia F. B., Louie Van W., Lottie P., J. B. O., Maud Melissa P., Helen S., Ida M. B., Johnny C. C., Laura H. H., Donald B., Julia L. B., M. S. P., Etta E. C., A. K., Winifred W., Willis S. R., Philip C., Grace L. H., Harry J. N., George G. F., Charlie E. P., Helen S., Laura B. R., Ralph W. H., Nellie L., Ray C., Flora F., Ruby A., S. A. C., Kenneth E., Eddy R., and George S.: All of you, dear girls and boys, must believe that I am interested in your studies, your plays, and your many pets. Some of you wrote in pencil. When writing again please use ink. If you had the faintest idea of how many, many letters I receive every week you would see just how it is that I can do no more than mention your names in this way. As I notice here only the best of the great budget which can not be published, little folk will understand that the Postmistress tries to be fair to them all.—Mira S.: A kiss to you for the pussy-willows, dear.—Elder Sister: Will you kindly send me your full address?

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO SQUARE WORDS.

1.—1. A precious metal. 2. Above. 3. A river in Europe. 4. To attract.

DAMON and PYTHIAS.

2.—1. A handle. 2. A title. 3. An augury. 4. A turn.  
JOSEPH R. BOLTON.

No. 2.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters, and am something we all enjoy. One night a 10. 5. 16 made a 7, 1, 2, 3 to a neighboring hen 3, 15, 8, 6, 7, for he was very hungry, and wished he had a tender 4, 11, 13, 12, 13 of spring-chicken. 14, 2, 7 he did not find one, and went home sad. Poor 9, 10, 16! ALICE C.

No. 3.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pen, but not in ink.  
My second is in blue, but not in pink.  
My third is in roll, but not in cake.  
My fourth is in roast, but not in bake.  
My fifth is in silver, but not in gold.  
My sixth is in heat, but not in cold.  
My whole is a country of Asia old.

HARRY JOHNSON.

No. 4.

TWO CHARADES.

1.—My first is very apt to stick,  
My second you find at table;  
My whole is often near a rick,  
And sometimes in a stable.

BESSIE G.

2.—I saw my first go down the lane  
As slow as slow could be;  
I heard my second in the rain;  
My whole is in a tree.

MAGGIE G.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 231.

No. 1.—

A I  
A D A  
D A N A  
C A N A L  
M A N A W A  
A L A B A M A  
M A T T A W A N  
M A N A L A P A N

No. 2.—

J a m B  
I n v e n t o R  
M a n g O  
M i n n o W  
Y a w N

No. 3.—

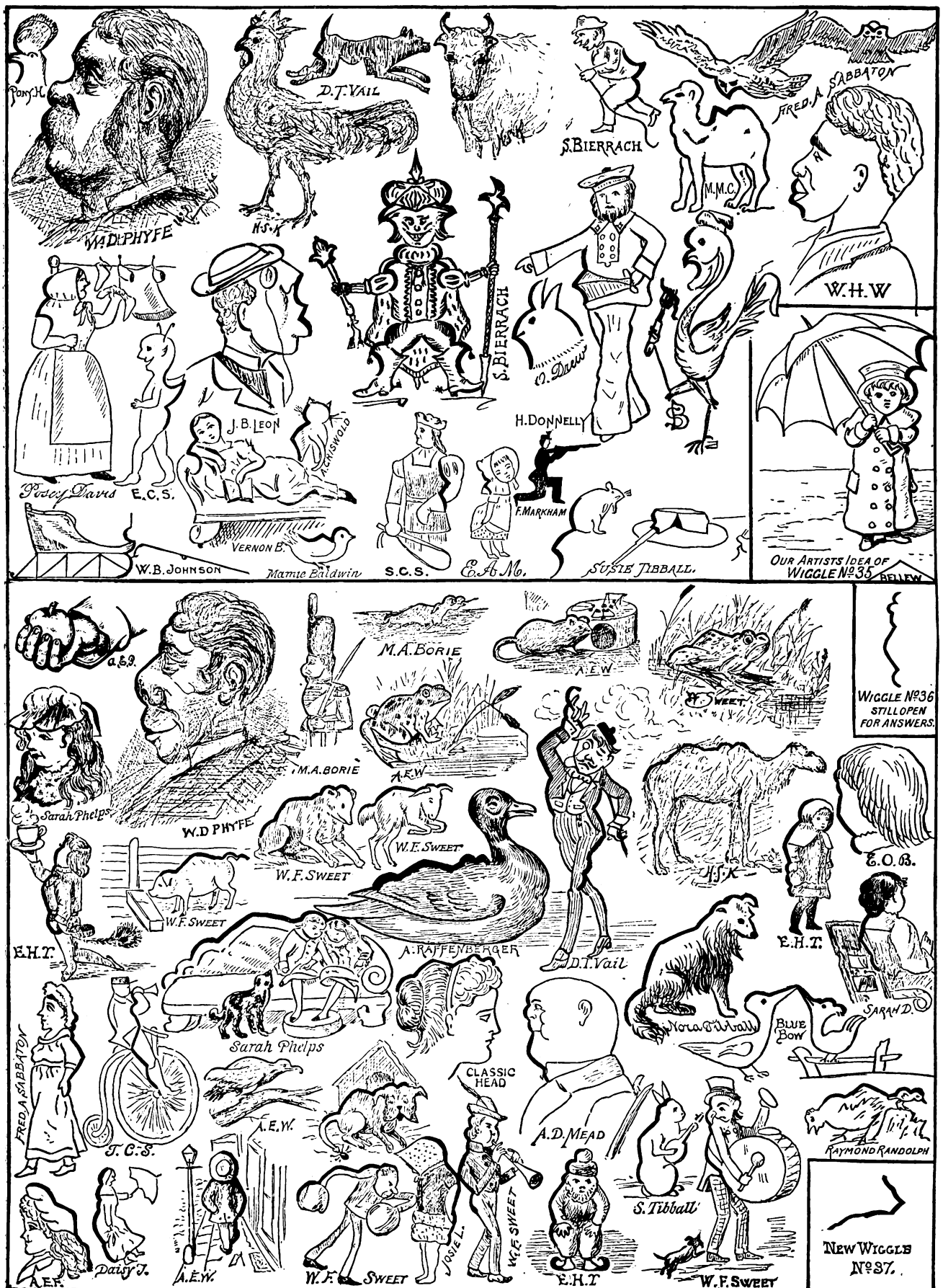
Wintergreen. Dusty Miller. Buttercup. Cowslip. Ivy. Larkspur. Marigold. Sweet-william. Dandelion. Monk's-hood. Deadly Nightshade. Daisy (Day's Eye). Solomon's Seal. Four-o'clock. Sweet-flag. Tulips (Two lips).

No. 4.—

H A I R  
A C R E  
I R O N  
R E N T

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Alma E. White, Edna H. Pearsall, Myrtle Pardee, Ida Emma Hequemour, M. K. Bolton, Nina T., Joseph R. Bolton, William J. Bolmer, Frieda Friefeld, G. A. Baldwin, Alice C. Mima Snow, Kittie Lucas, Albert Payson, Lucy Dix, Emma Danforth, Charles Hopper, John Jenkins, Lawrence Wheathedge, T. T. W., Fan Redding, T. Van Cleef, Dimple and Dotty, and G. W. Von Ettusay.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]





# HARPER'S

# YOUNG PEOPLE

## AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

VOL. V.—NO. 235.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Tuesday, April 29, 1884.

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\$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

### THE SIEGE OF TARRYTOWN.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

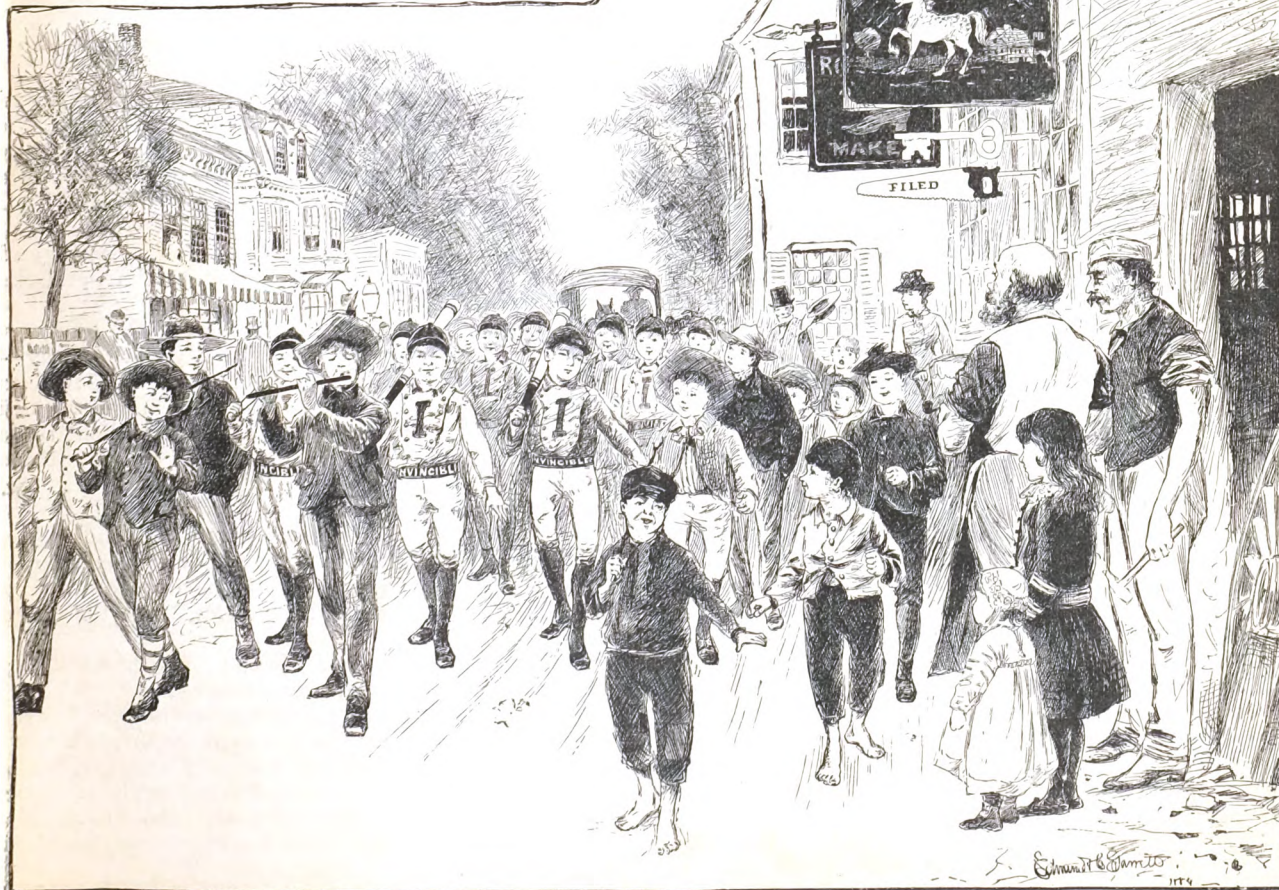
I.

**T**HE trouble began with the base-ball match. The Tarrytown Invincibles had a new uniform, red caps, gray shirts, and deep orange stockings, making them look wonderfully like a set of young Dorking roosters.

Before they had been a week in possession of their gay outfit they sent a challenge to the Mansfield Blues to play them for the championship, the prize to be a silver cup, given by the girls of Tarrytown. The proposal was received by the Blues with shouts of derision.

It was Ted Hamilton that brought the challenge to a meeting of the Nine held in his father's barn.

"Look here, fellows!" he said, holding up a long yellow envelope, bearing the stamp of the Tarrytown cracker factory on one corner. "What you s'pose the Tarrytown Invincibles are up to now? Want to play us for the championship!"



"LO! THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

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All sorts of whistles, scoffs, and jeers greeted the announcement.

"What's the prize?" inquired Bob Kingston, in the first lull.

"A silver cup, to be given by the girls of Tarrytown," read Ted, adding, in scornful tones. "I reckon it's the mug Johnny Farr eats his crackers and milk out of."

"What we want of a silver cup?" demanded Will Blanchard. "We've cut our teeth; the Invincibles better keep it!"

"No fun at all beating such a set of babies," said Jack Fuller.

"That's so, fellows," admitted Ted; "but then, you see, we want to play somebody, just to keep ourselves up, and there's nobody else now the Caxtons have broken up. Really, seems to me it would be a good idea to take these young chaps in hand and teach 'em a thing or two."

"So I say," put in Larry Howe; "and we can present the cup to somebody— orphan asylum or something."

"All right. But they must come down here to play. Their ground ain't worth anything."

"S'posin' they won't come?"

"Well, we might split the difference, and play on the Fair Grounds; that's about half-way."

"That's fair," decided the Blues.

The following day the challenge was accepted, and the Invincibles agreed to the conditions.

But when, on the appointed day, the little yellow-legged troop appeared, followed by a motley crowd of boys, and led by a fifer, who played "Lo! the conquering Hero comes," it was almost too much for the courtesy of the Blues, who were on hand to receive them.

It is not within the province of my story to describe the game that followed. Suffice it to say that, as it progressed, the disgust of the Blues was gradually exchanged for astonishment, and at its close they found themselves badly whipped by the "babies" they had despised.

Now, in anticipation of a very different result, the Blues had resolved to show their good manners by treating their beaten rivals with royal generosity. A committee had been appointed to escort them over town, and show them the two grand attractions of Mansfield—the Soldiers' Monument and the old Town-Hall. The one was a monument of the civil war, and the other a relic of old colonial times, still bearing under one weather-beaten gable the marks of British bullets, where a raiding party had vainly tried to shoot down the Federal flag that flaunted over their heads.

This old Town-Hall was the glory of Mansfield. To be sure, the village had left it quite on one side, but that was the fault of the railroad, which was not thought of in old colonial times. A Mansfield boy might forget to go after the cows, to bring in wood, or split kindlings, but never would he forget to boast of the Town-Hall, which kept its honorable scars in spite of wind and weather.

It may easily be imagined that the members of the committee of escort were not in an amiable frame of mind, but they fulfilled their duties to the letter. The lunch on the barn floor was a decided success, and so were the speeches that followed.

But at the Soldiers' Monument the Blues began to flag, and when the pitcher of the Invincibles asked some innocent question, Larry Howe retorted by calling him "Bubby."

This might have broken the peace, but fortunately the threatened storm passed over. When they reached the Town-Hall it was growing dusk, and the bullet marks under the gable were not quite so plain to be seen as the nose on your face, in spite of Jacob Fuller's assertion to that effect.

"Don't b'lieve they're bullet-holes 'tall," said Gray, of the Invincibles, tipping his short neck at such an angle that his red cap fell off, and was immediately stepped on—by accident.

"You don't, hey?" demanded Sam Andrews. "Well, that's about as much sense as I should expect from a cracked pitcher. Mebby you think they're fly-specks."

The "crack pitcher" of the Invincibles made no reply, except to say,

"Come on, fellows; I'm goin' up to see."

"Do, if you dare!" said Larry, who had been intrusted with the key.

The whole troop rushed pell-mell up the stairs to the gallery. Larry threw open the door to the belfry, and the Invincibles followed their leader up the rickety ladder, and out into the square inclosure from whose black beams the bell had once swung. Some of the boldest of them mounted into the gaping window-frames, and dangled their yellow legs outside.

Unfortunately for them, the historic gable was at the other end of the building. But the dauntless pitcher declared his intention to crawl out there over the roof, and immediately proceeded to put his purpose in execution.

He scrambled like a monkey along the steep slope, where the ridge-pole and the curled-up shingles gave him a tolerable footing. Some of the Blues from below felt themselves turning giddy as the venturesome youth slowly projected his head beyond the edge of the roof.

"No!" he shouted. "Just what I told you! Them bullet-holes? Not much!"

"What be they?" screamed the Invincibles from the belfry. "What made 'em?"

"Woodpeckers, yellow-hammers," answered Gray, turning cautiously to retrace his steps.

This was too much for Mansfield flesh and blood. Moved by one impulse, the Blues rushed down the ladder, and locked the door behind them. On the landing of the gallery stairs they sat down to consult.

"Open the door," demanded the Invincibles.

"Not till you apologize," said Larry, savagely. "Woodpecker holes, indeed! Just wish you'd been up there when them woodpecker holes was made."

## II.

So the siege began. The Invincibles were plucky, and disdained to beg, and, besides, they had decidedly the best of the situation as long as daylight lasted. They amused themselves by making sarcastic remarks about the town in general, even proposing to set fire to the old hall.

Half an hour passed.

"Tell ye what," said Larry; "let's 'point guard and keep 'em here all night. Three stand at a time, and the rest go home."

Nobody objected. The guard was appointed by drawing cuts, and the first set was promptly put on duty—Jack Fuller, Larry Howe, and Sam Andrews. Only two of the remaining six were on hand—Ted Hamilton and Lonny Rowe; but they agreed to notify the others, three of whom were to relieve guard at ten, and the other three at one, the last guard to softly unlock the door at four, and leave the prisoners to their own sweet will.

"Hi! there they go! going off to leave us!" shouted an Invincible from the belfry, as Ted and Lonny passed down the road. There was a rush against the door, followed by a laugh and "No, you don't, Invincibles," from the guard outside.

"We're all right," retorted Gray; "just as soon stay overnight in yer old woodpeckers' nest as not."

The Invincibles had the advantage of numbers. Nine boys can keep each other in countenance through very trying circumstances, and they sang and whistled, while the three guards, having exhausted every available topic, listened in silence to impromptu serenades which Mat Hanford, who had a big brother in college, manufactured for the occasion.

The long gallery grew darker and darker, and the hall below was absolute blackness, for the windows had been



boarded nearly to the top to protect them from lawless slingers of stones.

The guard gradually contracted their beat, and finally sat down on the landing at the top of the gallery stairs, where a little square of moonlight fell on the dusty floor. The boys in the belfry showed no signs of weariness, but sang more noisily than ever:

"Oh, the ocean waves may roll  
And the stormy winds may blow,  
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,  
And the land-lubbers lie down below, below—  
And the land-lubbers lie down below."

"Must be 'most midnight. I bet the fellows have gone to sleep and forgotten all about us," whispered Larry, glancing over his shoulder, and moving so as to bring his back against the wall.

"Ted Hamilton 'll stick by us," said Sam; "but I'm awful tired, that's a fact."

The little square of moonlight disappeared, the hall was absolutely dark, and the boys in the belfry were silent.

"Gone to sleep, I reckon," said Jack.

No answer. Silence in the belfry; silence in the gallery; only by-and-by a sound like a snore—in fact, like three snores in different keys.

### III.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Ted Hamilton made his appearance without the relief guard, the young soldiers having found it impossible to get leave of absence upon any excuse whatever, and the presence of Larry and Sam being sternly insisted upon at home. Jack was, however, permitted to spend the night with Ted, who decided that they two could attend to the siege. As he approached the Town-Hall he gave a low cautious whistle. No response. Another and another, from the very foot of the stairs, brought at last three absurd toots in reply, as if the mouths of the whistlers had been for some time out of practice.

"Bet you were all asleep!" said Ted, turning his lantern upon them.

"I wasn't," said each boy, promptly, but with a suspicious look at his companion.

"Well," said Ted, "the other boys can't come; but I'll stay if Jack will. Aunt Mary doesn't care."

"I wish we hadn't begun it," said Jack, doubtfully. "They were our guests, and it was awful mean to serve 'em such a trick."

"They deserved it," said Sam.

"No difference if they did."

"Well, if we back out now, we shall have to apologize," said Ted, ruefully.

"Don't care; I'll apologize, and then go up to Tarrytown and thrash the lot of 'em," said Jack, starting up. "I'm just about dead, anyway."

He started quickly for the belfry, and the rest followed. The belfry door was shut, but what was that written on it in the red chalk with which the tally was kept? The boys stared hard, and finally read:

*"Good-by deer frends. It wos woodpeckers."*

Ted jerked open the door. A lot of burnt matches lay around it, and the lock had been neatly cut from the decayed old post.

"That's what they were up to when they made such a row singing," said Sam.

"Must have come out and gone down the stairs when we were—"

"I tell you I wasn't asleep," said Larry. "I may have just—kind of—not really—"

"Well, they're gone, and I'm mighty glad," said Jack.

And so they all were, except the boys who had staid at home. They talked very bravely about what would have happened or not happened "if I'd been there." But then, you see, they were *not* there.

### BETTINA MAZZI\*

BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

"O! who will scale the belfry tower,  
And cut that banner down?  
All broken is the Austrian power;  
They gallop from the town;  
And surely 'tis an idle taunt,  
With this day's victory gained,  
To let you painted falsehood flaunt—  
The very sky seems stained!"

So spoke the Duke: around he glanced  
To see that each rank heard;  
But every eye was on the ground,  
No single soldier stirred;  
The shattered belfry timbers shake:  
That highest spire of all  
Beneath a dove's weight might it break,  
And sevenscore feet down-fall.

Each thought: "Cut down *by hand* that flag?  
Foolhardy were the deed,  
When one three-pounder snaps its staff  
As breaks a withered reed!"  
But just as silence grew to shame,  
And none would lift his face,  
A sunburned child, her face aflame,  
Stood forth before his Grace.

She courtesied; gave a hasty glance  
To where the flag flew high,  
Then, stammering, she said, "My lord,  
May I—have leave—to try?"  
"You, child?" he mocked. "By Mars, you come  
To school these veterans grim.  
And your reward?" "Those two fair plumes  
That shade your beaver's brim."

Loud rang his laugh, "So be it! climb!  
The plumes are yours—if won."  
She darts across the street as fleet  
As swallow in the sun;  
The church door clashes at her back;  
She rushes up the stair—  
Against the sky, in the belfry high,  
See, see her standing there!

And now she slips up to the leads;  
The crowd all hold their breath,  
Higher and higher slow she mounts,  
One step 'twixt her and death.  
Along that narrow dormer's edge,  
Up to the broken ball;  
Oh, shattered joist and splintered beam,  
Let not the brave child fall!

And now she grasps the slender staff;  
Then slowly, gently, see!  
The flag begins to sink. Good cord,  
Do thy work faithfully!  
The pulley turns—the rope runs smooth—  
Down, down the gay folds glide  
Along the quivering pole, until  
They hang her hand beside.

Close gathered—look! she cuts their bond,  
Her scissors flashing fair;  
Then lightly pushed from where she clings,  
They drop, plumb, to the square;  
But no man thought to raise his cheer  
Until—oh, blessed chance!—  
They see her clamber down, and safe  
From the church steps advance.

Ah, then, what shoutings came from all,  
To honor such a deed!  
Up the old street at the Duke's side  
She rides his pacing steed,  
Her homespun apron filled with crowns,  
The Duke's plumes in her hair;  
What man shall say a little maid  
Can never do and dare?

\* It is related that immediately after the battle of Solferino a detachment of the Italian force passed through a town near the field of the day's victory, and discovered that the enemy's colors, abandoned or forgotten in their panic, were still flying from the old church. The spire had been nearly demolished by the cannonades. In reply to the thoughtless challenge of the leader to "climb up and cut down the flag," after the soldiers had shown their general unwillingness to risk their lives on the tottering structure, a little peasant girl, Bettina Mazzi by name, undertook it successfully. She received a rich reward from the spectators, as well as the only thing she had asked for on attempting her feat—the long ostrich plumes which the leader wore in his military chapeau, and by which her rustic little fancy had been greatly struck.



A LITTLE FAMILY.

## ELEPHANT-SHREWS.

BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

**E**LEPHANT-SHREWS! Are they not curious little animals to be so called? For you must not imagine that they take their name from being of great size: it is just the other way.

If you magnify this picture a little more than twice, it will show you the natural size of the animal, so you can see that they are little bits of things. And only think of the name by which they are known in books of natural history! I will write it out for you, though I do not believe you can pronounce it—*Macroscelidus proboscideus*.

There is a name for you, almost as long as its tiny owner himself. And you shall see how it comes to be given to him, for these long scientific names almost always have a meaning, and are given because of their meaning. *Macroscelidus* means having long legs, and *proboscideus* means having a long nose, or proboscis.

Now there is a group of little mouse-like animals, some of which are found in various countries, all having slender pointed heads, and these are known as *shrews*. This particular shrew, from his remarkable legs and snout, has received the name which I have given you; but in English we call him elephant-shrew, because of his long nose.

If you were to ask me why the name of shrew was given them, I could not tell. But one thing I do know—the common meaning of shrew is a woman with a very bad temper; and that these little animals are very cross and ill-tempered there can be no doubt. They are constantly given to fighting, and the famous naturalist Mr.

Bell tells us that if two are put in a box together, it will only be a very little while before the weaker one is killed and perhaps half eaten up by his fierce little companion.

Singularly enough, the little elephant-shrew shown in the picture lives only in the region where elephants live, or rather where elephants did live. There are several species of *Macroscelidus*, which are all natives of Africa, and this species which we have in our drawing lives only in South Africa, and in the part called Cape Colony. Only a few years ago elephants were abundant there; but they have been hunted so much to obtain their tusks for ivory that now there are scarcely any to be found within the whole colony, and the few that are left are driven far back toward the very border. But the little fellows, their brother long-noses, the elephant-shrews, have not gone, for no one has thought of disturbing them. There is no money to be made by hunting and killing them, and so there they are, plenty of them, still.

Cape Town, on Table Bay, is the chief town of the colony, and it has been for more than two hundred years; but just outside the town, between it and the foot of Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak, two great mountains close at hand, all about on the level ground you can find the burrows of these little elephant-shrews. Yet so shy are they, and so quick in their movements, that unless you are very watchful and very skillful it will be a long time before you catch one, or even see him.

Look at the picture closely, and you will notice two very remarkable features—the long nose from which he takes his name, and the very long and strong hind-legs. One of them is down on all four of his feet, but they do not move in that way when they are in a hurry. They stand on the hind-feet, as the other one is shown, and spring away two, three, or five feet at a leap, and so quickly that they seem rather like little brown birds flying than

like what they really are. In color they are not like our common mouse, but of a very rich brown, becoming reddish on the sides and white beneath. The tail is long and slender, and the nails of the hind toes are very long.

Their strange nose is just like the snout of other animals, only that it is so long. The nostrils are at the end of it, as usual, and perhaps it helps them in searching for food, for they move it about, and seem to *feel* with it.

Their burrows are very peculiar, and one is shown to you here in the picture. I do not know any other animal which makes such a burrow, though very many dig burrows to live in, and have a little room or chamber for a nest at the end. But this *Macroscelidus* digs *straight down* for a distance commonly of four to seven inches, and then turns sharp off at a right angle a little way, bends up an inch or two, and then digs out a round place three or four inches through. Here they make their nest of soft grass, etc., and as comfortable a place they have as any shrew could ask. I think the artist has put two babies in the cradle of this family. What do *you* think?

We have no elephant-shrews in America, but we have shrews, and it is possible that you may see them. But if you do, it will most likely be in this way: if you live in the country, and have a cat that likes to hunt around in the fields, every now and then you may find that she kills a mouse and *will not eat it*. Look closely: it is not a mouse; it is a shrew; it has a *long nose*; its name is *Sorex*.

My cat Budge is a great field hunter. Budge often kills shrews, and always brings them in, so as to be praised for what she has done. Then she lets them be thrown away. Her mice and birds she claims.



## THE ICE QUEEN.\*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## RESCUED AGAIN.

HOW to get down into the pit was now the great question. Guided by the light of the fire steadily eating its way into the butt of the log in spite of the storm, they cut down a small tree and lopped off its branches in such a way as to make a rude ladder. Though they were in so great a hurry this was slow work with their dull hatchet. Lowering it carefully into the pit until its end rested firmly, Jim held the top, while Tug went down, took the lantern, and approached the motionless form, whose face Rex was licking. The instant the light fell upon the face he saw that it was the Captain's.

"It's Aleck!" he called out. "Come down."

"Is he dead?" asked Jim, as he scrambled down the break-neck ladder.

"No," said Tug, who was kneeling by the lad's side. "His face is warm, and I can feel his heart beat. He's only stunned. Where's that brandy Katy sent?"

"It's in my overcoat pocket upon the ground—I'll get it." And Jim scrambled up the hemlock trunk, fearless of a tumble.

"Now pour a few drops between his lips," said Tug, when the boy had got back, at the same time lifting Aleck's head upon his knee. "I wish we had some water. Get out!"

This last was addressed to Rex, who was in the way; but it also accomplished the boy's wish, for, in starting back, the dog stepped into a pool of water that lay upon the bottom of the cave. So crystal clear and quiet was this little pool in this lone and silent chamber of rock that even when they knew it was there, and were dipping the water up with their hats, they could not tell by lantern-light where its edge was, or how near were their hands to the surface, until they felt its icy chill against their knuckles.

The dashing of this cold pure water upon his face, and a few drops of the spirits, served to awaken Aleck very speedily, though at first his ideas were much confused.

"Where am I?" was his first utterance, as it has been that of thousands of others in like case, and several minutes passed before he was able to sit up and talk to them.

"I suppose—you fellows—" he began to say, presently, in a stammering sort of way, "would like—to know—what I was doing—down here."

"Well, Captain," said Tug, who would have liked to dance a jig, but was afraid to, and could only hug the dog to express his joy—"well, Captain, we don't want to be impertinent, Jim and me, nor what you might call *inquisitive*,

in regard to what ain't none o' our business; and we hope we're not intrudin' on you here; but if you are willing to explain one or two matters, we'd be glad to listen."

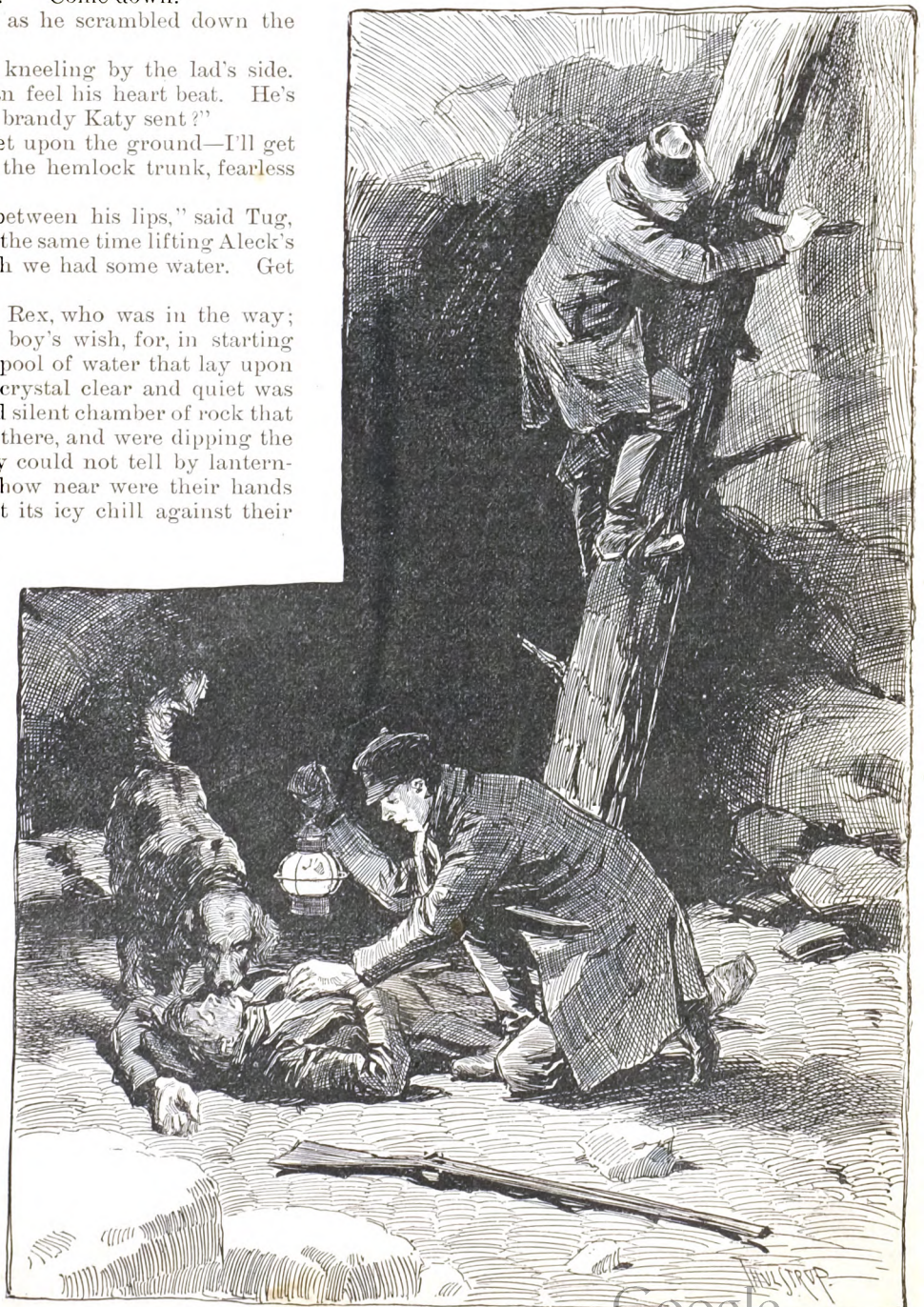
"Why, I—got so tired—tramping round in the storm—that when I got to that brush heap—and rocks—out there, I thought—I thought—I'd go up in the woods—and camp. So I came up along that big log, and stepped off—and that's the last I remember. But I know I've a frightful headache, and I wish I was home."

Home! Where? In Monore? That roof was sheltering other heads. In Cleveland? That seemed farther away than ever. The fisherman's cottage? Ah, Katy would make *that* a home to the wounded lad, if only they could get him there!

"Do you think you could walk?" Tug asked, anxiously.

"Yes, if I was out of this, and could get warm."

"Well, there is a fire up there, and this ladder is not



\* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



long. Drink the rest of this brandy: I know you hate it, but it's only a trifle, and it will give you strength for your climb; and then you can rest a bit, while we get the dog out. Here, Rex!"

To do this, Tug went half-way up the ladder, and Jim handed up their shaggy companion, after which Tug lifted him to where he could scramble out.

Then Aleck, by slow stages and with much help, reached the top, and was wrapped in overcoats, while he sat by the fire until his chilliness was gone, and he had eaten some of the food Katy had sent. This done, he felt able to begin his journey homeward. While he waited, Tug went into the pit to bring out the gun and the lantern. Standing on the brink of the black water, he tossed a pebble, but failed to strike the opposite wall. Then he hurled another with all his strength, and, after a time, heard it splash in the water. How far away lay the other end of the cave, or to what depths underneath this cavern-like the cave-floor descended, he never knew. He realized how narrow had been the escape of all, and the strange coincidence by which they had been led to this spot, and had discovered the hidden mouth of the pit; and he thanked God for all their lives.

The dull gray of the dawn was lighting up the driving rain, the slushy snow, and the drenched and dripping trees, when the weary boys, supporting their almost worn-out leader, crept down the rough hill, and approached the little cottage. Katy had seen them coming, and stood waiting in the door, looking herself as though she had not slept much that sad night.

"Oh, Aleck!" was all she could say, as she threw her arms around her brother's neck, "must you always be the one to get hurt for us?"

"I hope not, sis," he said, with a smile, and sank, exhausted, into a bunk.

Then with quiet swiftness the girl heated water, washed the wounds in Aleck's head, and hastened to boil the corn-meal mush and the coffee, which were the best she could give them for breakfast. Meanwhile she told how she had passed the night, making her story so bright, and bustling about so cheerily, that she did more to restore the tired boys than, in her absence, all their pulling off of soaked boots and stretching upon soft mattresses of springy boughs would have done.

"After waiting a long, long time—it must have been until after midnight," Katy began the story of her night—"I had dropped asleep in my chair before the fire, when I was waked up by something scratching at the door. I knew in a minute it was those dreadful dogs, and I was awfully scared. I'd have liked to have got under the bed, only there wasn't any bed, and so I—what do you suppose?—I got the butcher-knife and a big stick, and climbed up into the top berth. They growled and grumbled around the door, and scratched and butted at it, and every little while one or two of them would stand upon their hind-legs and look in at the window with their horrible green eyes. Ugh! I don't want to go through another such a night!"

"Nor I!" exclaimed all three of her listeners in chorus, each thinking of his own separate experience.

"Passed unanimously!" cried Katy. "Now come to breakfast."

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### DECIDING UPON A NEW MOVE.

THE warm rain continued all that day and the next night, while the boys rested, except that Tug went to his set line and brought back a fine pike of about six pounds weight, which gave them a good dinner. By the next morning the snow had nearly all melted away, and the sun shone warm, while great glistening pools of water lay spread out upon the ice. It was evident that the long-delayed January thaw had come at last.

The disappearance of the snow brought several things to light that they had not seen before. Bits of iron and general rubbish appeared about the door. A heap of snow which they had thought concealed a boulder exposed by its melting an old flat-bottomed skiff, turned upside down, and under it lay a torn sail, with its mast. Behind the house Tug found several articles he thought "might come handy"; among the rest a short piece of lead pipe, which he seized upon at once. Then, while Aleck and Jimmy walked out to look at the traps, Tug built a hot fire, and went to work at making bullets of the lead. He melted his old pipe in a piece of tin, which he had hammered into a spoon, and dropped the molten metal into cold water. The bullets, or shot, were not all of the same size, and were more pear-shaped than round; but by whittling and hammering they did very well, and in two hours he had a handful.

"Now," said he, with a vengeful tone in his voice, "just let me get a shot at those or'nary curs!"

Later, Aleck came back, reporting no birds, but bringing a small pickerel.

"But I saw another flock of cross-bills, and I'm going to take my 'pitchfork' and go after them," Jimmy added, eagerly; and at once went out, while Katy put on her hat and started for a short walk.

"Aleck," said Tug, when they were alone, "I have wanted a good chance to talk with you about the fix we're in. I feel sure that, snug as we are, it's no good to stay here."

"How are we going to get away? Our boat is useless for ice travel, now that the sledge is gone, even if we save her in decent condition, which we must see about this afternoon."

"I have been looking at that little scow down on the shore. She is big enough to carry us in water, and I believe we could put a couple of low runners on her bottom, so as to move over an ice-field. Come with me and have a look at her."

So the two lads went down to the old boat, and looked her carefully over, discussing all the repairs she would need, and how they could make them.

"But why don't you think we could stay here longer?" Aleck asked, after a time.

"Because," his companion replied, "we have almost no ammunition and almost no fishing-tackle. In a week from now we should have to live wholly on what we could catch in fishing and by traps, and we get so little now that I think it foolish to risk it if we can get a chance to escape. I reckon it'll freeze up hard again in a few days, but for the last time this winter. Probably the ice'll break up partly in the next thaw, and after that, you know, come the long stormy months of spring, when our boat wouldn't keep afloat with four people in it during a journey across the lake. If we can't get away over the ice before the next break-up, I believe we're goners."

"It can't be very far to the mainland; but the weather has always been so thick I never could see far to the southward," Aleck remarked.

"It's clear to-day," said Tug. "Let's go up on the high point and take a look."

Inspired with hope, the two comrades, forgetful of everything else, hastened up the hill-side, and soon reached the pinnacle of rocks that formed their lookout.

The air was clear, the sky cloudless, and the first glance southward showed them, faint upon the low horizon, yet distinct enough to be unmistakable, the long dark line of the mainland. Between them and it all lay white, mixed with blue—a plain of ice covered with thin patches of rain-water. They could not see more than eight or ten miles; but in no direction except on the northern horizon (toward the centre of the lake) was there any sign of open water. They hoped, and this helped them to believe, that between them and the shore lay an unbroken plain of ice.



"If that is so," said Aleck, "and it will only come on cold before it snows, we could skate right across."

"Take us a couple of days, you'll find," Tug replied.

"Pshaw! it can't be more than twenty miles."

"Yes, but we're not so strong as we were when we started. We've none of us really had a square meal for a fortnight, and some of us have been knocked on the head, you know, and that don't help a man any."

"At any rate, it will be best to get ready right away."

"That's my ticket," Tug replied. "By-the-way, can we see the *Red Erik*? Oh yes, there she is—all right, I reckon."

"Yes, she appears to be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PIANO PRACTICE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN the beginning of this little paper I want to make one thing very clear. Its purpose is not to teach, but only to help the student, by giving examples of the methods employed by the most successful foreign teachers; the means used when young by famous pianists to acquire flexibility, steadiness, and what is commonly called "style"; and in this way to encourage the student struggling with what may seem to be mere drudge's work.

Scales, studies, exercises! Do you not hate the words even if you "love music"? But think what they lead to when properly managed, and think that all these dull sounds, these tiresome movements of hand and wrist, mean one day power over those wonderful passages in music to which you listen awe-struck when some one who has reached the goal produces them upon the piano.

But even practice is not everything. The method is the really important part, and young people who feel just what this really means may do more in ten minutes' work than others may do in five hours'. For, using the hand, or even one finger-joint, carelessly or unskillfully, may cause the student to contract so bad a habit in touch or tone that neither time nor toil can remedy it.

Perhaps it may occur to some young people that such skill can not be acquired without a thoroughly skillful master; but while I would recommend to every student a constant course of instruction, yet very much—nay, more—may be done without teaching, if the art of practicing is looked into by the student himself. No teacher can do all, and the best proof of this is how differently pupils of the same master will work and perform.

I remember one day, on going to my own teacher, I was compelled to wait some fifteen minutes, until the pupil preceding me had finished her lesson. Now it seemed to me that, with the work of a lifetime, I should never be worthy of all the care and attention he bestowed upon any pupil, but this young person played everything in direct defiance of his most careful teachings. Again and again he would lift her middle finger with a, "So, so!—put it down this way." At such moments mademoiselle, who was a very pretty German girl, would yawn or glance about the room, banging away again at whatever scale or exercise she had in hand, entirely forgetful that her master's first principle was that the lifting of each finger should be closely studied, and its weight on the note calculated carefully.

The proper mode of lifting the fingers will soon become a habit, but it never ought to be considered merely as a mechanical part of the playing. I have heard that Liszt, whose playing is celebrated for its lightness and delicacy, used to practice imaginary exercises in the air, bringing his fingers down in space exactly as though he felt the keyboard before him. Chopin, who also played with exquisite feeling, was given to practicing his fingers on any piece of metal or board that he could find, and on one occasion, having no piano at hand, actually learned one

theme in a work he was studying on the back of an old writing-desk. If men so great as these felt the necessity of such practice, ought not the beginner to realize its advantages?

Some American ladies, who knew nothing of music, and who were at a foreign hotel, were much puzzled by the curious behavior of a famous pianist who sat opposite them at table. This gentleman, with the most absent-minded expression which you can imagine, would keep the five fingers of one hand or the other in perpetual motion. They concluded finally that he must be insane; but evidently there was some method in his madness, as he moved the fingers with such an air of delicate calculation. It is true that he is noted for such absorption in his art as to make him eccentric, or he would certainly have reserved his dumb practice for private occasions, yet that he considered it so necessary is only another proof of its usefulness.

The use of a dumb piano is certainly not advised by the best masters, and this exercise of the fingers is recommended entirely with a view of making them supple and trained in touch; but the dumb piano is a hindrance, as the student is by its use apt to lose the power of producing exactly the correct degree of sound.

The best masters of to-day advise extreme patience and perseverance, and, above all things, repose. The most approved method, I believe, is that which holds the hand carefully poised at a natural height from the keys, the knuckles slightly sunk inward, the most careful attention being given to the thumb and middle finger. The fourth and fifth fingers are now being really treated with scientific care by good teachers, whereas it was formerly supposed a very difficult matter to govern them with ease. Masters of to-day have discovered that they can be put into training quite as readily as their companions, if the proper means be used.

The father of the celebrated Wiecks devoted much time and thought to the consideration of the best means to strengthen these fingers, and he declares that one of the surest methods is in the very slow practice of scales or exercises, *one hand at a time*. Besides this, he recommended practicing, a great many times a day, for a few minutes at a time. Five or ten minutes, ten times a day, is far better than an hour's continuous practice.

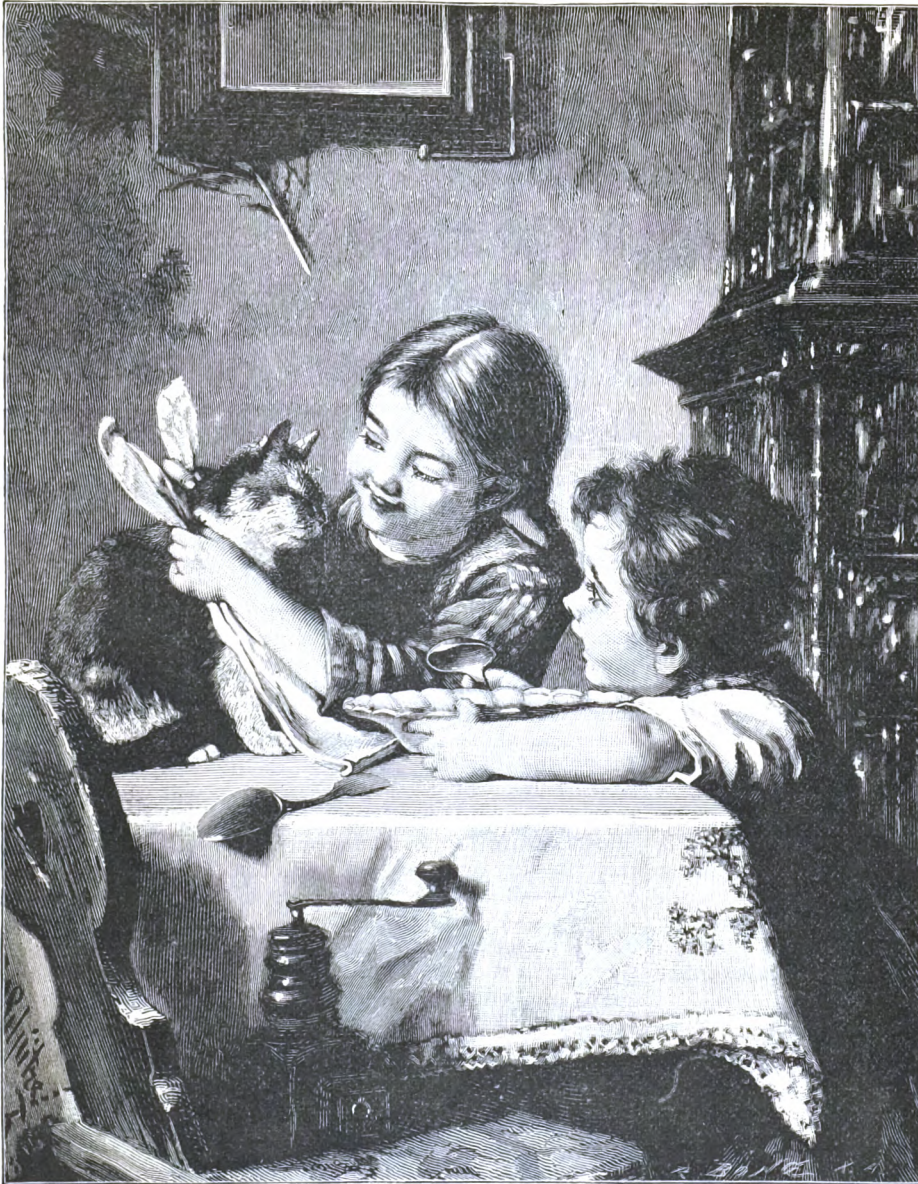
Again, he and other well-known masters, both abroad and in this country, strongly oppose remaining at the piano when the hands are overtired. Leave work, and go to something which has in it no mechanical effort.

Clara Wiecks (Madame Schumann), when a child, studied in the most patient and gradual way, and her father interested her, almost as if he were telling a story, in the way he taught her the simple notes between the bass and the treble. Under no circumstances was she allowed to do too much, and, as I have said, the same method is pursued by the best masters to-day.

You will perhaps think it impossible that several teachers of the same rank could differ in their ways of teaching, but this certainly is the case. Among the best, however, you will find the same principles, and that to be at all successful you must think out for yourself all that you are taught.

A young girl who went to a famous master abroad played as a trial piece an andante of Beethoven. She was somewhat alarmed when Mr. — said, "You play that differently from the way I would teach it, in regard to expression." "Oh," she answered, readily, "I would much rather play it your way;" but to her surprise he said, calmly, "Not at all: as long as you have good musical instinct, it is better for you to think it out, taking your view as to the meaning; that is, if you are willing to take the trouble to *find a meaning*. In this way you add something entirely your own to the work you are interpreting."





PUSSY'S SUPPER-TIME.

## WALKING FISHES.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

**I**T is quite a common thing to say that a fish can't climb a tree, and in saying this people feel very sure that they will not be contradicted. The fisherman, too, who has waited for an hour or so without getting a bite is apt to think that if the provoking things would only come ashore he'd catch them fast enough. But he would as soon expect a cow to fly.

There are fishes, though, that do come ashore, and even climb trees; but they seem scarcely worth catching, as they are only six inches long, and full of bones. Yet they are quite an article of food in India, where they are found, and the sacred river Ganges contains a plentiful supply of them. They also inhabit other Indian streams and pools, which in that hot country often get dry. The little anabas always knows that when the water lowers it is time for them to take to the land.

It is not their intention to stay there, however, but only to look for a deeper pool or stream; and although apt to take the very early morning or late evening for this purpose, for the sake of the moisture as well as the coolness,

they have sometimes been encountered on a hot dusty road at mid-day. "Fish out of water" they certainly were; but though out of water in one way, they were not in another, as we shall see.

Fishes do not breathe water, but air; but their gills must be kept wet to enable them to breathe it. It is not necessary, however, that their bodies should be covered by water; and the anabas is prepared for life on dry land by a singular arrangement on each side of the mouth, which holds water enough to keep the gills moist for some time. Every time the fish opens its mouth the water enters these cavities, and when it is needed on land this water can be made to trickle slowly over the gills, and keep them in the right condition for breathing.

The feet of the anabas are spikes, or spines, which grow out from the fins and tail, and help him over the ground, as well as in climbing trees. There seems to be no very good reason for their going up trees, as they live on water insects; but they are said to do it by first fastening the spines nearest the head in the bark, next crooking the tail and fastening the spines that grow from that, and then loosening the head and throwing the body forward. All this may be considered one step, as the whole performance has to be repeated until the ambitious fish has climbed as high as it chooses.

A Danish gentleman, M. Dalford, who made a study

of the ways and habits of the anabas, states that he has seen it in the act of ascending tall palm-trees, and that he has captured specimens which have crawled to a height of five feet above the surface of the ground.

The natives of India, who often find these fishes some distance from any water, and bring them to market alive, believe that they fall from the sky, as some people in this country believe that the little toads found so plentifully after a summer shower come down from the clouds.

It seems very convenient for any animal to be able to live both in and out of water, and the pelicans and other great birds with huge bills that are so plentiful in India probably think so. It is certainly convenient for *them*, as they are very fond of fish, and sometimes have to stand for a long time on the bank of a stream before they can catch enough to satisfy them.

But the poor little anabas would tell a different story. One of those greedy gobbling birds must be made very happy to see the fishes (such handy mouthfuls!) thickly sprinkled in the damp grass, like chestnuts after a hard frost; and how the queer travellers will dig away with fins and tail to get out of their enemy's reach! Perhaps this is the time when they take to climbing trees.





THE LITTLE MOTHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. MILLAIS.

## THE GREAT CAVE.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"WHERE have they all gone?" inquired Lucy Bartlett, reaching up to pull the white blossoms from an apple-tree that was just then in full bloom, and speaking to Fannie, the hired girl.

"Why, you see, Miss Lucy," said Fannie, raising her head from her work, "your aunt came in early this morning, and asked your par and mar to go with her to that pit or cavern that old Mr. Adams was telling us about."

"How I wish I had staid at home to-day!" said Lucy, regretfully.

"Don't fret," answered Fannie. "They will be back



soon, for they have been gone ever since nine o'clock this morning."

"Did they take anything to eat with them?" asked Lucy.

"No; I think not," replied Fannie. "But Mr. Adams took ten candles, and matches enough to last a week, I should say."

Lucy stood by the garden gate in silence for a few moments. The sun was low, and the shadows of the tall trees lay across the road with bars of golden light between.

Presently she said, "I will walk a little way into the wood and meet them, Fannie."

"Very well," replied Fannie; "but don't get lost."

"Oh no," said Lucy. "I know the way."

As Lucy went out of the gate Fannie observed that she had a large book under her arm, so she said,

"Shall I take your book into the house, Miss Lucy?"

"No, I thank you," replied Lucy. "Kate gave it to me to-day, and perhaps I shall have time to look at it before they come."

Lucy walked slowly along until she reached an opening in the wood that led to a path which she knew the party must take. Then, seating herself under a tree, she opened her new book. It was quite thick, and filled with engravings. She examined all of these, and even glanced at two or three stories, but still there were no signs of the party.

The cave which Lucy's parents had gone to visit was then but little known, although it has since become almost as celebrated as the Mammoth Cave.

After a while Lucy concluded to walk on a little farther. So she moved along slowly under the trees, stopping every now and then to listen. Soon she had left the road and her home far behind. When she reached the open country again the sun had set, and a new moon and one large star shone brightly in the west. But there was no living thing in sight except one little gray hare, which kicked up his heels and scampered off at her approach.

Lucy had heard such wonderful accounts of the extent of this cave, its large chambers and narrow passages, that she now grew anxious, and thought perhaps her friends had missed the right direction, and it might be a long while before they returned. So she hurried up to the opening, and stretched her neck and strained her eyes, but all to no purpose: there was nothing to be seen but darkness.

She called aloud, "Where are you?"

A voice, which seemed to come from the very end of the cave, answered,

"Where are you—are you?"

"Mamma," cried Lucy, joyfully.

"Mamma, mamma, ma-ah," said the voice, dying away slowly.

"It is only an echo," said Lucy, sorrowfully.

As Lucy wandered backward and forward before the entrance of the cave her foot struck against something soft on the ground. Picking it up, she found it was a brown paper parcel tied with a string. On unrolling it she was surprised to find that it contained a number of candles and several boxes of matches. Lucy took the string in her hand to tie the parcel up again, but gave a little cry of fright as she looked closely at it. It was not a cord, but a long strip of calico of a very peculiar pattern.

"Oh!" cried Lucy, aloud, "this is a piece of Fannie's new dress. These must be the candles that she gave Mr. Adams!" Lucy counted them over with trembling fingers. "Nine candles! Then they have had only one with them all this time." Lucy began to cry, and whisper to herself, "They are lost! they are lost! Perhaps they have fallen into one of those dreadful ponds full of

blind fishes that Mr. Adams told us about. I *must* go and find them."

She lighted one of the candles, and tying the ends of her apron around her waist, placed the other candles and matches in it, and walked boldly into the dark cavern.

The single candle flared and flickered, and shed only a very faint light upon the rough stones of the cave. In a little while she came to a narrow passage with two openings, one on the right and the other on the left. Now she became dreadfully worried and puzzled, for she could not determine which of these to take.

Lucy turned back and looked at the main entrance of the cave. A narrow stream of moonlight penetrated a little way within it, and lay like a silver thread along the ground. This made Lucy think, "If I only had a big slice of bread I could sprinkle the crumbs behind me as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did; or if I only had some paper!"

Then she remembered her new book, and taking it out hastily, began to pull the leaves from it, and tear them into small pieces. These she scattered along the ground.

"Now," said Lucy, "when I find mamma, papa, and aunty, I can lead them right home."

On she went boldly, and this time she neither turned to the right nor left, but kept on until she came to a great vaulted chamber, hung with snowy crystals that sparkled like frost. Although everything around was strange and beautiful, Lucy did not stop to look, but walked on, sprinkling the scraps of paper as she went.

She passed through many long passageways and great rooms, and at last she began to feel as though she must be walking right into the centre of the earth.

After a while her candle burned down so low that she was obliged to light another. This made her think that she must have been walking a long time, and, besides, she now began to feel very tired.

As she lighted the second candle she was surprised to hear a rippling sound close by. Looking down quickly, Lucy saw a wide stream of water directly before her, and at the same time she perceived something white at her feet. Picking it up, she found that it was her mother's handkerchief. This alarmed her so that she sat down near the edge of the swift, dark water, and began to cry.

Lucy put her candle in a crevice of the rock by her side and looked hopelessly about. The once thick and beautiful book was almost used up; the covers flapped loosely in her hand, and now this stream barred her way. What could she do?

At that moment her eye fell upon a distinct foot-print in some sand upon which the light shone.

"That is ever so much bigger than mine," said Lucy, looking at it closely, and drying her eyes. "I am sure it must be mamma's, and she has *not* fallen into the pond, for the toe points the other way."

She crouched down on the ground near the mark, and pressed the handkerchief she had found to her face. A faint perfume of violets still clung to it. This and the footstep together made her feel as though her mother must be near.

She sat very still for a little while, with her eyes closed. Presently her weary little head fell forward upon her breast. She was asleep.

Lucy slept a long while: in fact, all night. When she awoke the candle had burned down, and she was in perfect darkness. She felt in her apron for the matches and another candle, but before she could find them a slight sound startled her. It grew louder and louder, and presently she heard what seemed to be a number of people advancing. Then she heard a voice say:

"How many days do you think we have been in this dreadful place?"



And another voice answered: "I am sure I do not know; but it seems a long, long while."

Lucy tried to scream, but her voice died away without a sound. Then a third voice said, "Be careful: move slowly."

Although all three voices sounded strange and hollow, Lucy had recognized them, and knew also that they came from the other side of the stream. She sprang to her feet with a loud cry.

"Mamma! papa! aunty! Stand still!—do stand still!"

"It is little Lucy!" cried her aunt, in a horrified voice.

"Do stand still!" pleaded Lucy; "there is a great deep river right before you."

"My darling, where are you?" sobbed her mother.

"This is terrible," said her father, in a low, sad voice.

"How came you in the cavern, Lucy, and who is with you?"

"I came to look for you, papa," answered Lucy, "and I am alone."

"Alone!" cried her aunt and mother in concert.

"Yes," replied Lucy, "and I found the candles Fannie gave Mr. Adams. Wait a minute and I will light one."

Lucy kindled a match, and a faint light gleamed through the darkness. She could not see her friends across the stream, but they could perceive her, and also the danger which they had just escaped.

"My little girl," said her father, "hold the light up, and I will swim across, and bring you to this side."

"Then we can all starve together," said her aunt.

"Oh no, aunty," said Lucy; "we shall not have to starve, because I know the way out."

"Are you sure?" asked her father, in surprise.

"Certain," replied Lucy, "for I tore a big book up, pictures and all, and sprinkled the pieces on the ground in a long streak from the opening of the cave to just where I am now. When I picked up mamma's handkerchief I found that the book was almost used up. Then I sat down and cried, and I guess I went to sleep."

"Was there ever such a darling?" said her mother.

"Where did you find the handkerchief?" asked her father.

"Where I am standing now, papa," said Lucy.

"Then it is plain to me," replied the father, "that we have been on that side of the stream some time during our wanderings. If you will walk along your side of the water, Lucy, we will follow on this side, until we find the place where we crossed."

Holding her candle high above her head, to give as much light as possible to the people on the other side, Lucy walked slowly by the side of the black water, until she came to a place where the rock formed a natural bridge over the stream. In another moment she was clasped in her mother's arms.

After she had been kissed and praised by each one in turn, her father said,

"Now, Lucy, take us home, for we are all hungry and tired."

"Yes, papa," said Lucy, running forward. "Come, mamma; come, aunty."

She held the candle close to the ground, and moved quickly onward. The track of paper lay along the ground like a narrow white ribbon, and led them safely to the entrance. But before they reached it they were joined by Mr. Adams, who came from a dark corner, rubbing his eyes, and looking very much bewildered. He had just awakened from a long nap.

Lucy learned that he had only missed the candles when the light in his lantern grew dim. He went to look for them, telling the party to remain where they were until his return; but the light went out before he reached the opening, and he had lost his way.

He said that "Lucy must add him to her list of rescued people, for he felt sure he would never have found his way out in the dark."

In a little while the tired party found themselves standing on the sun-lit grass before the cave in which they had passed such a dismal day and night.

As they hurried home through the woods they were met by a number of neighbors who had started out in search of them.

When they heard what Lucy had done they called her the smartest and bravest little girl in all Virginia, and carried her home in triumph.

## NOVELTIES IN KITES.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

IMAGINE a kite fifteen feet high and twelve feet wide that took nearly twenty-seven yards of the lightest of unbleached muslin to cover its immense frame! This frame was made of hickory poles that had undergone a thorough seasoning during the previous winter to make them light and less yielding. After the muslin was securely sewed on to the frame a thin coat of boiled linseed-oil, previously mixed with a "dryer," was applied to the muslin.

I generally prefer to use a coating of this kind, the same as is used for balloons, as the oil sheds all moisture, and in case the frame of the kite becomes broken the covering is seldom torn. It can be rolled up for future use, and is always safe from the attacks of mice and insects. This kite of mine was of the diamond shape, which I am told is the favorite shape for all kites in Germany.

The captive line consisted of 15,000 feet of the best Manila cord, and the tail—oh, what a deal of trouble we had to secure enough old trousers, coats, jackets, and sheets, and even carpet rags, out of which to manufacture a tail that would keep this huge kite steady after we once got him up!

The first voyage we took with "Giant" (that was the name we gave him) was on Long Island Sound in a light-built fishing-boat containing three persons. Of course we had to first raise the kite on the mainland; then two of us fastened the winding end of the cord to our bodies, and slowly advanced toward the shore, where our boat was fastened. Near the bow of the boat we had rigged up a sort of windlass or reel which worked with a crank at each end, and it was all that two of us could do to wind Giant in when a stiff breeze began to blow. In fact, there were times, when a very strong wind suddenly sprang up, that Giant would have got the best of us had we not taken the precaution to fasten what we called a "tip cord" to the top of the kite. This "tip cord" I will explain further on.

Of course every boy has read or heard about the great Benjamin Franklin and his wonderful bow-kite—how he raised it just at the beginning of a thunder-storm, and how by means of it he conducted electricity from the clouds. To accomplish this wonderful experiment, a point of wire was attached to the kite, which was made of silk, and the end of the captive cord was tied to a key. The electricity passed down the hempen cord, and became stored in the key.

When the first suspension-bridge—the one that preceded the structure that now connects the two shores of the Niagara River—was built, the question arose how the first wire should be conveyed across, as no boat could live in such turbulent waters. At last the suggestion was made by Mr. Ellet, then the first engineer in our country, that an attempt should be made to convey the wires by means of kites. The experiment was tried. The kite carried a line across, and to this line a rope was attached. To the rope a wire was fastened, and thus was conveyed the





FIG. 1.

first wire that ever held a bridge across the Niagara River. Mr. Ellet's bridge in the end proved unsuccessful, and a more satisfactory structure was built later by Mr. Roebling, the famous engineer whose name has been immortalized by the wonderful bridge that now spans the East River, and connects the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The boys of not so many years ago were limited in their choice to a few simple forms of kites, but nowadays the fashions or styles of kites vary more or less every year, and there may be found in the large toy-shops an endless variety of forms more or less grotesque, simple, or ingenious. There are Japanese, Chinese, French, folding, and collapsing kites. The cheap factory kites of the prevailing American form (the "three-sticker"), can be purchased for one cent apiece, but in a great majority of cases they do not hold together for any length of time. It is much better to make your own. There is no little quiet satisfaction and enjoyment in being your own kite-maker.

Just think of a fourteen-thousand-dollar kite! Well, it is a fact. I know of a kite that cost a friend of mine even more than that very large sum of money. This was the way it happened: An inventor got up what he called a folding kite, and my friend purchased the patent and began manufacturing them on a large scale. The frame of this kite consisted of six movable strips of tin which worked in a curious sort of a tin box that caused the strips of tin to spread out like the ribs of an umbrella, and form a perfect three-sticked kite. This very ingenious kite was placed on the market, and was selling very well, until one day an inventive Frenchman came along with another patented folding kite, which was so simple, durable, and extremely light in its construction that it drove the previous folding kite out of the market, and my friend lost over fourteen thousand dollars on his tin kite. In Fig. 1 I have given an illustration of this ingenious but unsuccessful kite, showing it as it looks when partially closed.

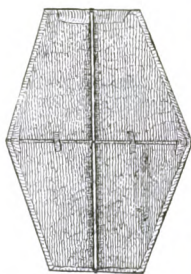


FIG. 2.

#### THE PARISIAN PATENT FOLDING KITE.

This kite is patented both in France and in this country. In form it is like a three-sticked kite when expanded, but it has only two sticks, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 2). The long upright stick, which is of thoroughly seasoned white pine, is fastened to the cross stick at the point of intersection by a pivot on which the long stick turns, so that by slightly bending or bowing the upright stick its pointed ends enter two small wire staples, and expand the kite. When the owner wishes to roll it up, the upright stick is bowed, and the top and bottom parts of the kite are turned backward, thus allowing the ends of the stick to slip out of the staples. The upright stick is turned on its pivot till it occupies a position directly over and on a line with the short cross stick, thus forming a roller on which the covering of the kite can be rolled or folded up the same as a map. All the work on these kites is very thorough; they are covered both with glazed muslin and paper. A paper folding kite twenty-one inches high costs ten cents.

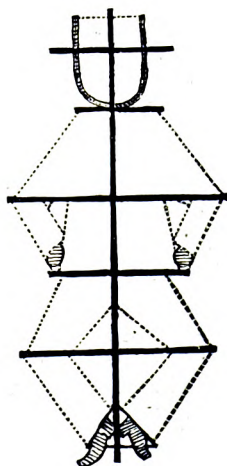


FIG. 3.

#### THE SAILOR-BOY KITE.

This is one of the handsomest of all fancy kites, and the most easily made. The frame, as shown in the illustration (Fig. 3), consists of a number of thin and flat strips of well-seasoned white pine.

These strips are bound together where they cross one another with strong linen thread. The bent piece that forms the head and the sides of the hat can be either willow or split rattan. The dotted lines in the illustration show the positions of the frame cords, and give to the kite the sailor-like form. The hands and feet consist of pieces of cardboard. At all points where the frame-pieces are fastened with thread plenty of glue should be applied to bind the frame together so firmly that not the least sagging of the paper covering can take place from the loosening of the frame sticks. The best paper for this kite is a moderately heavy white paper, such as the best illustrated newspapers are printed on. Tissue-paper will not do, as it is too thin to receive the painting in water-colors that is required to represent a sailor boy (Fig. 4).



FIG. 4.

#### THE RUSSIAN KITE.

The materials of this kite (Fig. 5) are much the same as those of the sailor kite. The arms and legs are made of pink paper-muslin or heavy tissue-paper, and are kept expanded where they join on to the kite by means of circles or rings of split rattan, which are fastened to the frame (Fig. 6) by a number of fine cords. When the kite enters a strong wind-current the arms and legs become inflated, and constantly assume different and comical positions.

#### TIP-CORDS.

A tip-cord should be made of the strongest and best fishing-line, and fastened to the upper part of the frame of the kite. It was a very delightful experiment the first time we tipped Giant over, head-first, just as he was about to carry us at fearful speed through the water. All we had to do on such occasions was to suddenly let out the captive cord, and then pull hard on the tip-cord, and the result would be to incline the top of the kite toward us, thus reducing the pressure of wind, and, as a result, the pulling or towing strength of the kite.

#### BALLOONS AND PARACHUTES.

One of the most charming experiments with kites is the releasing of tissue-paper parachutes and rubber balloons (Fig. 7) from the captive cord after the kite has attained its greatest height. This is done by means of what I call a "touch string," which is held in position by a section of looped wires, as shown in the illustration. The best and cheapest wire for this purpose is that used by florists for stemming flowers. After having obtained a hundred yards of this wire, round loops are formed every few yards apart by passing the wire once round a lead-pencil or a smooth and round pen-holder.

This looped wire should be securely fastened by one end to the captive cord at a distance of some fifty feet from the kite, thus becoming a part of the captive cord. For this reason care must be taken when selecting the wire that it is strong enough to bear the pull or strain of



FIG. 5.



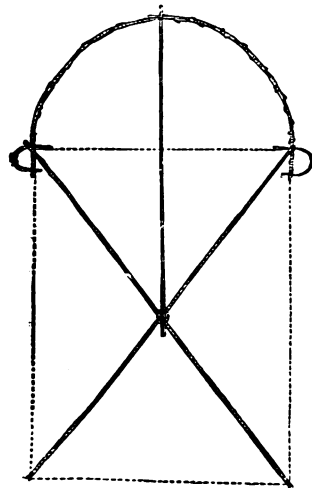


FIG. 6.

the kite, and at the same time is not so heavy as to bear the kite down.

The other end of the looped wire is joined on to the remainder of the captive cord. Through the loops of the wire the touch string is passed and loosely held in position. Here and there a loose knot is tied to the loops to prevent the rubber balloon from drawing the string through the loops and escaping before the kite has attained its greatest height.

The touch string can be made with either grocers' white cotton string or white darning cotton. This string is saturated in a very weak solution of saltpetre (a lump as large as a hazel-nut is sufficient for a tumblerful of water). Saltpetre is very cheap, and can be purchased at any drug-store. After the string has thoroughly dried it is passed through the loops of the wire, as shown by the dotted line in the illustration.

The balloons and parachutes have a fine wire attachment, to which is fastened short loops of touch string; through these loops the long touch string also passes. As the touch string slowly burns away after it is ignited, the balloons and parachutes are set free, and are borne away out of sight.

To the wire attachment of the balloons and parachutes notes and messages are fastened, addressed to the finders, requesting them to open a correspondence with you. By this means you can find out how many miles the balloons have travelled, and also make the acquaintance of young people miles away. The notes should be written on the lightest of foreign note-paper.

#### PAPER MESSENGERS.

These will afford a great deal of amusement. They consist of circles of stiff paper, in the centre of which small holes are punched. These holes should be a trifle larger than the thickness of the captive cord on

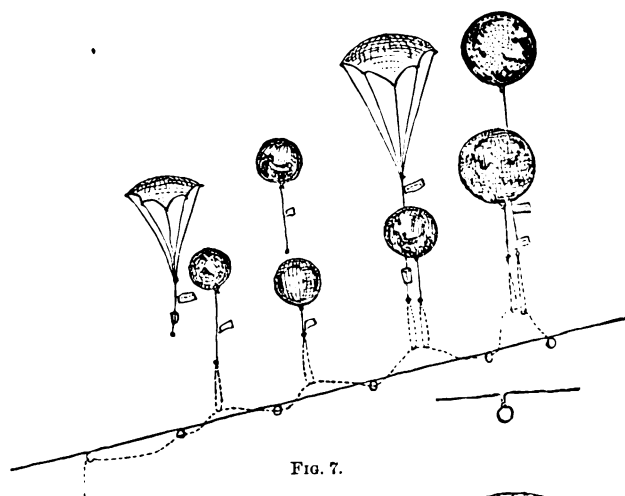


FIG. 7.

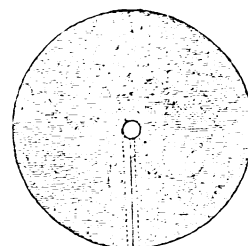


FIG. 8.

which the messengers are to travel. I make mine for my young friends in large quantities, and always have a good supply on hand. First I cut out a number of perfect circles of stiff writing-paper; to these I apply brilliant colors; after which I make a straight cut with a knife through the paper to the hole in the centre. Along both edges of the cut I apply a thin coating of mucilage, which is left to dry. When attaching these messengers to the captive cord of the kite all that is required is to place the messenger in its position on the cord, and then moisten the gummed edges, and unite them with narrow strips of thin paper. In the illustration (Fig. 8) the dotted lines represent the strip of paper, and the solid line the place where the paper circle was cut from the outer edge to the small hole in the centre.





## THE QUARTETTE.

LAURIE, Lottie, Louie, Lill;  
See the quartette keeping still.  
Lillie, Lottie, Laurie, Lou;  
How the bright eyes smile at you!  
Lottie, Louie, Lillie, Laur—  
What a set of darlings, four!  
Louie, Lillie, Laurie, Lot—  
Such a tangled rhyme I've got!

## OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I am eight years old. I like the *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much, and enjoy "The Ice Queen" and the little letters most of all. I have been to school a little more than a year, and I like it very much. I had a big doll for one of my Christmas presents. I named it Martha, after mamma, and some people think it is not a very pretty name; but I do, because it is mamma's. I sometimes go to Woodward's Gardens, where there are lots of animals and birds of all kinds, and sometimes to the park and to the beach. There is a big rock in the water near the shore that is covered with seals. I wish you were here to go there with us sometimes. I have a sister younger than I am, and I think she is going to write to you. I do really hope you will print this, because it is my first one to any paper. From your little friend,  
MARGUERITE M. B.

What can people be thinking of not to like the pretty name Martha! Thank your dear mamma for her kind letter which came with yours, and your little sister's, which comes next.

I am a little girl six years old. Papa has taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* for us ever since it was first printed. We have a cat, half Angora and half Maltese; his name is Fluff Major. His hair is long, and his tail is bushy like a squirrel's. We had two pet squirrels, one little and one big, but the cat killed the little one. We had seven birds last year, but we have only one now. My papa is a doctor, and sometimes he brings a little lame boy over to spend the day with us. He hurt his foot, and papa dresses it every day. His name is Johnny, and he takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have a little friend named Florrie, and I love her very much. I write this myself, but mamma has to tell me how to spell some of the words.  
JESSIE F. B.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.

We have lived here ten years. Papa has taken this paper ever since it was first published, and gets it bound every year. I have four volumes now. We had steady cold weather from Christmas on through the winter, but we had a nice time sliding down-hill. I have three canary-birds and a pet cat; his name is Spot, and he is black and white. I can dress him up, and he will not bite or scratch. Sometimes I take him out for a sleigh-ride. I put him in a basket, and put it on the sleigh. I go to school every day, and am now in the sixth year grade. On Saturdays I help my mamma at home. I am eleven years old.  
JOSIE D. F.

DEERING SCHOOL, LAKE VIEW, ILLINOIS.

The children in this room of the Deering School have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* this year, and we read some in the paper almost every day. We like it very much, and enjoy looking at the pictures. We have read some of the letters from the Post-office Box, and they made us think that we would like to write to you too. Each of us brought three cents to help pay for the paper, and our teacher sent the money to you. We get one every week, and are always glad when it comes. There are sixty of us in our room, some in the third grade and some in the fourth, but we are all trying to learn to write a nice letter. Our room is very pleasant and nicely furnished. There are very many drawings on the boards, and pretty pictures on the walls. Among the drawings there are four birds, a deer, a banana-tree, a coffee-plant, some sunflowers, an apple-tree, a flag, three fans, a rabbit, a horse, and a flower garden. The school building is nice, large, and new, built of brick, and everything that belongs to it is new. Near our school are ice-houses, factories, and brick-yards. The Deering

Reaper Works are the most important works near us. We hope you will like our letter and print it for us. Some of us are very young, and most of us like to work. CHILDREN OF NO. 2.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am seven and a half years old, and my little sister is five and a half. My uncle Frank has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a long time, but he is away at school. Our mamma reads this paper to us, and we like it very much. I have a big dog, and he carries my bag to school every morning.  
MARY L.

HONESTAD, LOUISIANA.

We have a happy cat family—the mother and four kittens. One of the kittens belongs to each one of the children—to me and my three brothers. Mine is a gray and white one. They are very playful, and it is quite amusing to watch them. I have a little red collar for my cat, and when mine grows a little larger I will put it on her.  
CARRIE A. B.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

Last week papa took us all out to Minnehaha Falls. There were papa, mamma, sister Fanny, brother Carl, and myself. Has the Postmistress ever seen them, and does she like them? I have no pets, but my sister Fanny has a pet canary named Cherry. Fanny is ten years old. I come next, and am eight. My brother Carl comes next; he is five and a half. We all enjoy *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* ever so much. Every one tells me that I am very fond of reading. I like "The Fair for Sick Dolls," "The Ice Queen," and Jimmy Brown's stories, as they are generally funny. May I write again and tell you about Fairfields, a country place, where we lived five years? I would like to have Emily M. write again. Every Friday I watch for papa to come home, for that is the day when the *YOUNG PEOPLE* comes to us, and before night I have read nearly all the stories. Neither Fanny nor I have ever been to school, except for two weeks to a Kindergarten. Mamma teaches us at home, and we study history, French, spelling, arithmetic, and geography, and Fanny takes music lessons. Good-by for this time.  
S. N. C.

Yes, dear, you may write about Fairfields. I have seen Minnehaha Falls only in a picture.

CARLETON, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for over two years, and think it is a splendid paper. I read nearly all of the stories, but thought "The Lost City" was the best. I am collecting curiosities, and have a very nice collection; I have over two hundred different minerals, and a good many curiosities; I also have a room to keep them in. I have a dog named Zell, who is very honest; he has often been left alone where meat is kept, but he never attempts to touch it. I used to have two beautiful rabbits, but they were killed by dogs. I am very fond of reading, and have read *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Dick Sands*, *The Wanderers*, *The Young Rajah*, *The Adventures of a Soldier Boy*, *Dick Onslow*, and *A Voyage Round the World*. I have read many more books, but can not remember their names. Just now I am reading the *Arabian Nights*.  
FRANK K.

EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.

East Saginaw is on the Saginaw River, which flows into Saginaw Bay. There are a great many saw and shingle mills on it, and it is only twenty miles long. They make one thousand million feet of lumber, and two and a half million barrels of salt. Papa has a farm sixty miles north of East Saginaw, and makes a good deal of lumber there. I ride on the teams when there, before daylight, at five o'clock in the morning, and in winter slide down a high hill, and get snow in my boots, and get my face covered with it, and go head over heels in the deep snow. I go out to the camp and see the men cut down trees and make log houses. I go to bed early, and get up early. I had a little dog named Fritz, and we let him in the pen where the deer were, and he had great fun with the deer in the snow. Papa had a foreman who had a child one and a half years old. He also had a bear, and the bear got hold of the child in some way. The servant saw him, and as she was not afraid, she took the child away from him and saved his life. There are a great many wild bears around there. I am the boy who you said might try and write a story. I am nine years old.  
GEORGE D. H.

Well, your story is a very good one.

KITTRELL, NORTH CAROLINA.

I can not begin my letter by saying, "I am a little girl of twelve," as many of your little letter writers do, for I am a very large girl for my age; in fact, mamma says I look as though I might be fourteen. I have just passed a most delightful birthday, the 7th of March. I had a pleasant little party, and several very nice presents. If it were not for growing old so fast, I would like to have my birthdays come oftener. I believe all the girls tell how many pets they have, so I will too. First is a nice little pony named Charley,

then a cunning little English pug named Guy, and last, though not least, is dear kitty Twilight. I say all my lessons at home except Latin and music, which are taught me by ladies in the town. Our village is very dull except in winter, when we have many Northern visitors, who come to enjoy our climate. There is an excellent hotel here, kept by a Boston gentleman, which is crowded every spring. I ought never to get lonesome, for I have three sisters and three brothers. I go to Sunday-school, and remain to services every Sunday. Another girl and I play the chant and hymns alternately at Sunday-school, but our music teacher plays the organ during services. I fear I have written too much about myself, but I had to introduce myself, as I am a stranger to you, although I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* over three years.  
LALLIE R.

SPIRITWOOD, DAKOTA.

This is a small station on the Northern Pacific Railroad, ten miles east of the James, or Dakota, River. We came here from New York State a year ago last fall. Papa came the spring before, and built a house. Everybody has to build a house here now. We can't play out-doors much now. We have a cart and sleigh, and two cats; their names are Tom and Beauty. They stay at the store this winter to catch mice; Tom caught gophers and beauty-birds last summer. The summers are short, and wild roses are everywhere. There are no trees here. Grantie and I planted our apple seeds and tried to raise some apples. Grantie is my brother, five years old; I am eight and a half. We study at home now; there is no school at present. The lady who taught our school last summer gave me music-lessons. Mamma hears our lessons, and helps us to understand them. She makes me try to pronounce the hard words before she tells me; almost always I can. Grantie and I learn verses and stories to say to papa when he wants to hear them. Papa gave me *YOUNG PEOPLE* for Christmas. We get so lonesome away off here! I like to read the letters from other children, and know what they are doing, and find the places on the map where they live.  
MAY G.

A very good way, that, to study geography. I hope some of the other children will try it.

NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS.

I have only one pet—a little curly white dog. We were in San Antonio last winter, and while mamma was crossing the Alamo Plaza a little dog ran up to her, and when she spoke to him he acted so glad, and he would follow her. After that he just would stay with us. We tried several names, and he only answered to the name of Lucky. I inclose a few spring violets; they were blooming here the 29th of February, in the woods. Plum, peach, and pear trees are now blossoming, March 18th. I am an only child, ten years old, and was born in Texas. I have seen snow but three times.  
BELLE C.

Thank you for the violets. They are still fragrant, and you arranged them very prettily on the dainty white card.

HUBBARD, IOWA.

I am seven years old, and have been to school a year. I have two sisters; my sister Bessie is eleven years old. Baby Flora is one year old. We have several pets. A Maltese kitten, a bird we call Fred; he is a sweet singer. We have a dog; his name is Bijou; he is a curly little water spaniel; and we have a horse. The cat and horse are mine. The stories I like best are "The Ice Queen" and Jimmy Brown's.  
Your little friend,  
EDITH M. N.

EAST TOLEDO, OHIO.

I am a little boy seven years old. Mamma says I may write a letter to you, and surprise papa if it is printed. I have a little sister, and we study with mamma every day. I read every word of *History of the United States in Words of One Syllable* before I was seven. I like the story of "Paul Revere." We take *YOUNG PEOPLE*, *St. Nicholas*, and *The Picture-Gallery*. I would like to tell you about our kitty and chickens, but this letter is too long.  
CHARLIE B. N.

JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have three brothers and one sister. I have a white cat named Tommy, and a canary named Kenny. My cousin Marie is staying with us. We take care of our chickens. We have twenty-one hens and three roosters. We had twenty-four little chickens, but the pigs killed four of them, and three of them died. I have a little garden on one side of the porch, and Marie has one on the other side of it.  
BELLE R. H.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

We are two boys twelve years old, and have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* since the first number, and like it very much. Our pets are a dog named Dandy, three lobsters, a canary-bird named Hancock, two turtles, and thirty-two chickens. We are going to have a fair, and devote the proceeds to some good purpose. What do you think would



be nice to buy the little boy in the Cot? Will you be so kind as to send us the address of the little boy?  
JOHN S. and RAY B.

I think you would do well to write to Sister Catharine and ask her of what little Eugene is most in need. Address St. Mary's Free Hospital, 409 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York city. In writing to the little boy, direct as above, adding "Harper's Young People's Cot."

#### FIRWOOD COTTAGE, BUTTERNUT, WISCONSIN.

I have been waiting until after I had been to a lumber camp to write to you, so that I might have something of interest to write about. As I have now been there, I will endeavor to give a good description of one. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 14th of March, 1884, just as the sun rose above the pines, papa, mamma, Fannie, and I started to Camp No. 1, on the North Fork, Flambeau River. Three miles rode over, and we arrived at the village of Butternut. After five minutes' stay we started on the other six miles. We passed a good many settlers' homes, and went through two blueberry swamps. Four miles was over a road cut by the town, and two miles over a rough road cut out by settlers. We passed one boy who goes five miles to school every day. We went through the prettiest grove of firs I ever saw, and another pretty grove of young poplars. At about eleven we reached camp, after a drive of nine miles. We went first into the cook's shanty, a quite small room with a long table down about the middle, with benches on both sides of it. One end leans against the wall, and at the other is the seat of honor, a chair. The table is made of rough boards, and nailed to the floor. It was set with tin plates, tin pan to drink from, tin spoons, iron knives and forks, and the sugar, mustard, vinegar, pepper, etc., in tin cans. The dinner was taken up on tin plates, and the coffee or tea set right on in big coffee-pots. The dinner was very nice, and was cooked by a man assisted by a "cookee." We next visited the sleeping-shanty, a large one, with bunks down both sides. Each bunk has a shelf for holding odds and ends. The floor is made of poles. The *wanagan* box stood at one end; it is used to hold new clothes, tobacco, pens, paper, etc. Fannie and I had a walk by the river before dinner. At three we had a lunch and started for home. After we had gone about a mile we turned down on the logging road and rode down the bed of Rabbit Creek, bounded on both sides by pine, hemlock, alders, etc. At last we rode down the North Fork, Flambeau River, to where is the largest sound log on the river; it scaled 1008 feet. My brother is the scaler, but we arrived too late to see him scale any logs. We got back to Butternut just as they were lighting up, and reached home at about eight in the evening, making a trip of about twenty-one miles. To call the men to dinner at camp they blew a horn. I want to tell two stories about our horse Dave. The other day the folks at home blew the horn for dinner; the horse heard it, and started for home before papa could finish what he was doing. One day he saw a pile of sawdust, and took a mouthful, thinking it was ground feed.  
KATE B. M.

#### ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I am eight years old. I have a very nice dog, and once I lost him half a day, and we found him in the evening sitting on the door-step. I have school from nine to half past twelve, and I like it very much. Will you please put my letter in *YOUNG PEOPLE*? It is the first letter I have written to you. I like "The Ice Queen" very much. I have two little brothers; one is named Robert, and the other is named Lucius. I am collecting stamps.  
ALLEN C.

#### GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.

I am quite a little girl—only five and a half years old. I can not write; I can print my letters; but I did want to write a letter to *YOUNG PEOPLE* so much that my auntie said she would write one for me. Every Sunday I am up at my grandma's, and my auntie reads *YOUNG PEOPLE* to me; I like to hear the letters read. I go to Sunday-school. Our Sunday-school is going to have a festival on the afternoon of Easter-Sunday. My teacher gave my little brother and myself a card, so we can get into the church, they expect so many there. Next fall I am going to the Kindergarten. My brother is nearly eight, and he goes to school every day.  
MARGIE A.

I think you must have had a very happy Easter.

#### COLUMBUS, OHIO.

We are two little girls, and are great friends. We are having our spring vacation now, and so thought we would write to our dear *YOUNG PEOPLE*. We have two pets, a little dog named Pepper and a pretty redbird which we call Dicky. Dicky whistles beautifully, and we are very fond of him.  
B. K. and B. F.

#### NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I am a girl ten years old. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it has been published, and think it unequalled; I love to read the Post-office Box almost as well as the stories. I have no pets, except a canary named Louis; I got him

when he was a year old, and have had him four years. I live six miles south of Nashville. The house in which I live is situated in a beautiful lawn which helps to form the twelve hundred acres in our farm, called Lealand. I have lived in the country so long that I love it better than the city. We spend our summers on the Cumberland Mountains, where father owns a pretty little cottage, in which I have a room of my own. I have a room in our winter home between mother and father's room, on one side, and the white nurse's and the brothers', on the other.  
LAURA L.

I am eight years and seven months old. I have just commenced to read *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and think it is very nice. I live in Denver. My sister takes *St. Nicholas*. I think "The Ice Queen" is a nice story.  
LOUISE I.

#### BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Among my pets I have a sweet little canary that cheers us with his song all day long. I am twelve years old to-day, and among my presents papa gave me one of Miss L. M. Alcott's books; I had one given me for my Christmas, and like them very much; and I have taken *Golden Days*, and like it very much also, but I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* too. I am making a collection of stamps and postmarks, and one of my correspondents changes with me. I have six correspondents. I am in the fifth grammar class, and study grammar, arithmetic, geography, reading, spelling, writing, and drawing. I am a great lover of birds, flowers, and books, and papa buys me books of poems.  
STELLA G. S.

#### PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

As I have vacation now, and I have read a great many letters in the Post-office Box, I thought I would write one also. I am eleven years old, and I go to school. I have four studies—reading, arithmetic, geography, and spelling. I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for over a year, and find a great many nice stories in it. I try and make out a great many of the puzzles, and then I look for the answers and see if they are right. I think my letter is long enough for the first time, so I will close it.  
HELEN F. G.

Why not send your answers to me on a postal card? Then, if correct, I may have the pleasure of publishing your name with those of my little solvers.

I am a little boy eight years old. My sister and I received *YOUNG PEOPLE* for our Christmas; we like it very much. We live in Brooklyn, but we spent one year and a half in the country. My papa is a civil engineer, and he was building a railroad there. We had a boat named *Polly*, and I learned to row. I have a funny little brother, who tries to make the cat wear his rubbers. We have planted some pansy seeds in a box, and are watching for them to come up. This is my own writing.  
WINIFRED H. R.

And it is beautiful writing, too.

#### OTTUMWA, IOWA.

Would you like to hear about Ottumwa? Well, there are very many interesting places around and about it. The first is the Mineral Springs. It is so called because a spring of mineral water was discovered there. A hotel is built over it now, and the hotel-keeper charges ten cents a jug for the water. It is a great resort for invalids, who come there to drink the water. This town is situated on the Des Moines River, and every spring the ice breaks up north, and comes down in great quantities, and to-day being Sunday we all went down to see the flow, as it is called. It comes down with great force, and sweeps almost everything in its way. Everybody turns out and goes down to see it. I have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* this year, and am very much interested in "The Ice Queen." I am saving my money to buy last year's numbers bound.  
TOMMIE C.

#### CONEAU, NEW YORK.

I am a boy ten years old, and I have two brothers, Eddie and Judson. We boys had the care of the chickens last year, and the first thing I did was to pick out some pets, which I soon tamed, although the dearest one (the only Plymouth Rock pullet, named Piccadilly on account of her voice) died. I now claim part ownership of the handsomest rooster on the place, called Jumbo; he weighs nine pounds and fourteen ounces, but we have another that weighs ten pounds and nine ounces. I have no pets except the fowls, but my brother Judson has a cat that he calls Spot, on account of a white spot on his throat, for he is a Maltese; and Eddie has a puppy called Dan; he is all white except his right ear and the tip of his nose. Eddie also has a horse, named Frank, that is very clever, for when he was a colt he would run up on the piazza and jump off on the ground. We have a beautiful view of the foot of Conesus Lake, which you can find on the map of Livingston County. We can also see from our north windows Hamilton Sta-

tion with our naked eyes. Judson and I are keeping diaries, and we find it very pleasant.  
FRANK D. C.

#### NEW YORK CITY.

I have written to you before, but my letters were not printed, so, if you do not mind, I will try again for a place in the Post-office Box. I am ten years old, and have been travelling for my health. First I visited Washington, and saw the Capitol and the White House, which are very fine buildings, I think, and do credit to the Union. The Smithsonian Institution was very interesting; I saw there the uniform that Washington wore, and some of his furniture and camp equipments. Next I went to Richmond, and then to Old Point Comfort, where General Grant has been visiting also.

I would like very much to join the Little House-keepers, as I have a small cooking-stove of my own, and am very fond of cooking. In Florence J. A.'s letter, of March 25th, she speaks of a receipt called "Doll's Cup Cake." Would you please tell me what number it is in, for I must have skipped it.

Almost all the girls in my school take your paper, and they all join me in saying that they think it is the nicest one they ever saw.  
JENNIE.

The receipt for Doll's Cup Cake was sent by Edith L. B., of Englewood, New Jersey, and was published in the Post-office Box of No. 174.

#### PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

##### No. 1.

##### TWO DIAMONDS.

1.—1. In masters. 2. A conveyance. 3. Staves. 4. A director. 5. To get again. 6. To place. 7. In masters. F. W. NICOLLS.  
2.—1. In plane. 2. Food for infants. 3. A sudden fright. 4. A lamp. 5. Holiness. 6. To call aloud. 7. In plane. MABEL V. B.

##### No. 2.

##### THREE SQUARES.

1.—1. To fasten. 2. A thought. 3. Tidy. 4. A fruit.  
2.—1. Benevolent. 2. A notion. 3. Nigh. 4. To fly rapidly.  
3.—1. A Latin word, and also the name of the heroine in a favorite American novel. 2. A girl's name. 3. A useful metal. 4. Healthy.  
MABEL V. B.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 232.

No. 1.—1. "Raising the 'Pearl.'" Rain. Pearl. Ginger. She. Tea.—2. April showers bring May flowers. April. Show. Bowers. Flowers. Ring. Yam. Seam. Rip.  
No. 2.—1. India. 2. Glue.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Robin Dyke, Kathie Miller, Ruby Wells, Elsie Bacon, Anna T. Olmstead, Margaret Pryer, Eleanor Davis, John D. Tucker, Arthur Randolph, Amos Ainslie, and James Prey.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

#### NOTICE.

We take great pleasure in announcing to the little folk that our next Serial Story,

### "LEFT BEHIND,"

OR

#### TEN DAYS A NEWSBOY,

to begin in the number following this, published May 6, will be from the pen of their favorite writer, the author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," "Raising the 'Pearl,'" and many other stories, long and short, that have delighted the readers of our paper.

This story deals with the same kind of boys that won such a warm place in the hearts of all who followed Toby Tyler in his wanderings and adventures with the circus people. Little folk who are well clothed and well fed have always a warm feeling for those less fortunate than themselves; and these Arabs of the street, with their faults and their sorrows, their mischief and their mirth, made out of such sorry materials in the face of such adverse circumstances, will prove delightful friends to the thousands of happier children who read about them, by cozy firesides, out of the dainty pages of *YOUNG PEOPLE*.



### "OUT-OF-DOORS!"

**T**HIS is the watch-word now, little folk. Winter is vanquished, and "Out-of-doors! out-of-doors!" should be your cry. That is what the grand jubilee all around this page means. Anywhere in the sunshine—fishing, rowing, sailing tiny boats, playing tag, or making mud pies.

Ask Mamma to let you wear strong plain dresses which will not tear too easily, and which, when soiled, may be washed, and look as bright as new. Then away with you to the fields and lanes.

Go to the barn and hunt for eggs. Peep into the long grass, and maybe you will find a bird's nest; but do not disturb the pretty thing, nor touch the dainty treasures which are lying within it. Peer close by the fence corner, and find the first wild flowers hiding themselves from sight, but making the air sweet.

If you live in the city, take your hoops and skipping-ropes and go to the parks, or trip along the broad sidewalk.

It seems to me that I have some time met all these little people in the pretty picture which makes a border for this page. Where could I have seen them?

There is Captain Robert playing his flute, and marching at the head of the procession, with little Maid Marian, Bessie, Lancelot, and darling Pussy Tiptoes following gayly on after the music.

There is Jeanie giving her ducklings their first bath. They take to the water fearlessly, and swim off as proudly as full-grown ducks.

The cute little grandmother with spectacles on, crying,

"Kitten, naughty kitten,  
Don't disturb my mitten,"

is surely our own little Elsie. And who but Arthur is tired of good bread and milk, and pouts to get plum-cake?

Half a dozen babies,  
All playing tag,  
Take care, tiny tots—  
Down goes Mag.

And here are Jack and Jill. They expect to catch a trout. But it seems to me that their brother Sam has tumbled into the brook, and must be fished out, or else his splashing and dashing will frighten the other fish away.

Fresh air gives children good appetites, and paints their cheeks with roses. It makes them sleepy when night comes, and ready to go to bed. In the morning they are ready to be up when the chickens fly down from the roosts, and being strong, happy, and well, of course they are sweet and good.

